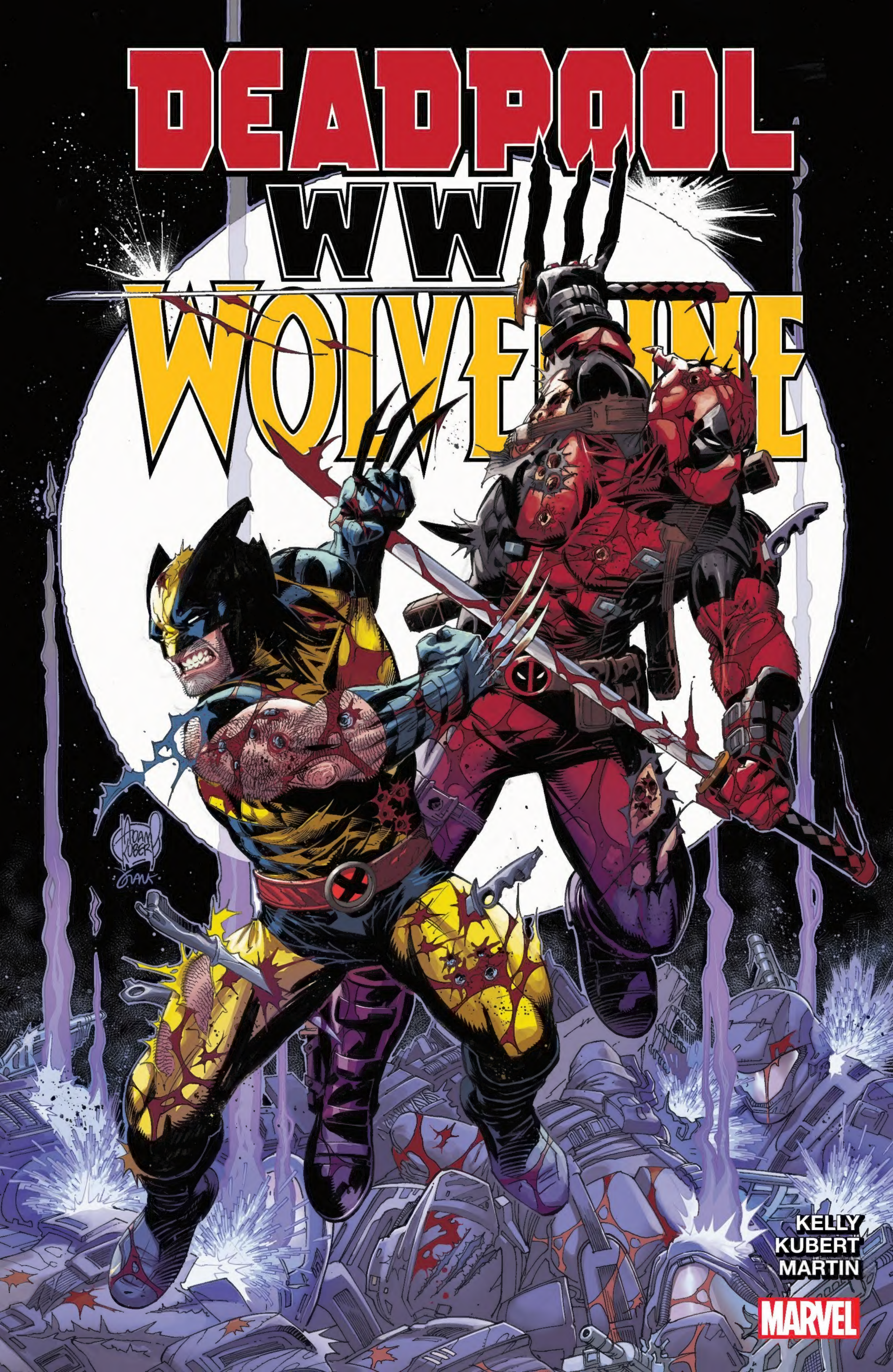
DEADPOOL
WWIII
WOLVERINE



KELLY
KUBERT
MARTIN

MARVEL

DEADPOOL
WOLVERINE
WWIII

THE MERCENARY **WADE WILSON** WAS DYING OF CANCER WHEN JOINING UP WITH THE WEAPON X PROGRAM GAVE HIM A SECOND CHANCE AT LIFE. WADE UNDERWENT AN EXPERIMENTAL PROCEDURE THAT GAVE HIM A HEALING FACTOR BASED ON WOLVERINE'S, ALLOWING HIM TO CONTINUE TO DO HIS GOOD (AND BAD) WORKS. THE SCARS REMAIN, AS DOES HIS INDOMITABLE SENSE OF HUMOR. HE'S THE REGENERATIN' DEGENERATE, THE MERC WITH WITH THE MOUTH — **DEADPOOL**.

WITH HIS MUTANT HEALING FACTOR AND ENHANCED SENSES, THE MAN KNOWN AS **LOGAN** HAS BEEN WEAPONIZED THROUGHOUT HIS LONG LIFE. AS BOTH A WILLING AND CONSCRIPTED MEMBER OF VARIOUS CLANDESTINE ORGANIZATIONS (INCLUDING WEAPON X, WHICH EXPLOITED HIS HEALING POWERS TO BOND HIS SKELETON AND CLAWS WITH THE UNBREAKABLE METAL ADAMANTIUM), LOGAN'S LIVED AND LOST AND HONED HIS FIGHTING SKILLS AS SHARP AS THE ADAMANTIUM CLAWS HE NOW WIELDS. HE'S THE BEST THERE IS AT WHAT HE DOES... BUT WHAT HE DOES BEST IS NOT VERY NICE. HE IS **WOLVERINE**.

DEADPOOL WOLVERINE WWIII

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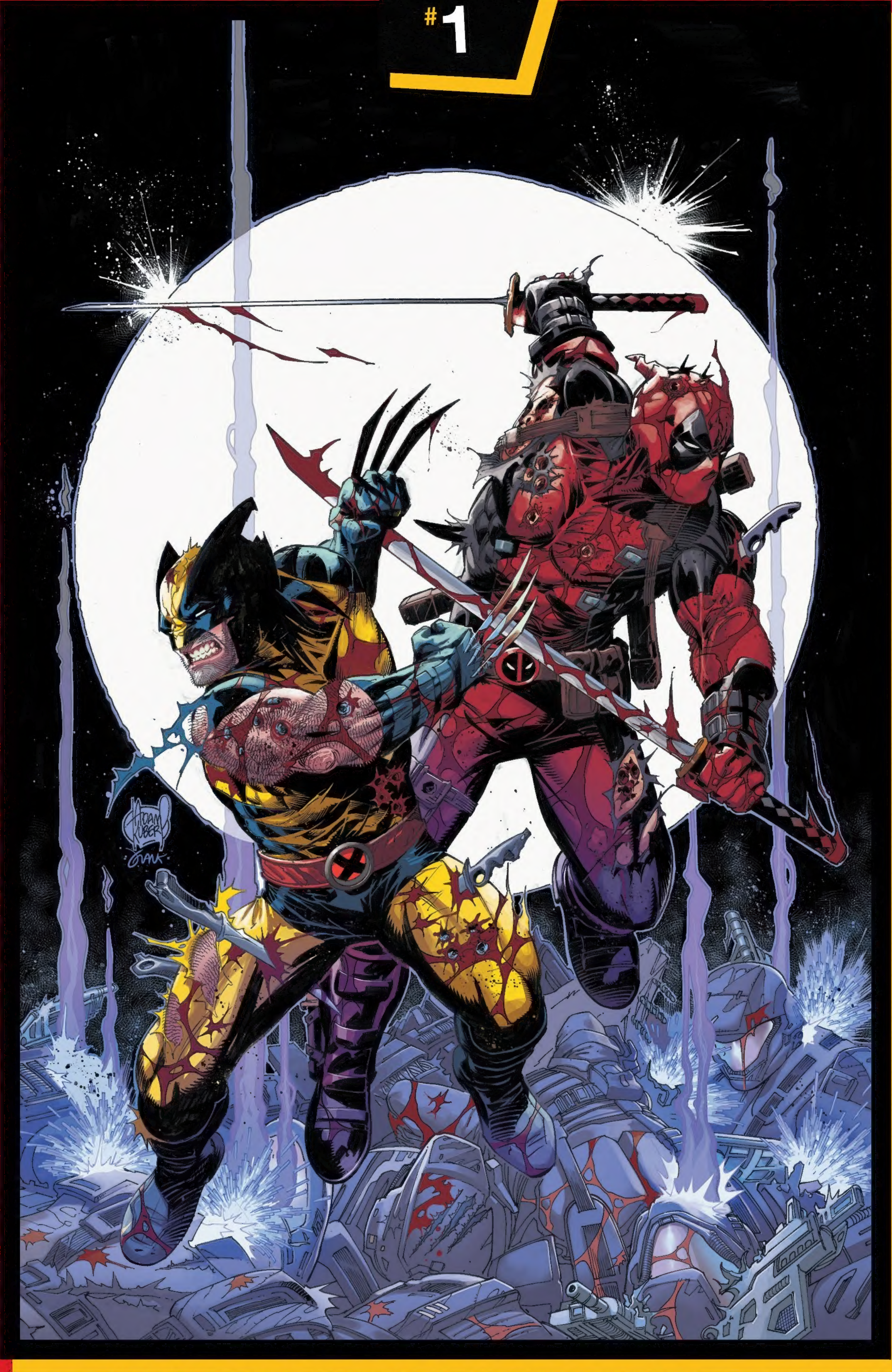
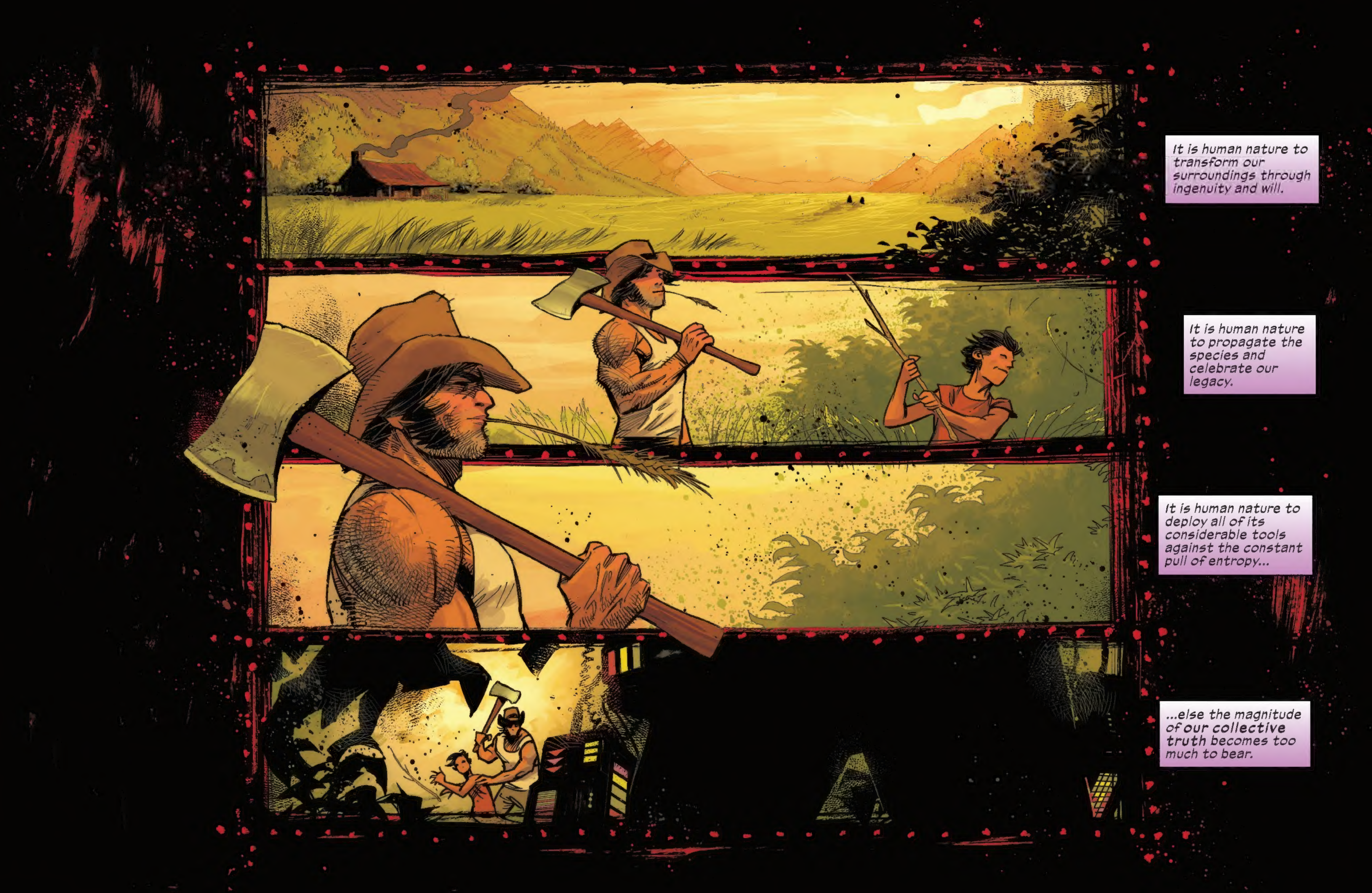
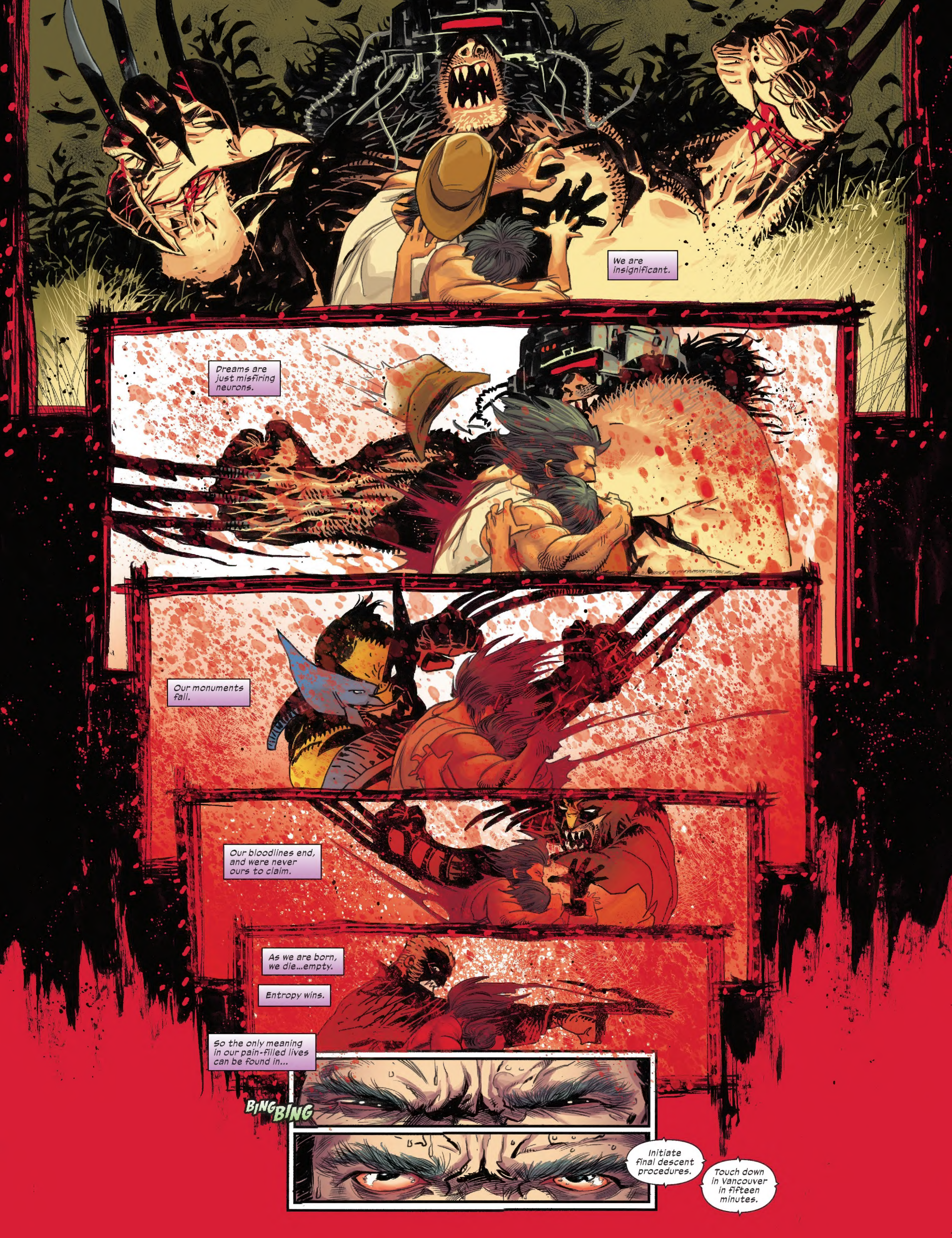
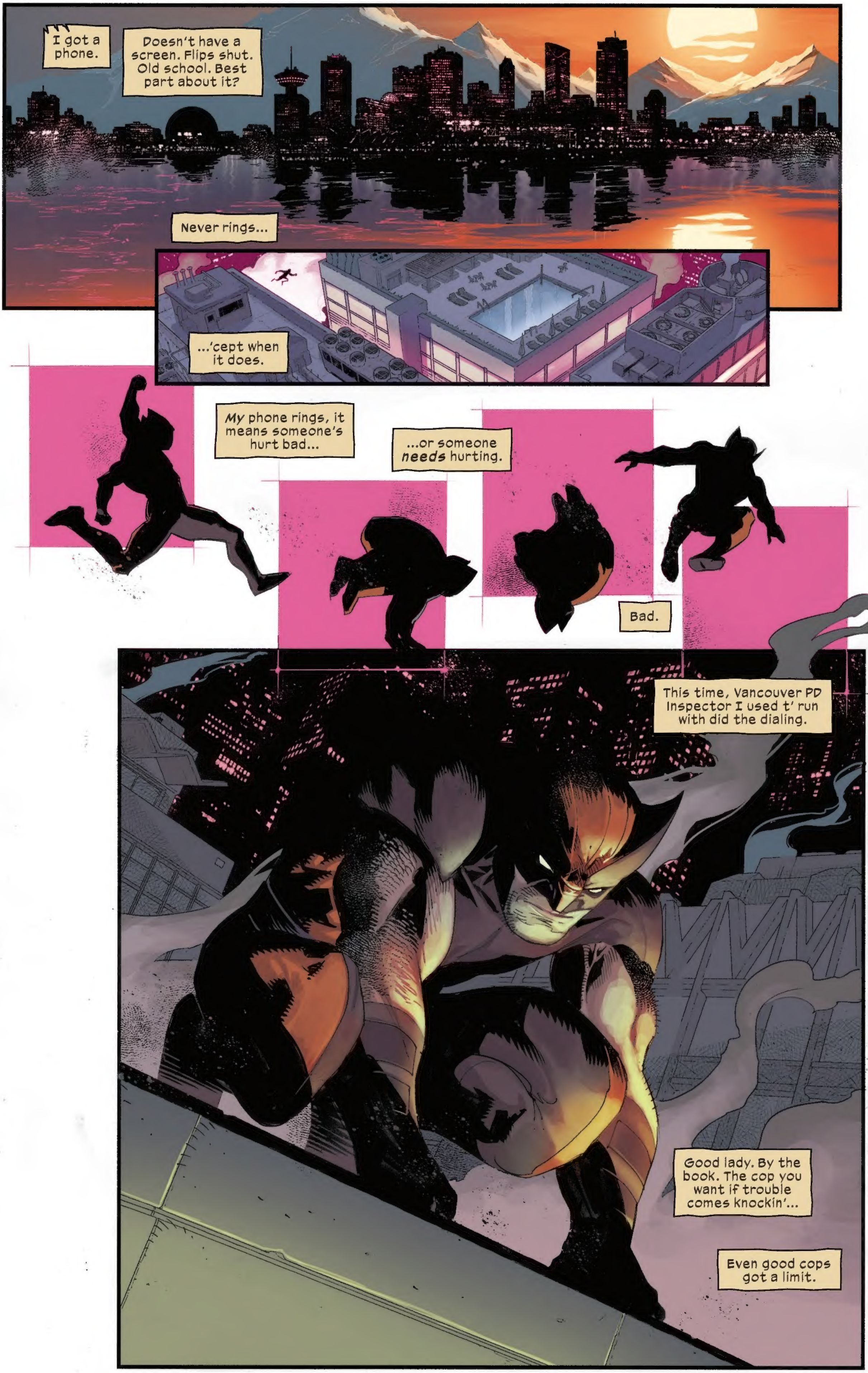
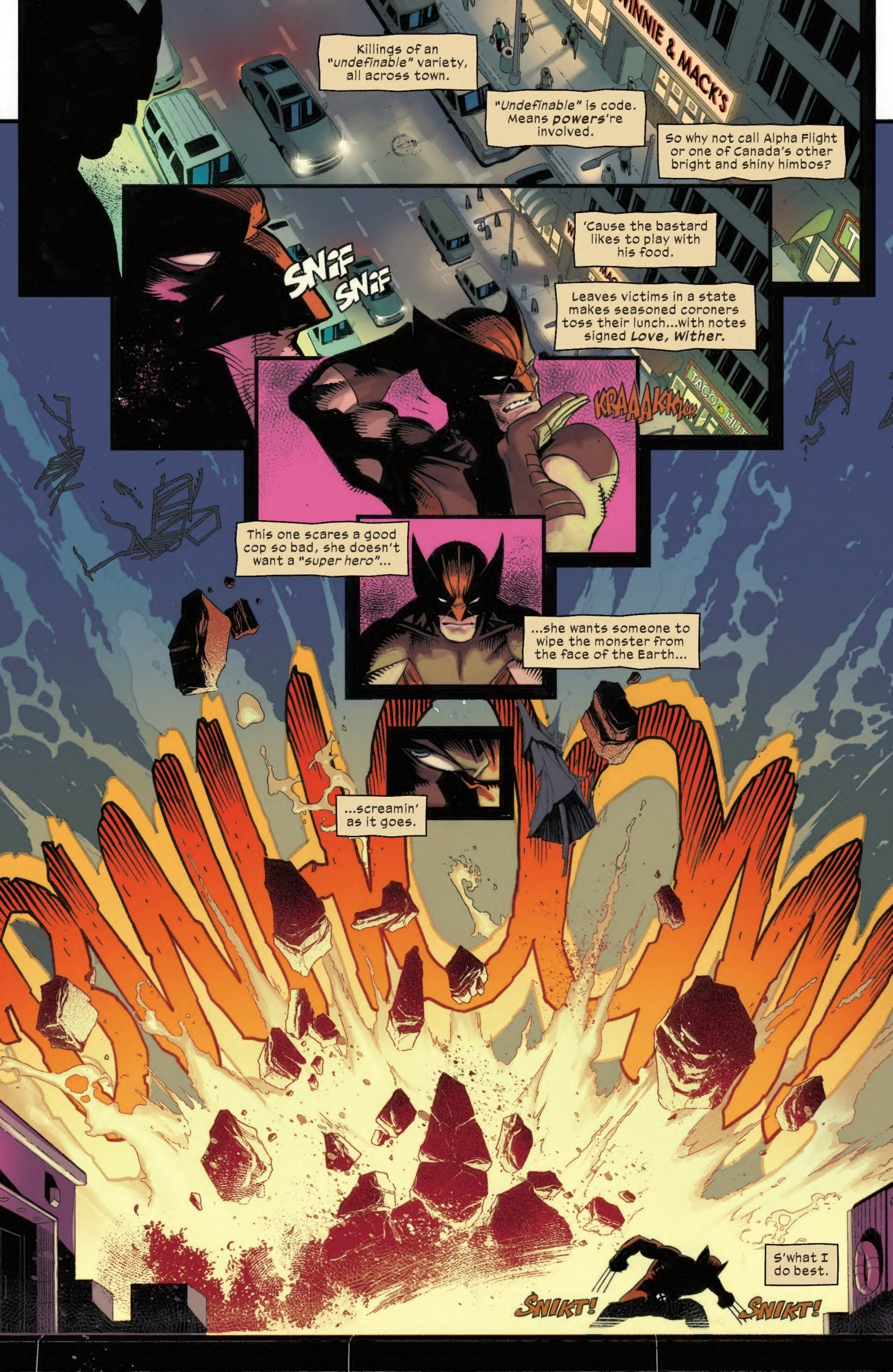
#1

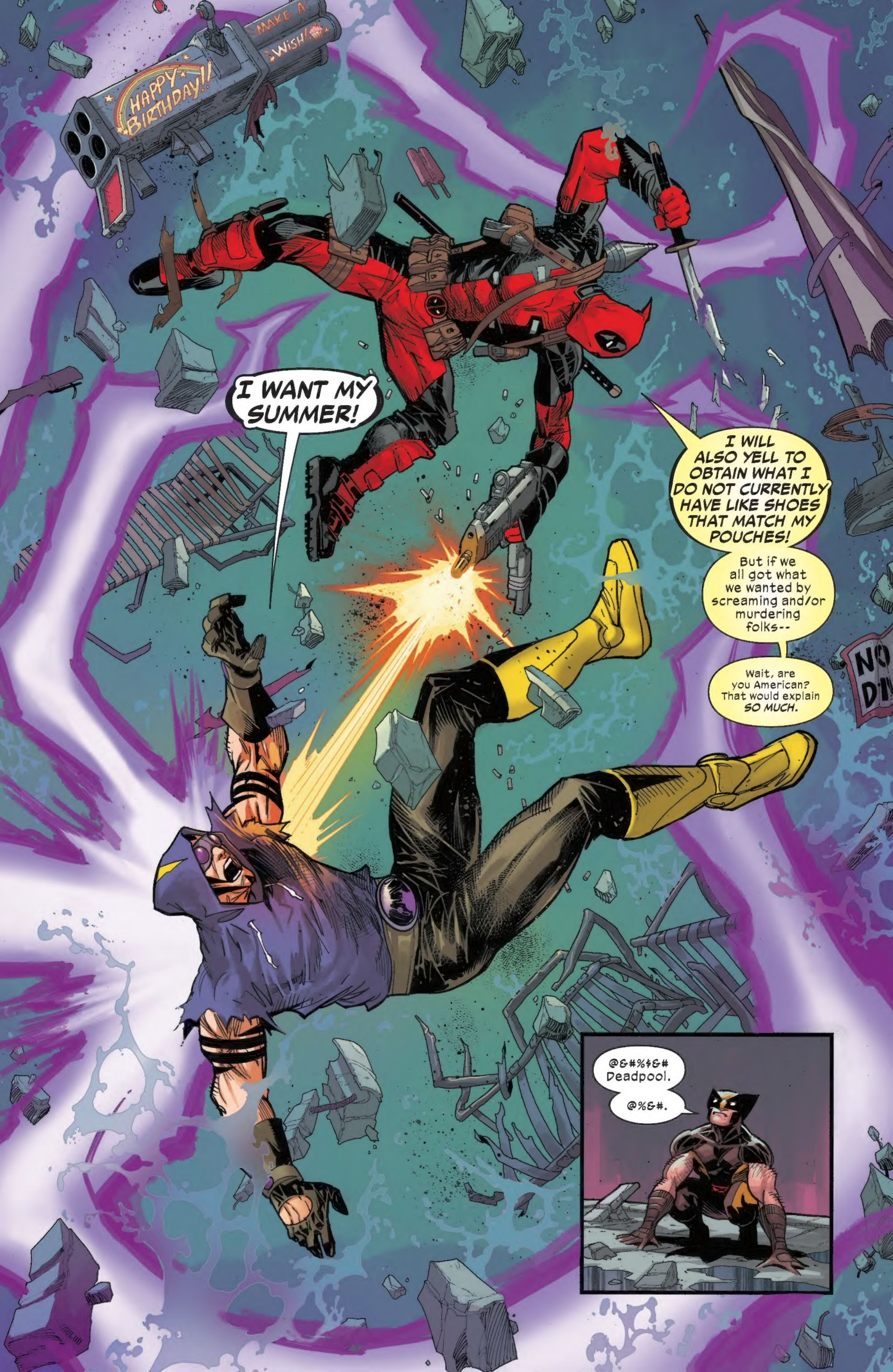


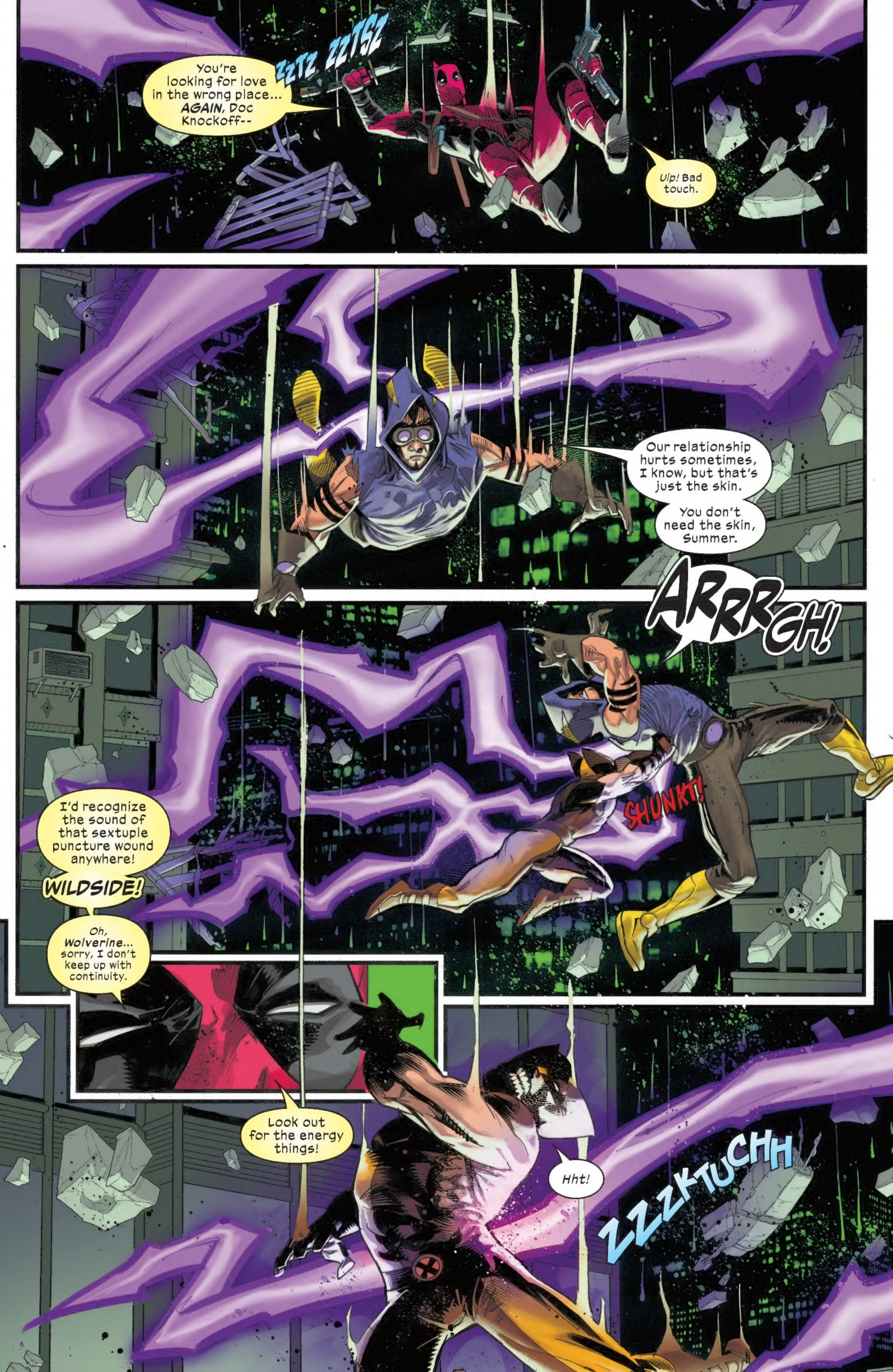

It is human nature to transform our surroundings through ingenuity and will.
It is human nature to propagate the species and celebrate our legacy.
It is human nature to deploy all of its considerable tools against the constant pull of entropy...
...else the magnitude of our collective truth becomes too much to bear.

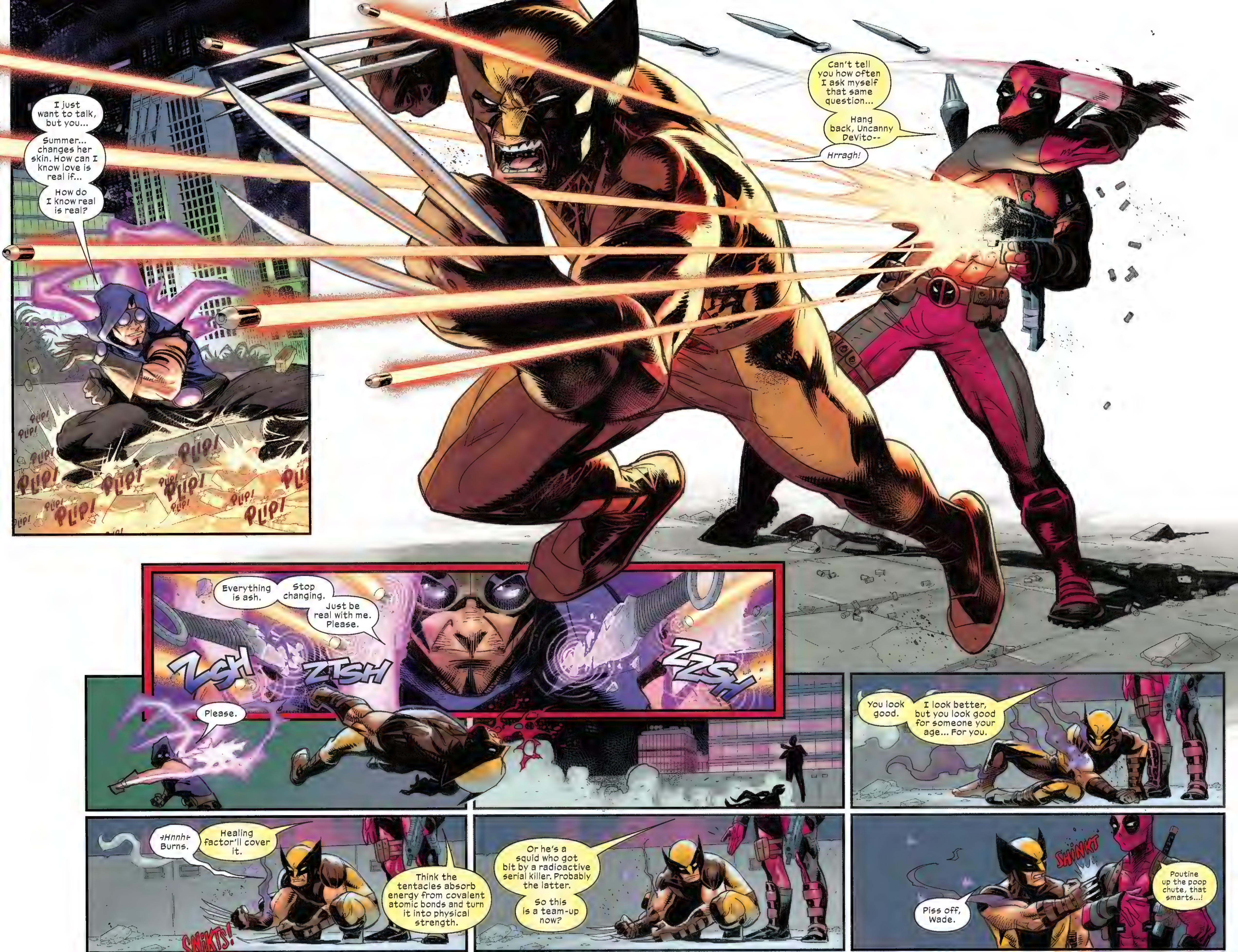

We are insignificant.
Dreams are just misfiring neurons.
Our monuments fall.
Our bloodlines end, and were never ours to claim.
As we are born, we die...empty.
Entropy wins.
So the only meaning in our pain-filled lives can be found in...
BING BING
Initiate final descent procedures.
Touch down in Vancouver in fifteen minutes.

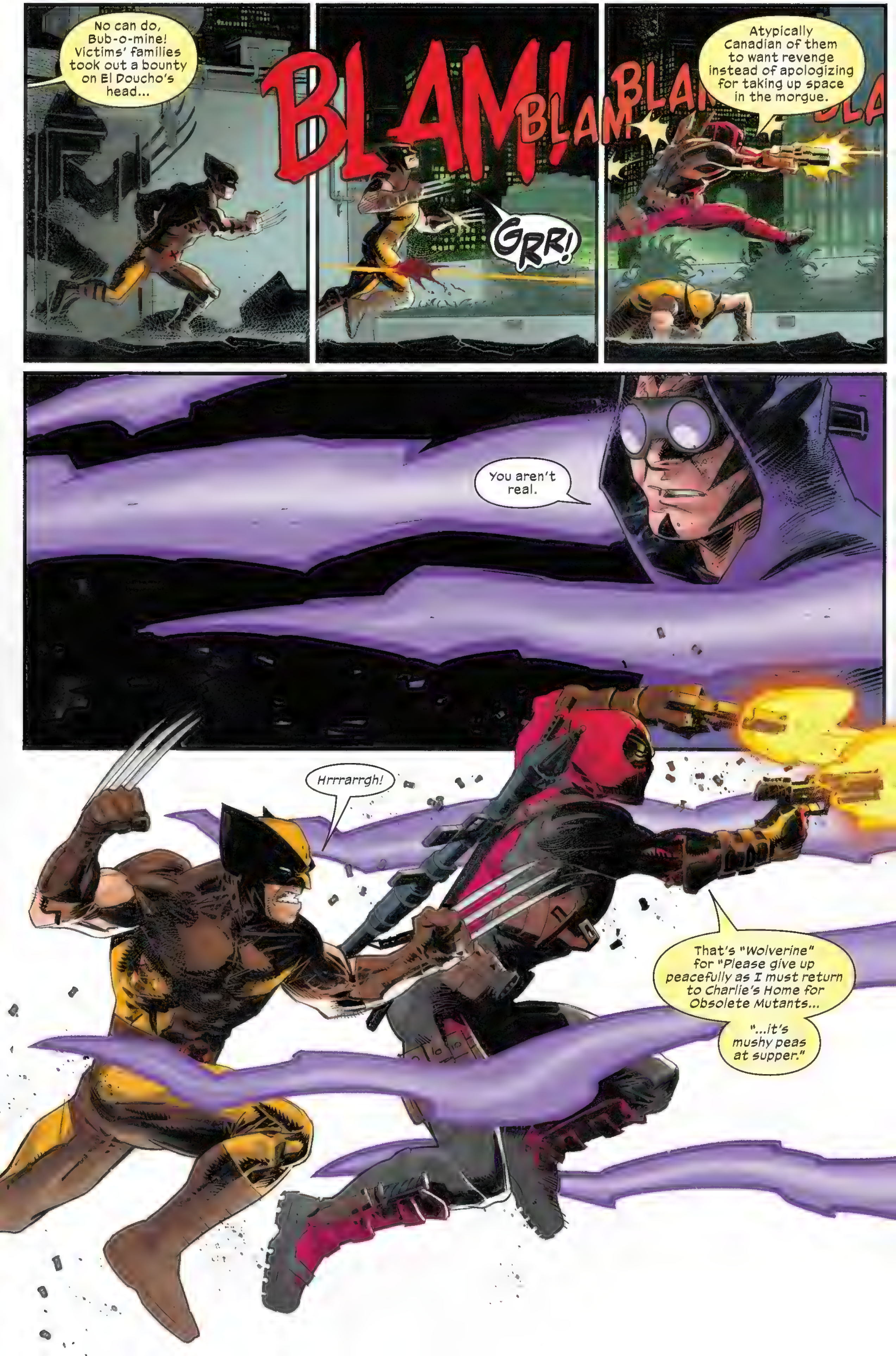

I got a phone.
Doesn't have a screen. Flips shut. Old school. Best part about it?
Never rings...
...'cept when it does.
My phone rings, it means someone's hurt bad...
...or someone ***needs*** hurting.
Bad.
This time, Vancouver PD Inspector I used t' run with did the dialing.
Good lady. By the book. The cop you want if trouble comes knockin'...
Even good cops got a limit.

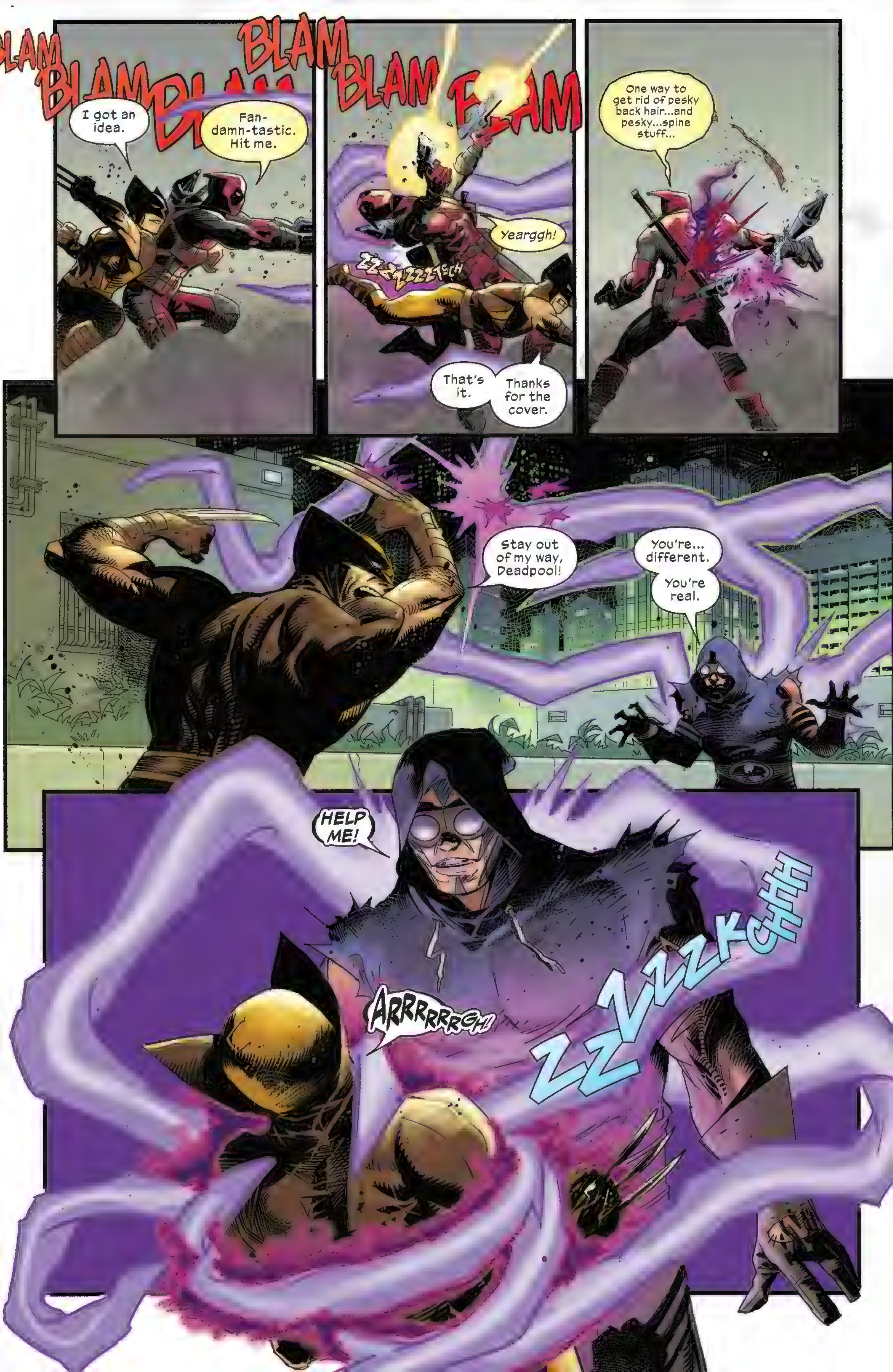

WINNIE & MACK'S
Killings of an "*undefinable*" variety, all across town.
"*Undefinable*" is code. Means ***powers***'re involved.
So why not call Alpha Flight or one of Canada's other bright and shiny himbos?
SNIF SNIF
'Cause the bastard likes to play with his food.
Leaves victims in a state makes seasoned coroners toss their lunch...with notes signed ***Love, Wither.***
KRAAAKKKKK
TACO HUT
This one scares a good cop so bad, she doesn't want a "*super hero*"...
...she wants someone to wipe the monster from the face of the Earth...
...screamin' as it goes.
S'what I do best.
SNIKT! SNIKT!

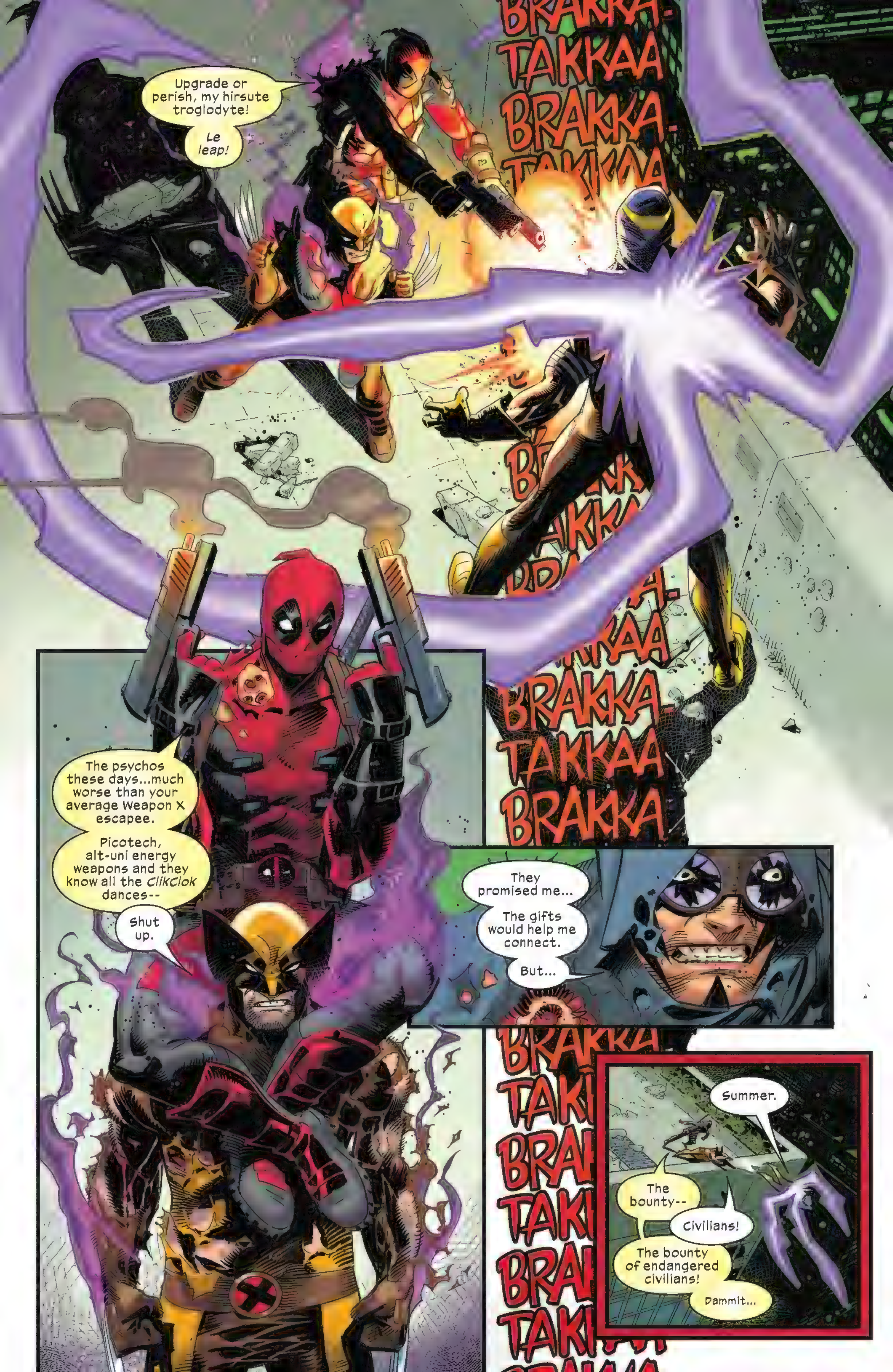

MAKE A WISH!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!
I WANT MY SUMMER!
I WILL ALSO YELL TO OBTAIN WHAT I DO NOT CURRENTLY HAVE LIKE SHOES THAT MATCH MY POUCHES!
But if we all got what we wanted by screaming and/or murdering folks--
Wait, are you American? That would explain *SO MUCH*.
NO DI
@&#%$&# Deadpool.
@%&#.

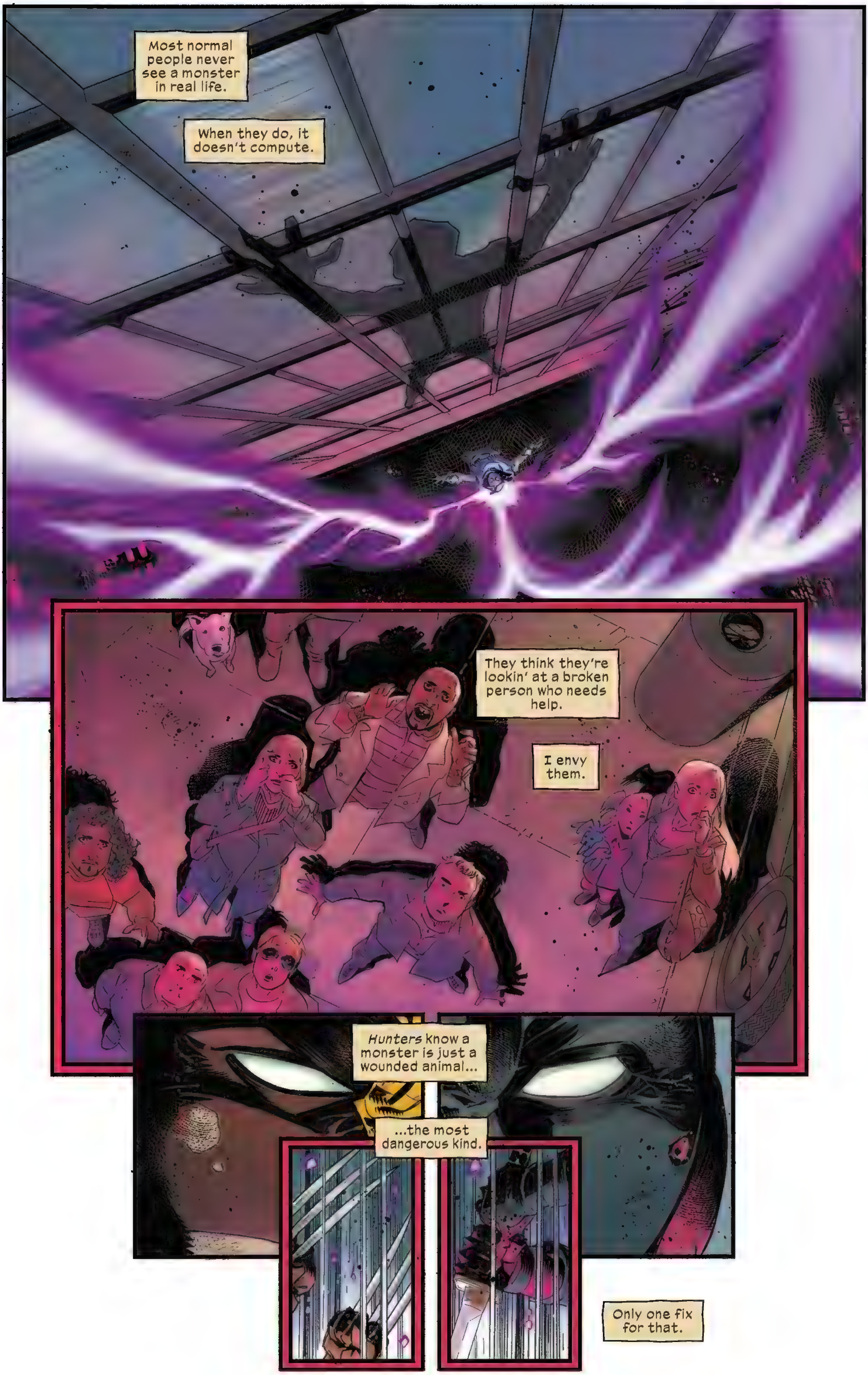

You're looking for love in the wrong place... AGAIN, Doc Knockoff--
ZZTZ ZZTSZ
Ulp! Bad touch.
Our relationship hurts sometimes, I know, but that's just the skin.
You don't need the skin, Summer.
ARRRGH!
SHUNKT!
I'd recognize the sound of that sextuple puncture wound anywhere!
WILDSIDE!
Oh, Wolverine... sorry, I don't keep up with continuity.
Look out for the energy things!
Hht!
ZZZKTUCHH

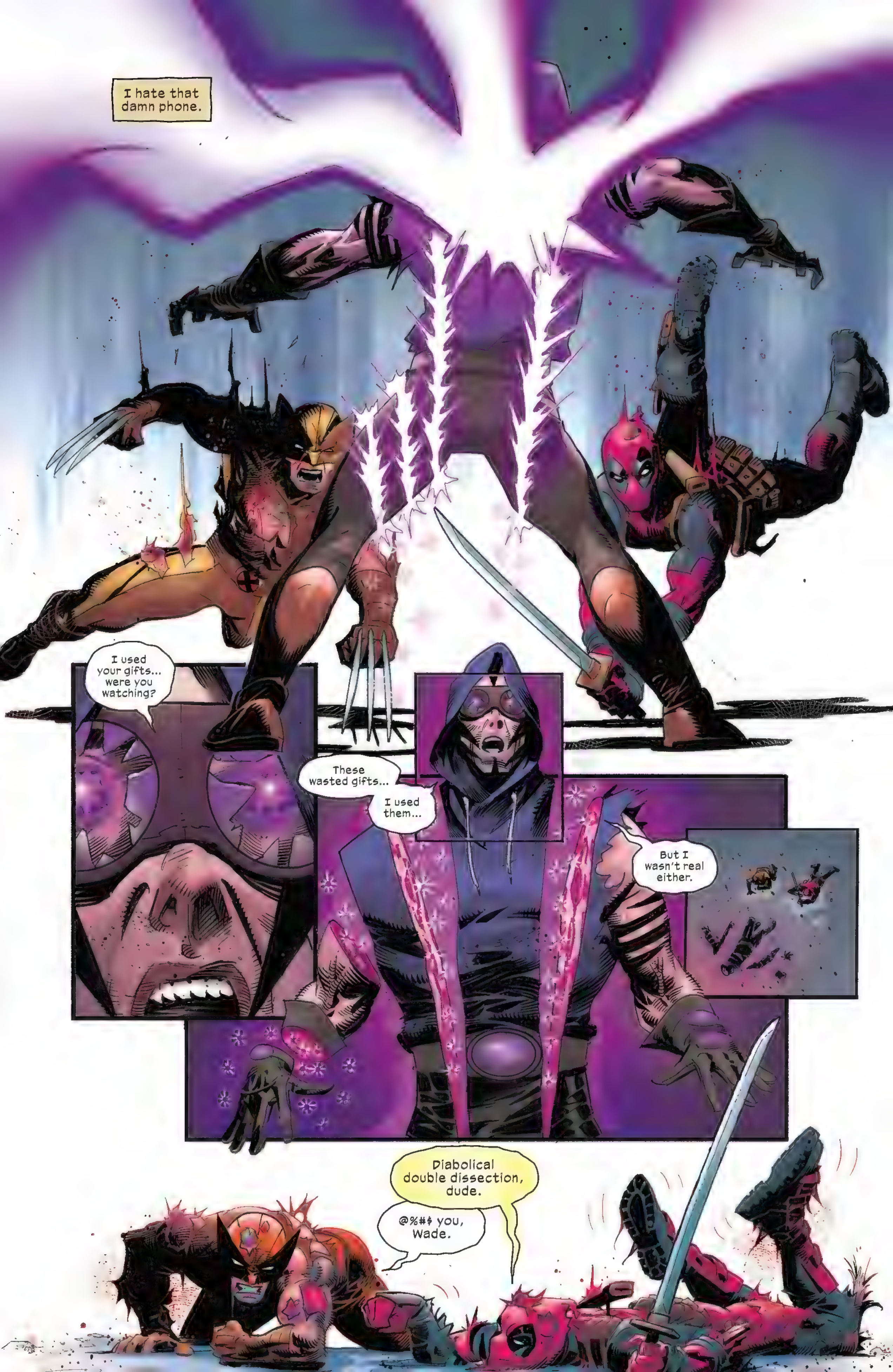

I just want to talk, but you...
Summer... changes her skin. How can I know love is real if...
How do I know real is real?
PLIP! PLIP! PLIP! PLIP! PLIP! PLIP! PLIP! PLIP! PLIP! PLIP! PLIP!
Can't tell you how often I ask myself that same question...
Hang back, Uncanny DeVito--
Hrragh!
Everything is ash.
Stop changing.
Just be real with me. Please.
ZSH
ZTSH
ZZSH
Please.
You look good.
I look better, but you look good for someone your age... For you.
-Hnnh- Burns.
Healing factor'll cover it.
SNIKTS!
Think the tentacles absorb energy from covalent atomic bonds and turn it into physical strength.
Or he's a squid who got bit by a radioactive serial killer. Probably the latter.
So this is a team-up now?
SHINKT
Piss off, Wade.
Poutine up the poop chute, that smarts...!

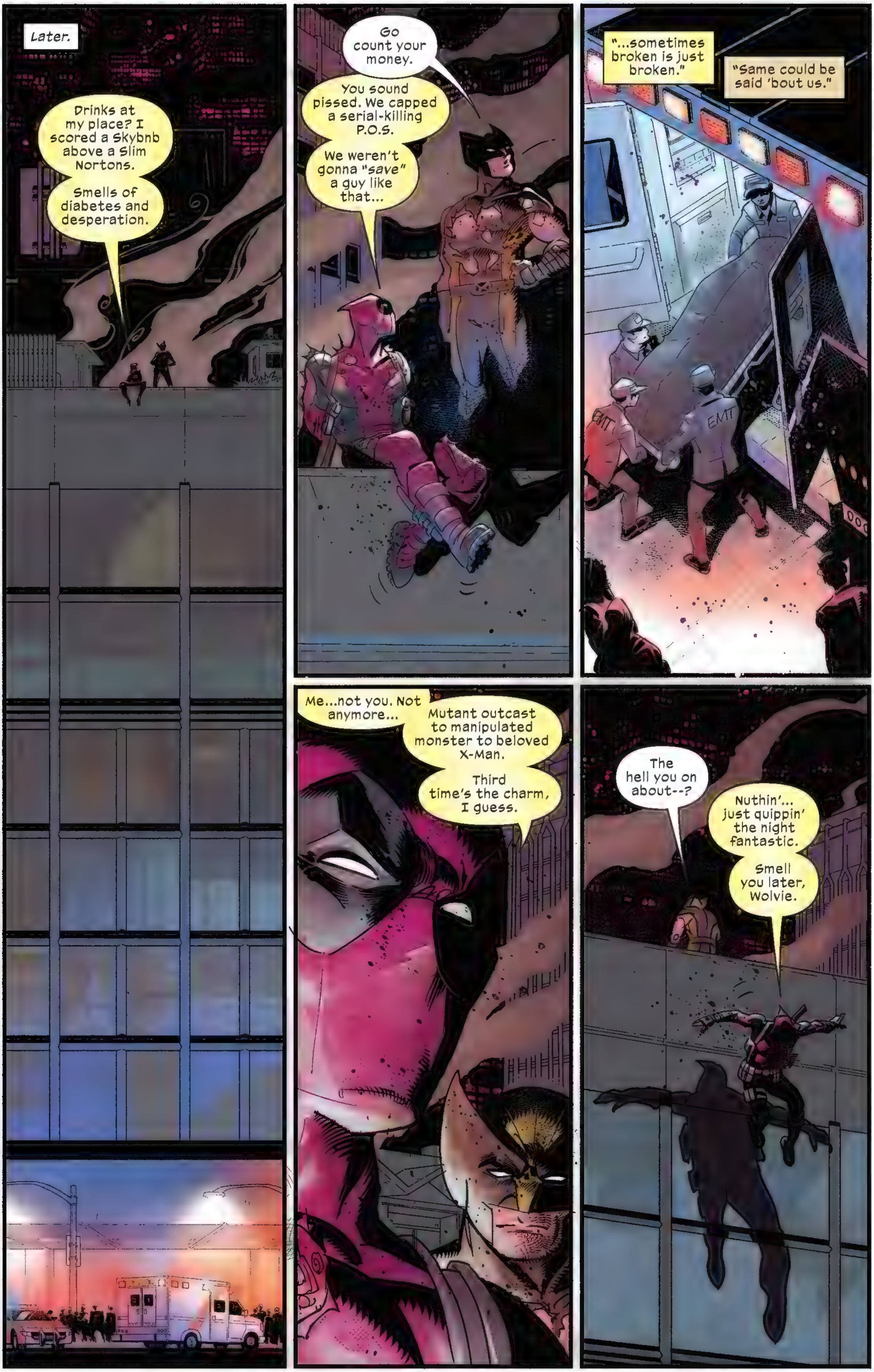

No can do, Bub-o-mine! Victims' families took out a bounty on El Doucho's head...
BLAM!
BLAM
BLAM
BLA
GRR!
Atypically Canadian of them to want revenge instead of apologizing for taking up space in the morgue.
You aren't real.
Hrrrarrgh!
That's "Wolverine" for "Please give up peacefully as I must return to Charlie's Home for Obsolete Mutants...
"...it's mushy peas at supper."

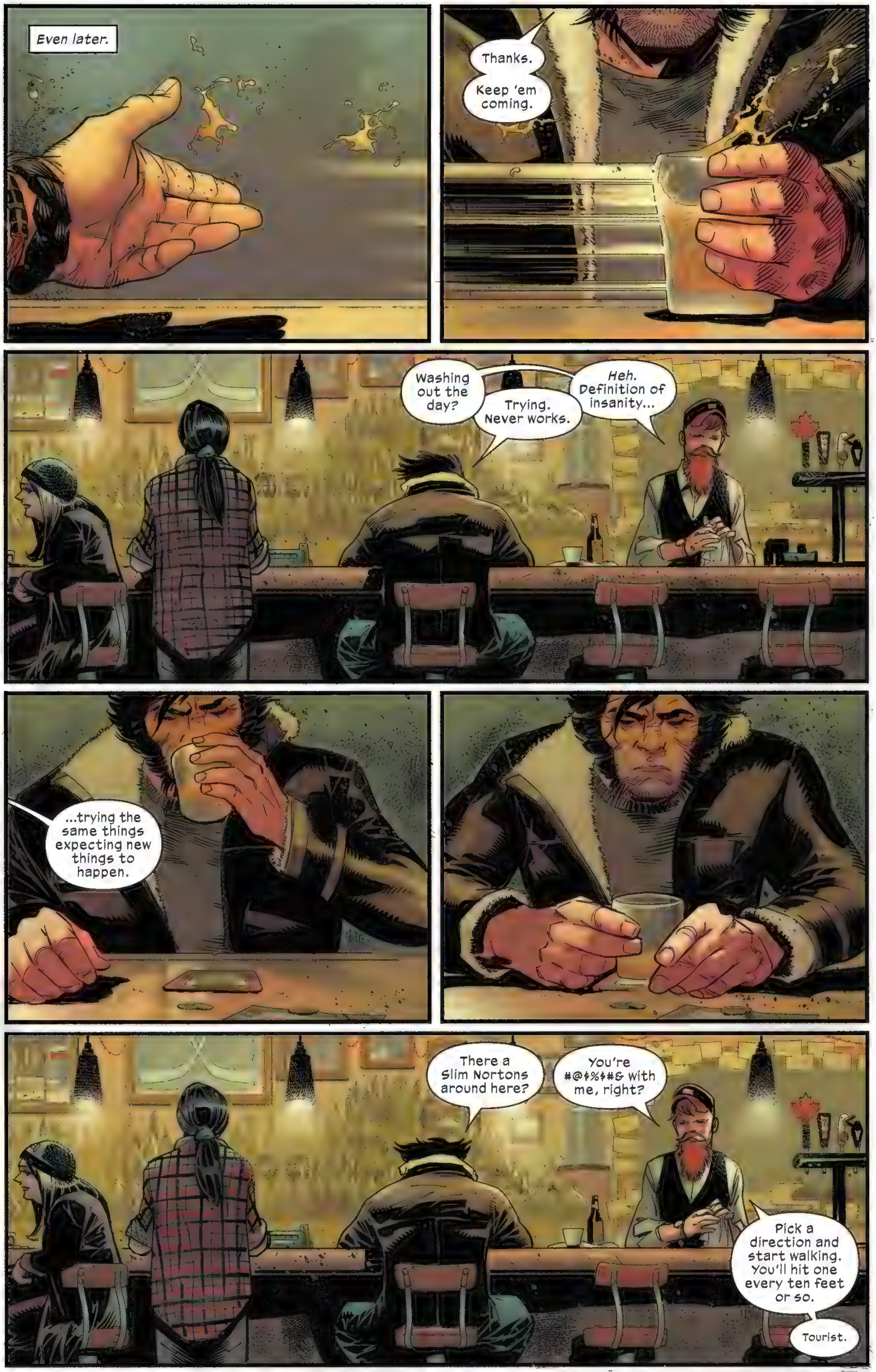

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
I got an idea.
Fan-damn-tastic. Hit me.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
Yearggh!
ZZZZZZZZTSCH
That's it.
Thanks for the cover.
One way to get rid of pesky back hair...and pesky...spine stuff...
Stay out of my way, Deadpool!
You're... different.
You're real.
HELP ME!
ARRRRRRGH!
ZZZZZZKCHHH

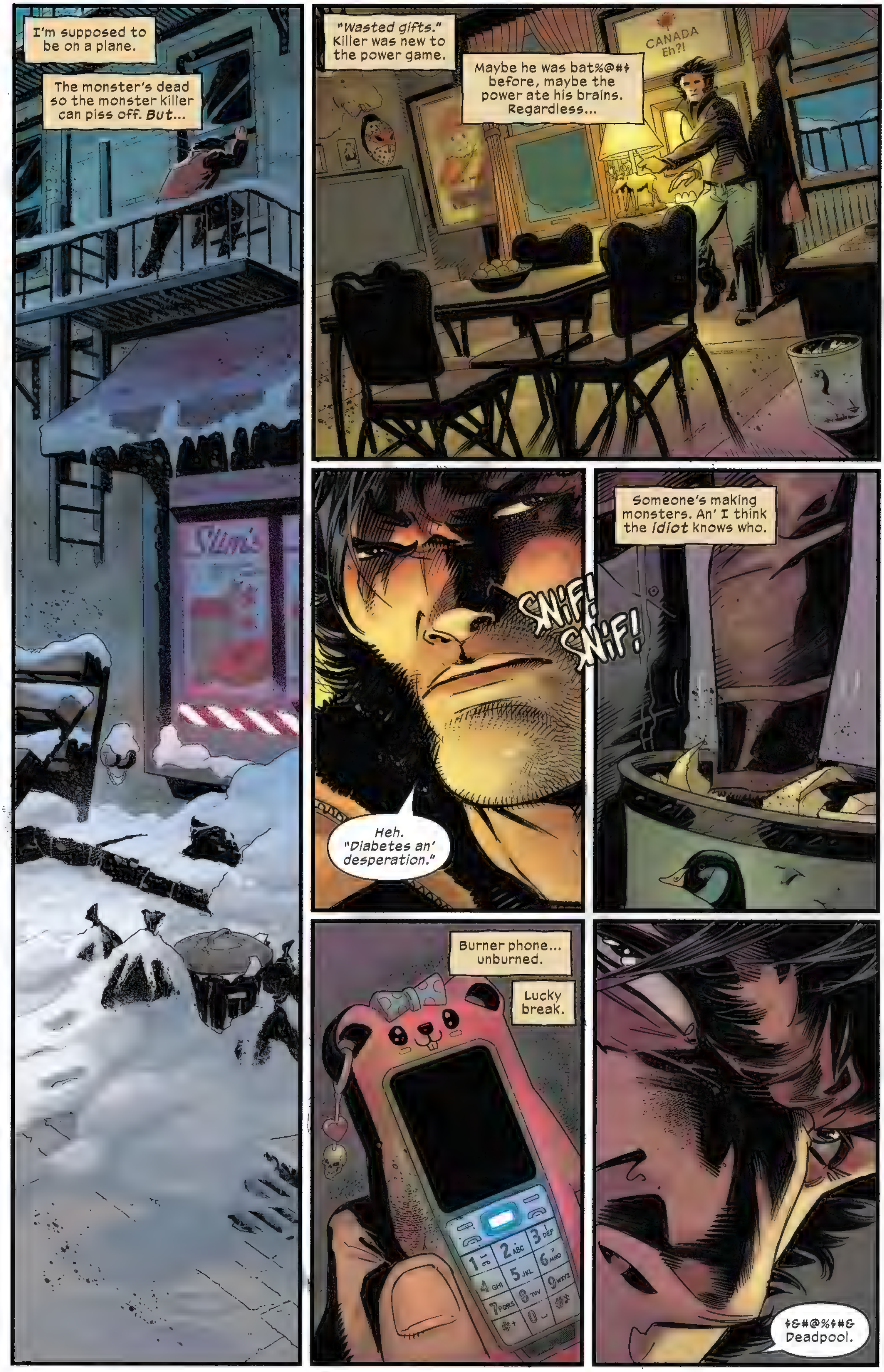

BRAKKA-TAKKAA
BRAKKA-TAKKAA
Upgrade or perish, my hirsute troglodyte!
Le leap!
BRAKKA-TAKKAA
BRAKKA-TAKKAA
BRAKKA
The psychos these days...much worse than your average Weapon X escapee.
Picotech, alt-uni energy weapons and they know all the *ClikClok* dances--
Shut up.
They promised me...
The gifts would help me connect.
But...
BRAKKA-TAKKAA
Summer.
The bounty--
Civilians!
The bounty of endangered civilians!
Dammit...

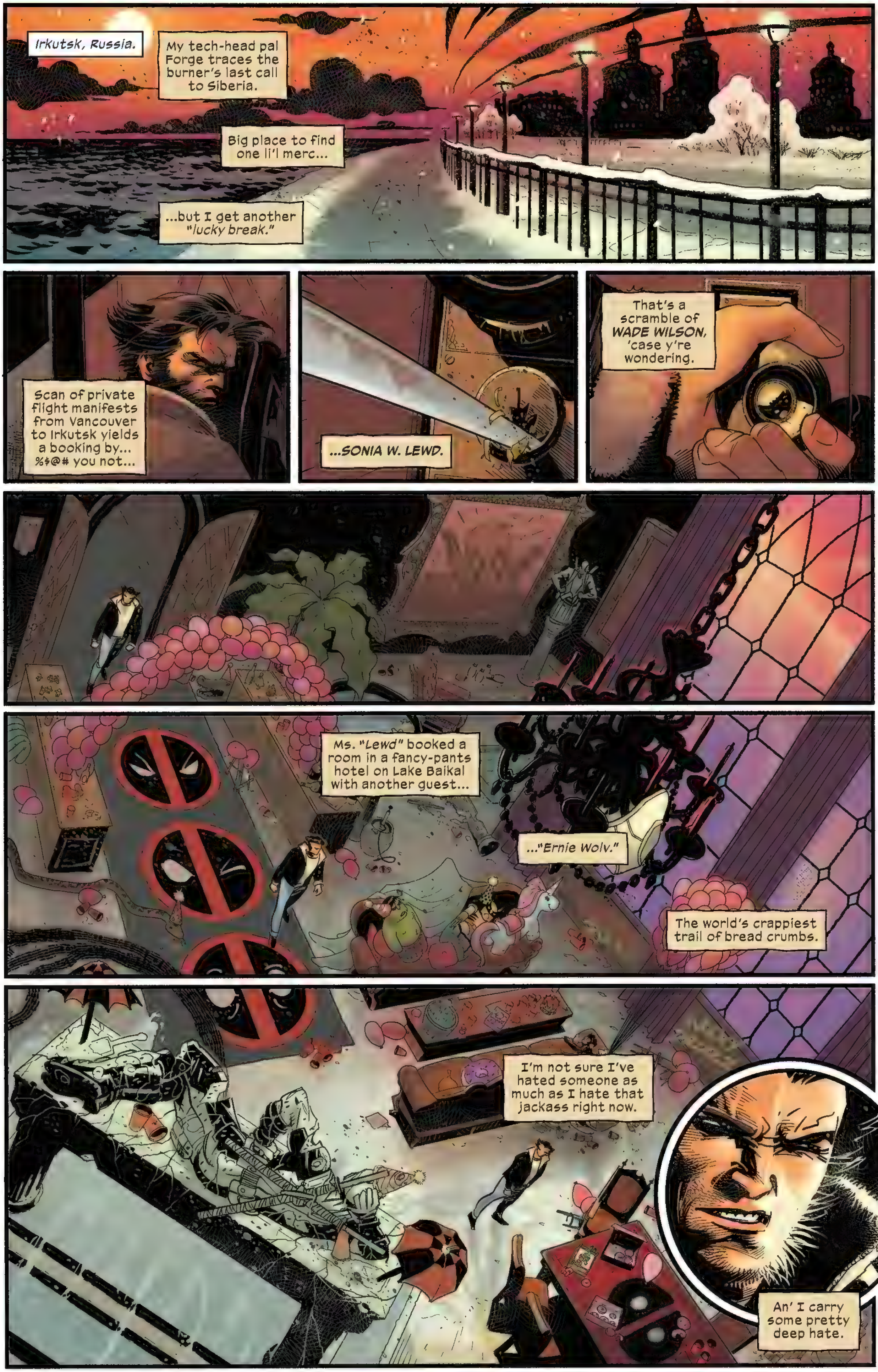

Most normal people never see a monster in real life.
When they do, it doesn't compute.
They think they're lookin' at a broken person who needs help.
I envy them.
Hunters know a monster is just a wounded animal...
...the most dangerous kind.
Only one fix for that.

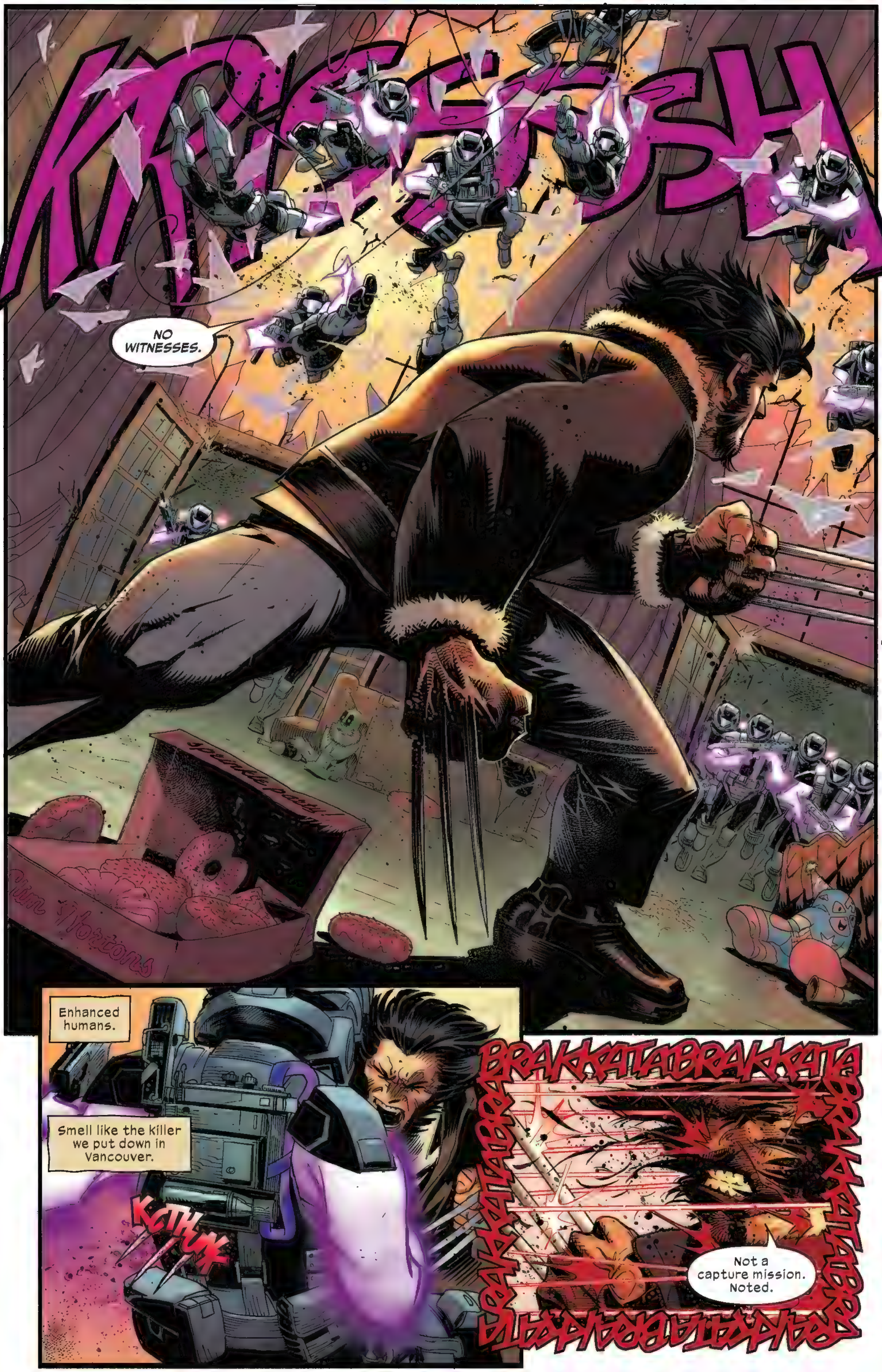

I hate that damn phone.
I used your gifts... were you watching?
These wasted gifts...
I used them...
But I wasn't real either.
Diabolical double dissection, dude.
@%#$ you, Wade.

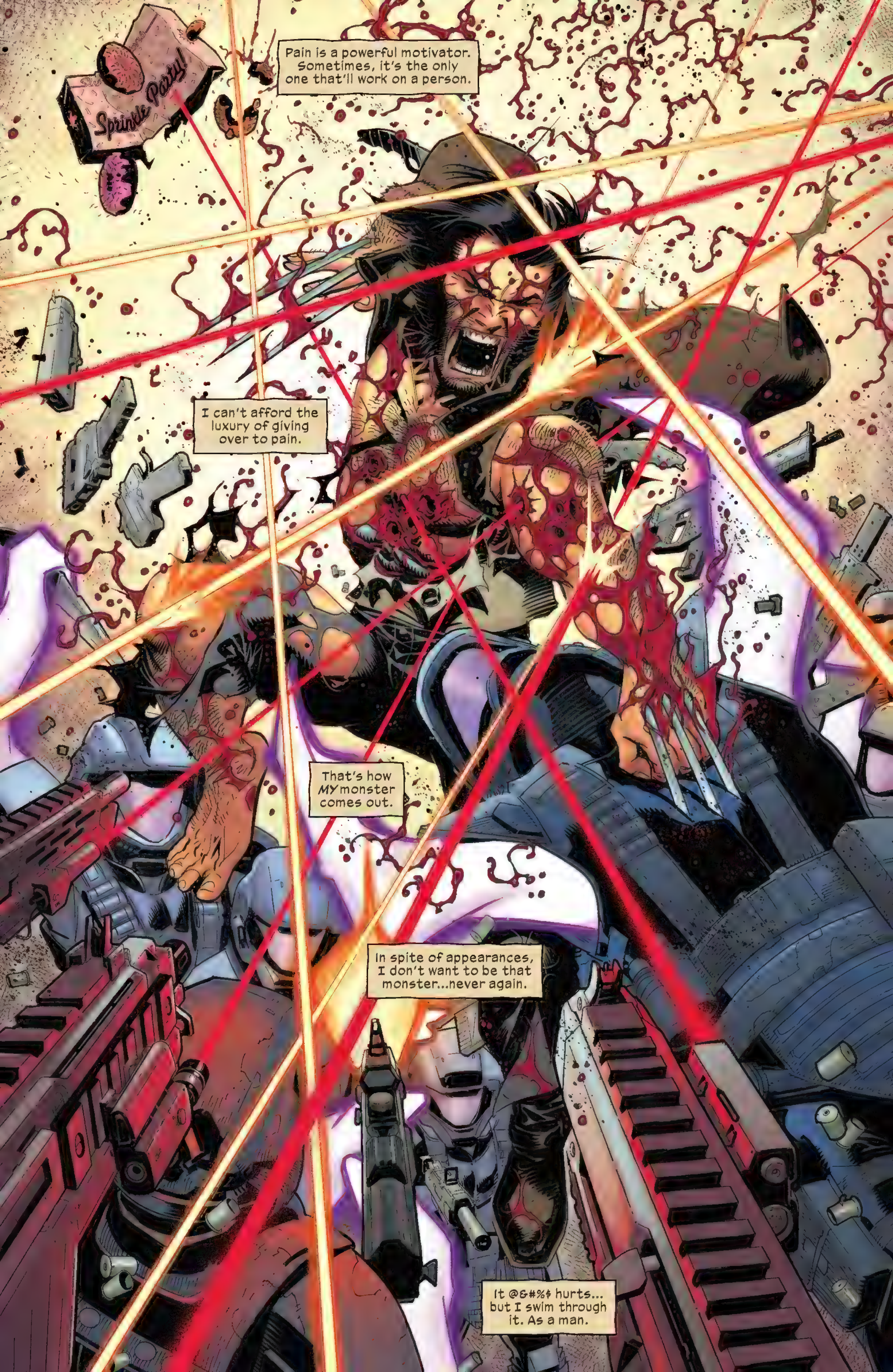

Later.
Drinks at my place? I scored a Skybnb above a Slim Nortons.
Smells of diabetes and desperation.
Go count your money.
You sound pissed. We capped a serial-killing P.O.S.
We weren't gonna "save" a guy like that...
"...sometimes broken is just broken."
"Same could be said 'bout us."
EMT
EMT
Me...not you. Not anymore...
Mutant outcast to manipulated monster to beloved X-Man.
Third time's the charm, I guess.
The hell you on about--?
Nuthin'... just quippin' the night fantastic.
Smell you later, Wolvie.

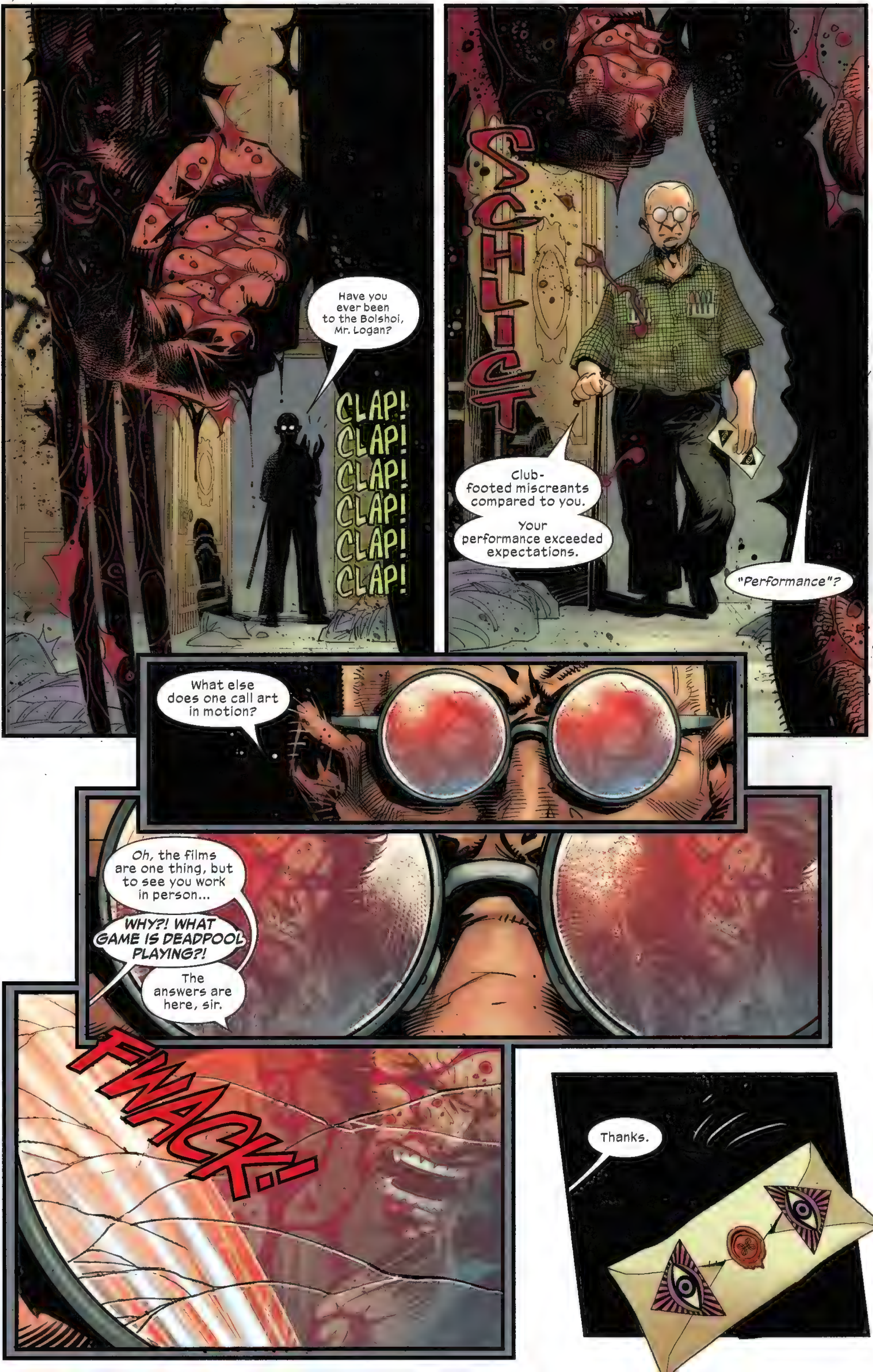

Even later.
Thanks.
Keep 'em coming.
Washing out the day?
Trying. Never works.
Heh. Definition of insanity...
...trying the same things expecting new things to happen.
There a Slim Nortons around here?
You're #@$%$#& with me, right?
Pick a direction and start walking. You'll hit one every ten feet or so.
Tourist.

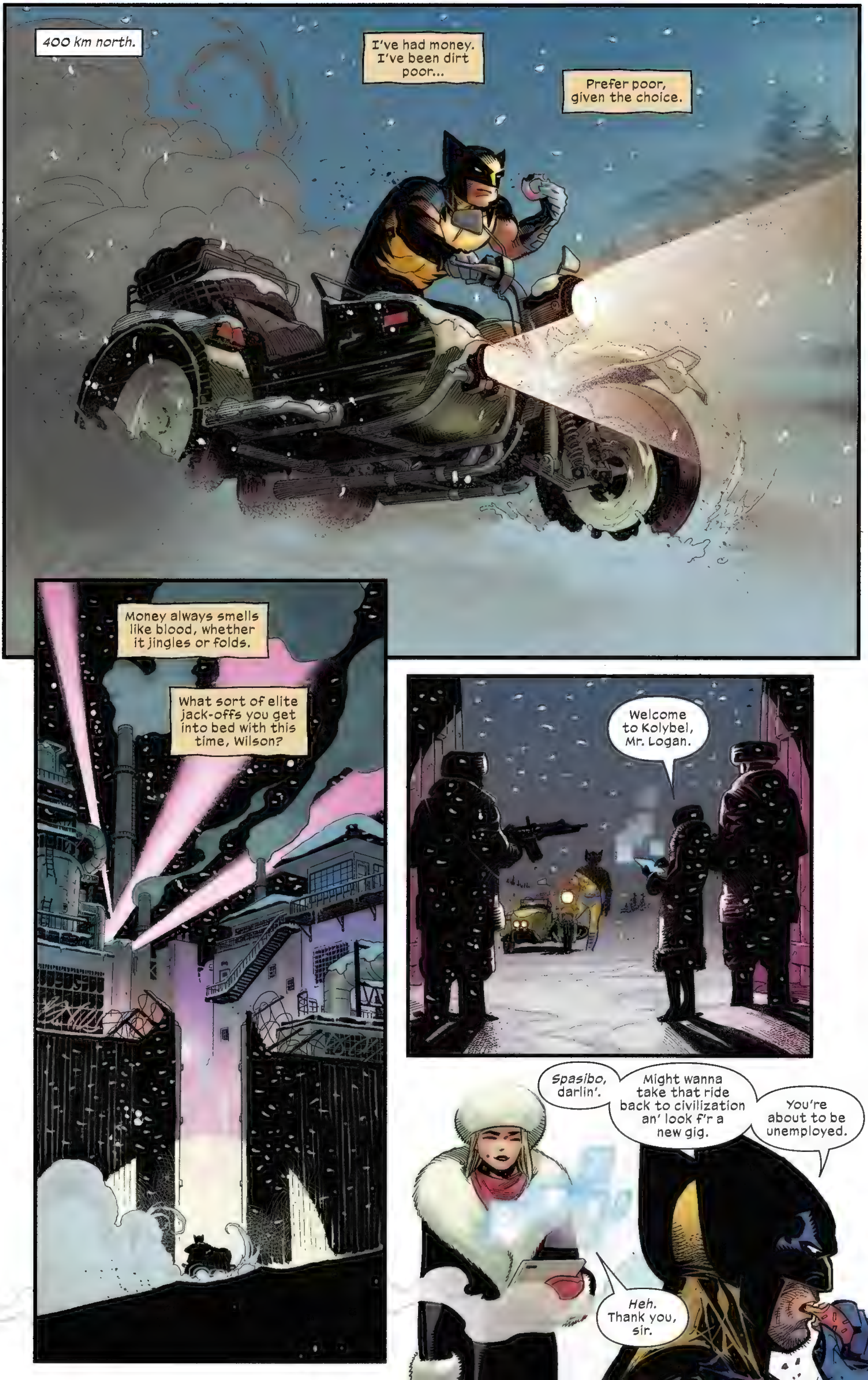

I'm supposed to be on a plane.
The monster's dead so the monster killer can piss off. *But...*
Slim's
"Wasted gifts." Killer was new to the power game.
CANADA Eh?!
Maybe he was bat%@#$ before, maybe the power ate his brains. Regardless...
SNIF! SNIF!
Heh. "Diabetes an' desperation."
Someone's making monsters. An' I think the *idiot* knows who.
Burner phone... unburned.
Lucky break.
$&#@%$#& Deadpool.

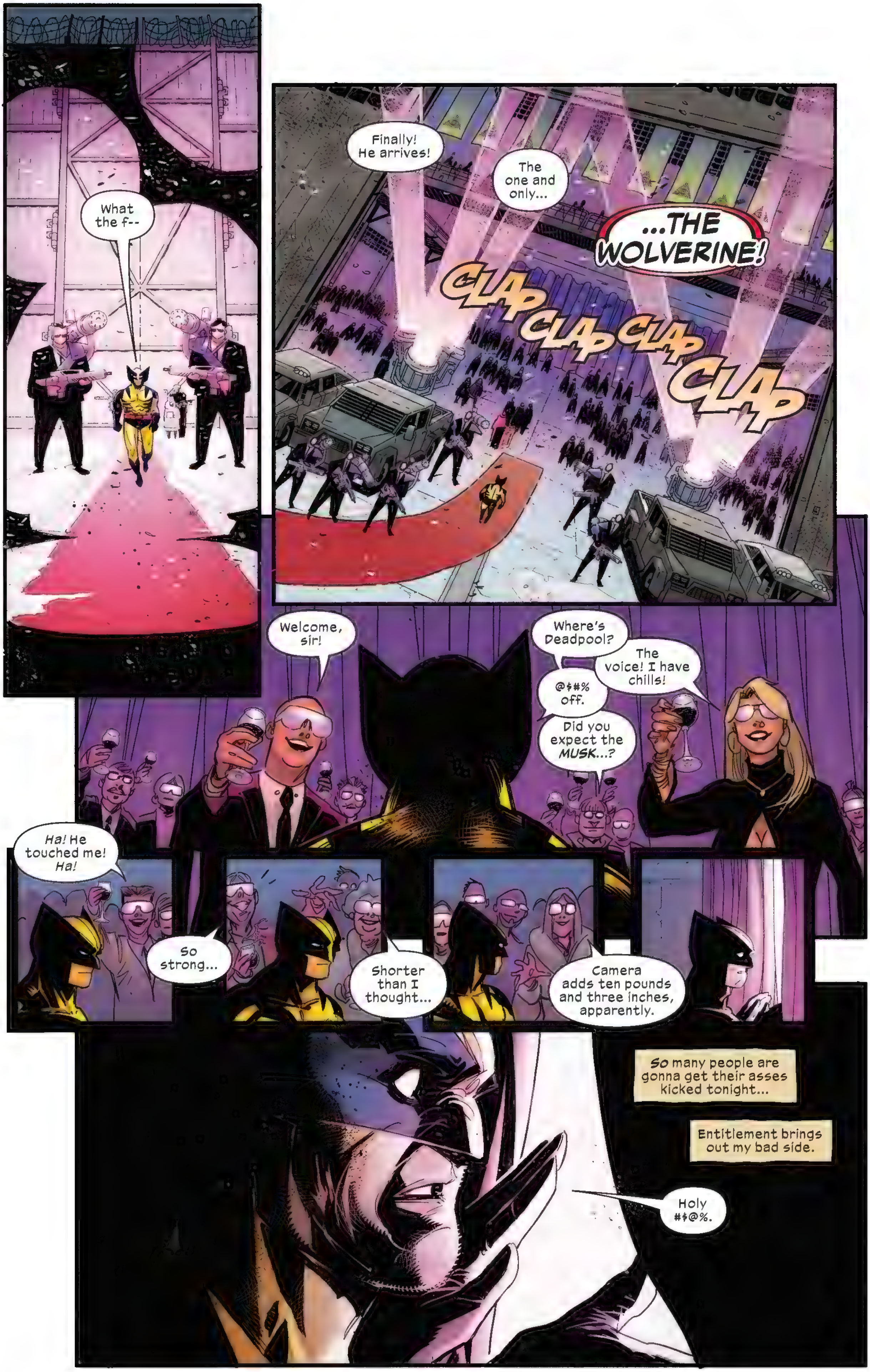

Irkutsk, Russia.
My tech-head pal Forge traces the burner's last call to Siberia.
Big place to find one li'l merc...
...but I get another "lucky break."
Scan of private flight manifests from Vancouver to Irkutsk yields a booking by... %$@# you not...
...SONIA W. LEWD.
That's a scramble of WADE WILSON, 'case y're wondering.
Ms. "Lewd" booked a room in a fancy-pants hotel on Lake Baikal with another guest...
..."Ernie Wolv."
The world's crappiest trail of bread crumbs.
I'm not sure I've hated someone as much as I hate that jackass right now.
An' I carry some pretty deep hate.

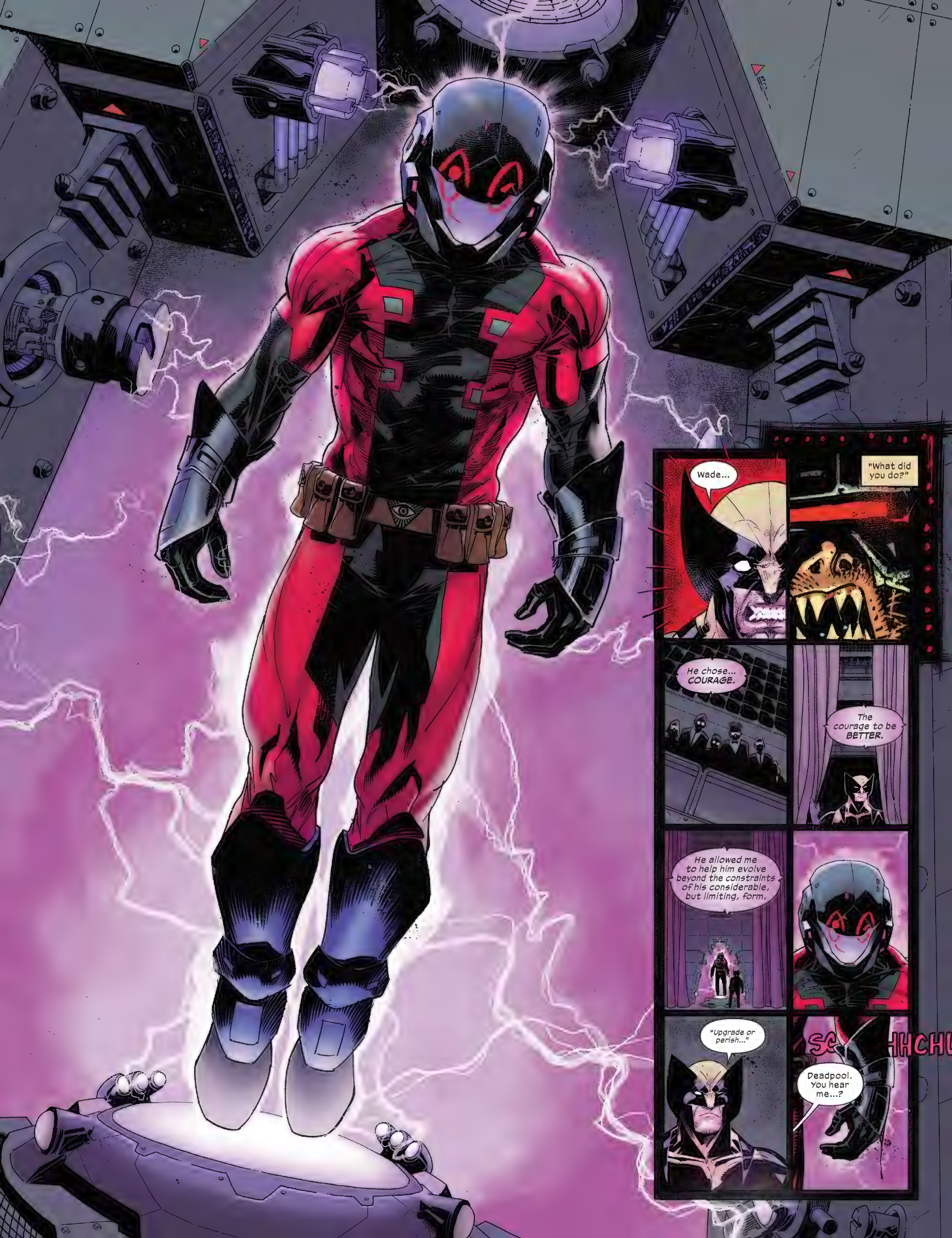

KRASSSH
NO WITNESSES.
sprinkle party
Tim Hortons
Enhanced humans.
Smell like the killer we put down in Vancouver.
KCTHUK
BRAKKATTA BRAKKATTA
Not a capture mission. Noted.

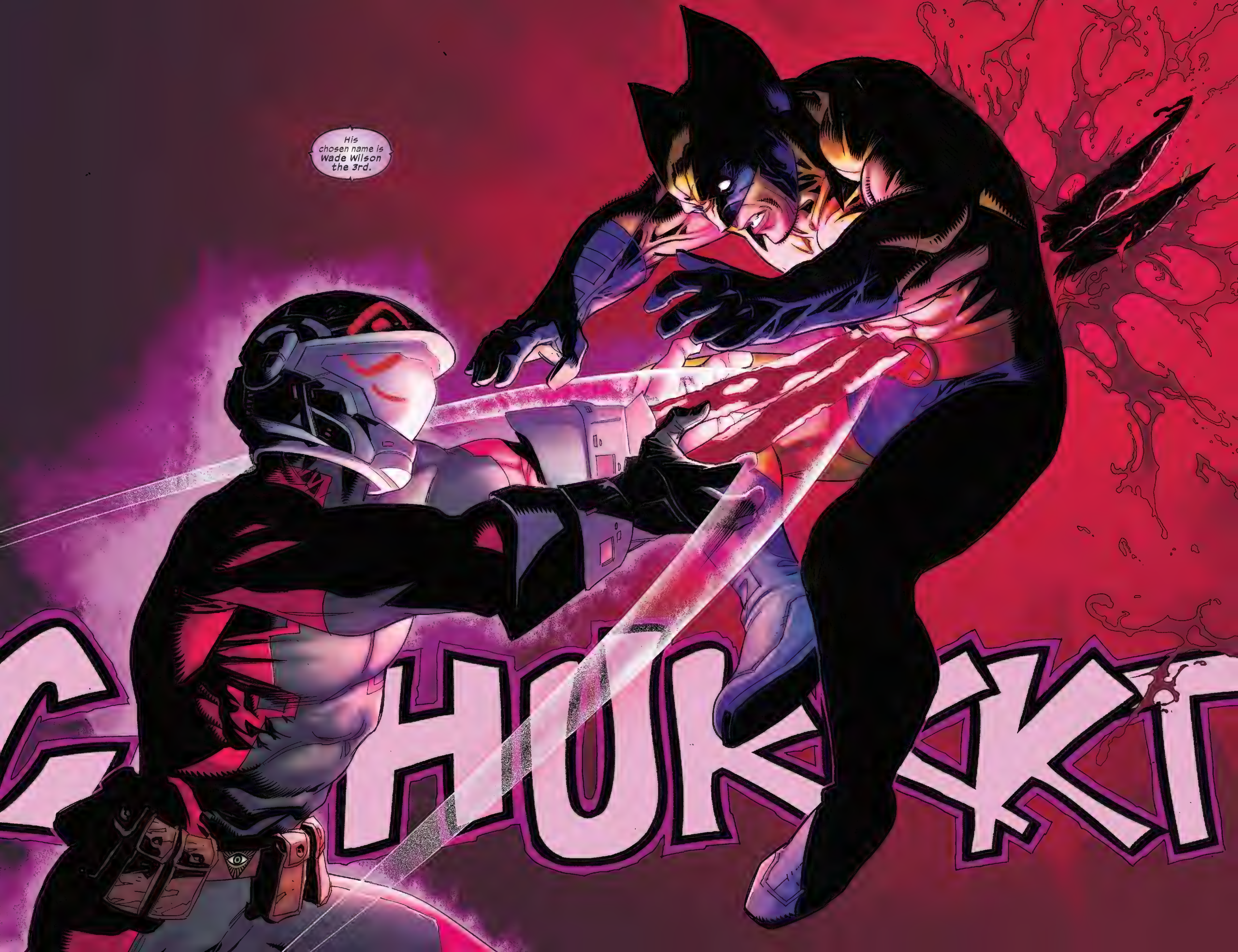

Sprinkle Party!
Pain is a powerful motivator. Sometimes, it's the only one that'll work on a person.
I can't afford the luxury of giving over to pain.
That's how *MY* monster comes out.
In spite of appearances, I don't want to be that monster...never again.
It @&#%$ hurts... but I swim through it. As a man.

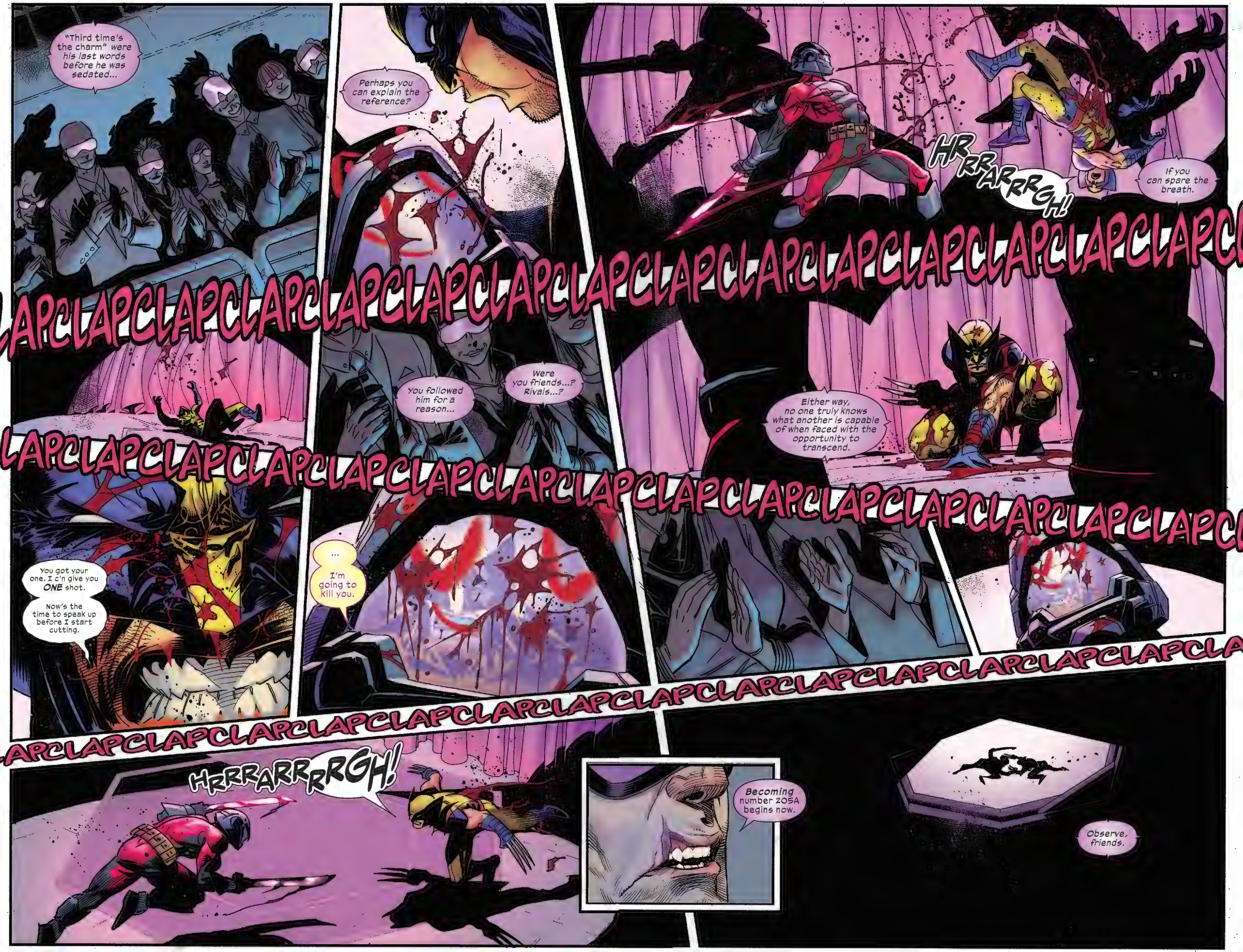

Have you ever been to the Bolshoi, Mr. Logan?
CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!
SCHLICT
Club-footed miscreants compared to you.
Your performance exceeded expectations.
"Performance"?
What else does one call art in motion?
Oh, the films are one thing, but to see you work in person...
WHY?! WHAT GAME IS DEADPOOL PLAYING?!
The answers are here, sir.
FWACK!
Thanks.

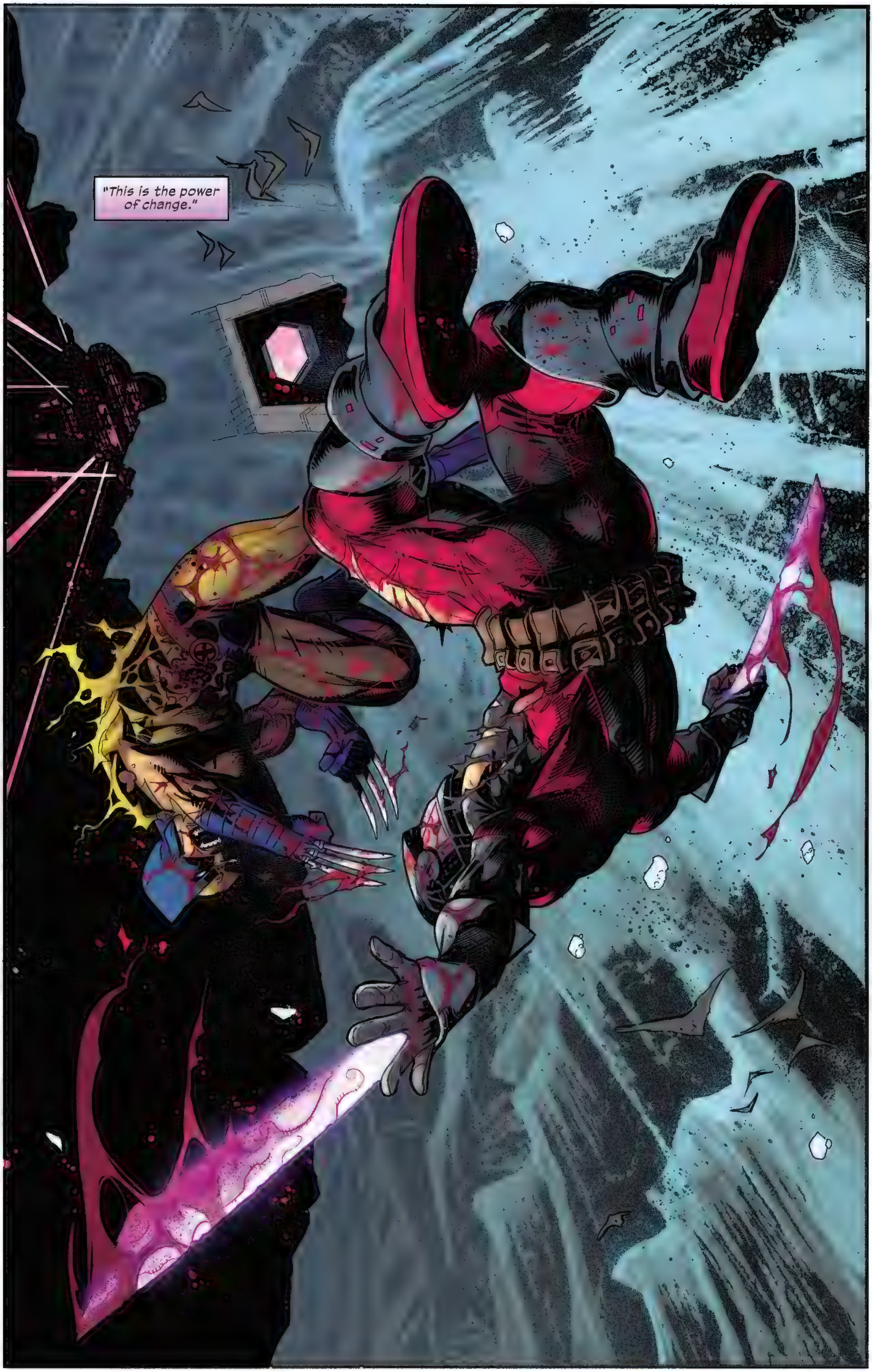

400 km north.
I've had money. I've been dirt poor...
Prefer poor, given the choice.
Money always smells like blood, whether it jingles or folds.
What sort of elite jack-offs you get into bed with this time, Wilson?
Welcome to Kolybel, Mr. Logan.
Spasibo, darlin'.
Might wanna take that ride back to civilization an' look f'r a new gig.
You're about to be unemployed.
Heh. Thank you, sir.

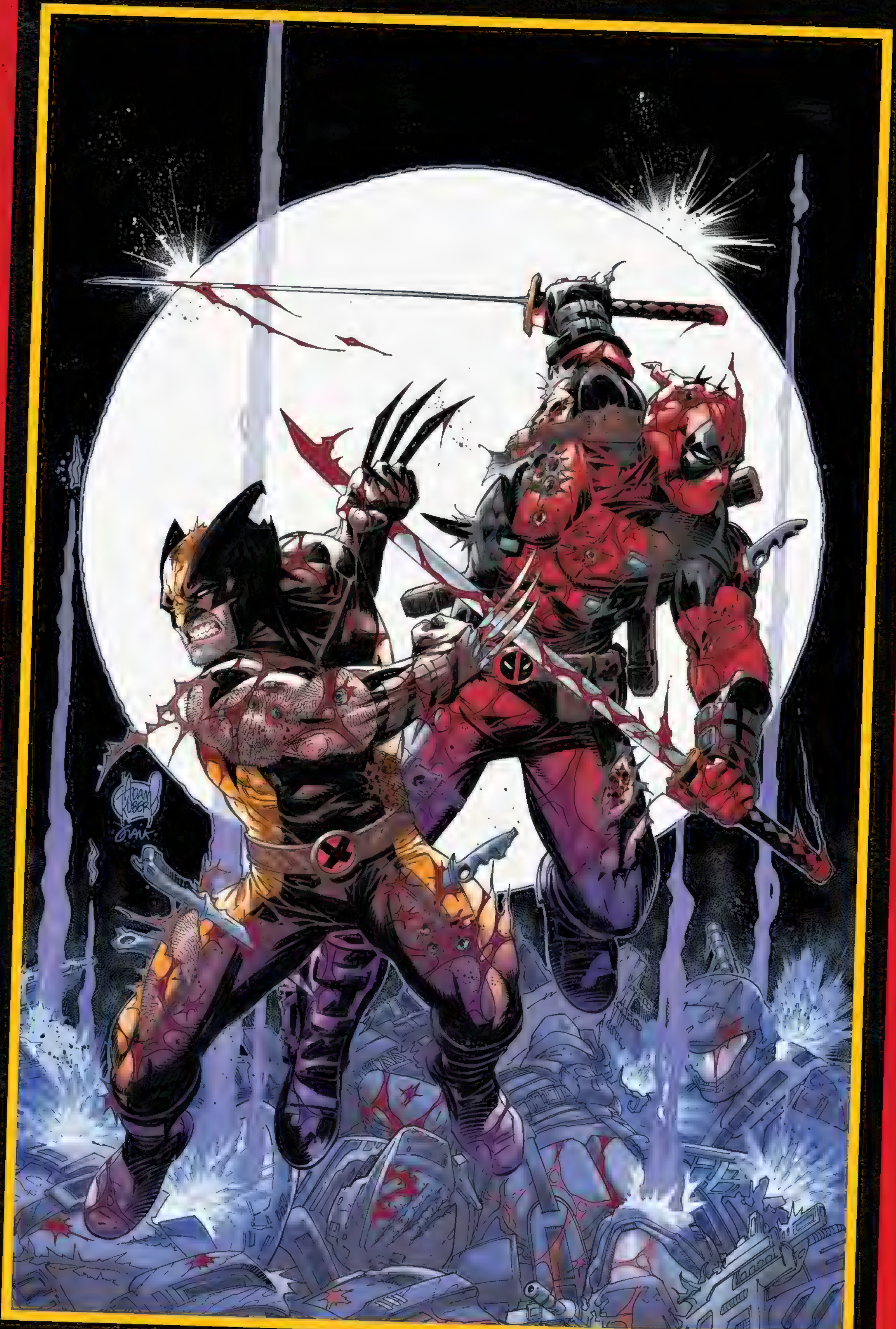

What the f--
Finally! He arrives!
The one and only...
...THE WOLVERINE!
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP
Welcome, sir!
Where's Deadpool?
The voice! I have chills!
@$#% off.
Did you expect the *MUSK*...?
Ha! He touched me! *Ha!*
So strong...
Shorter than I thought...
Camera adds ten pounds and three inches, apparently.
So many people are gonna get their asses kicked tonight...
Entitlement brings out my bad side.
Holy #$@%.


Wade...
"What did you do?"
He chose... COURAGE.
The courage to be BETTER.
He allowed me to help him evolve beyond the constraints of his considerable, but limiting, form.
"Upgrade or perish..."
SC HHCHU
Deadpool. You hear me...?


His chosen name is Wade Wilson the 3rd.
CHUKKT


"Third time's the charm" were his last words before he was sedated...
Perhaps you can explain the reference?
HRRRARRRGH!
If you can spare the breath.
LAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCL
You followed him for a reason...
Were you friends...? Rivals...?
Either way, no one truly knows what another is capable of when faced with the opportunity to transcend.
LAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPC
You got your one. I c'n give you ONE shot.
Now's the time to speak up before I start cutting.
... I'm going to kill you.
LAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLA
HRRRARRRRGH!
Becoming number 205A begins now.
Observe, friends.

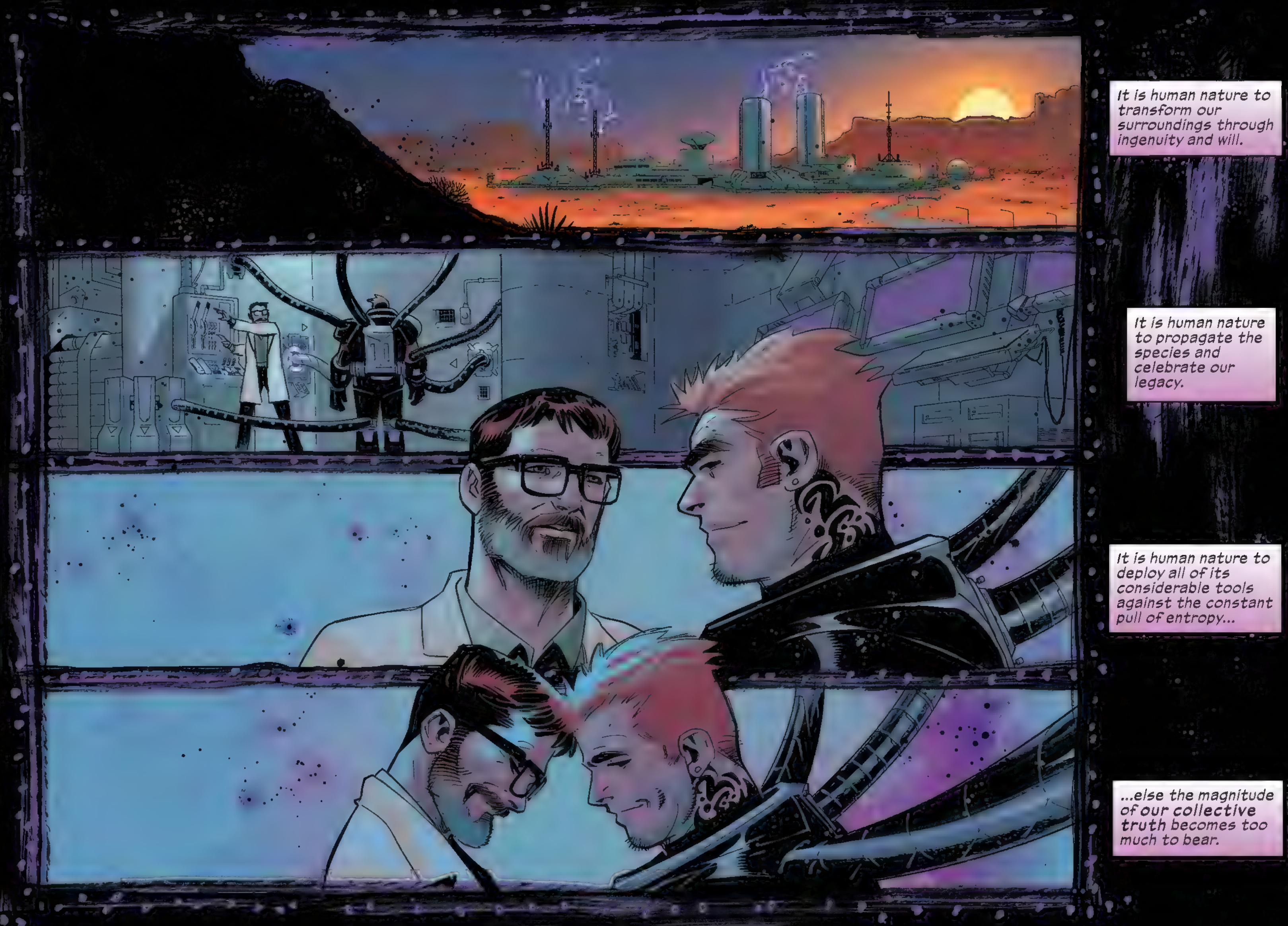

"This is the power of change."


ADAM KUBERT

ADAM KUBERT & FRANK MARTIN

#1 2ND PRINTING VARIANT

#2


It is human nature to transform our surroundings through ingenuity and will.
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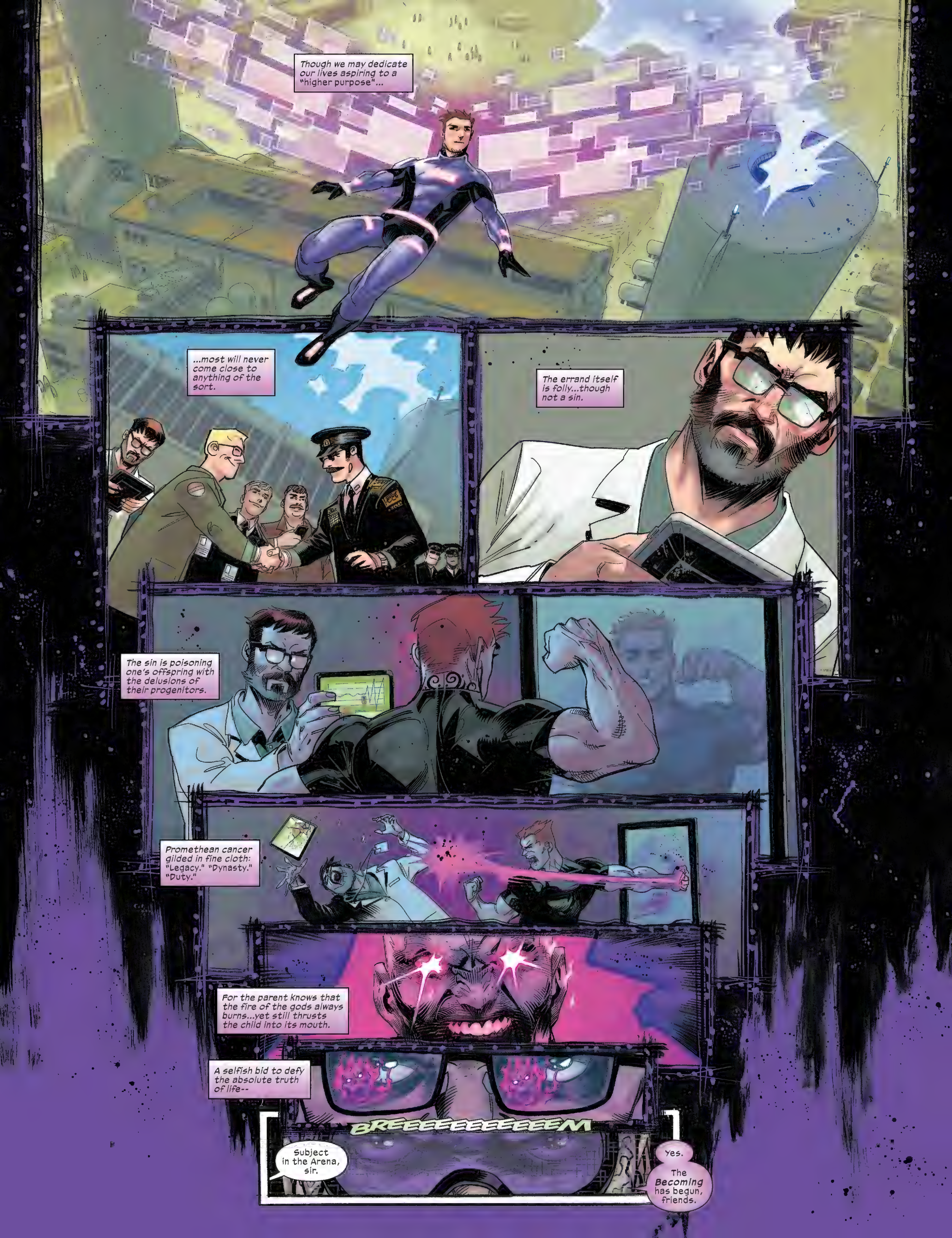
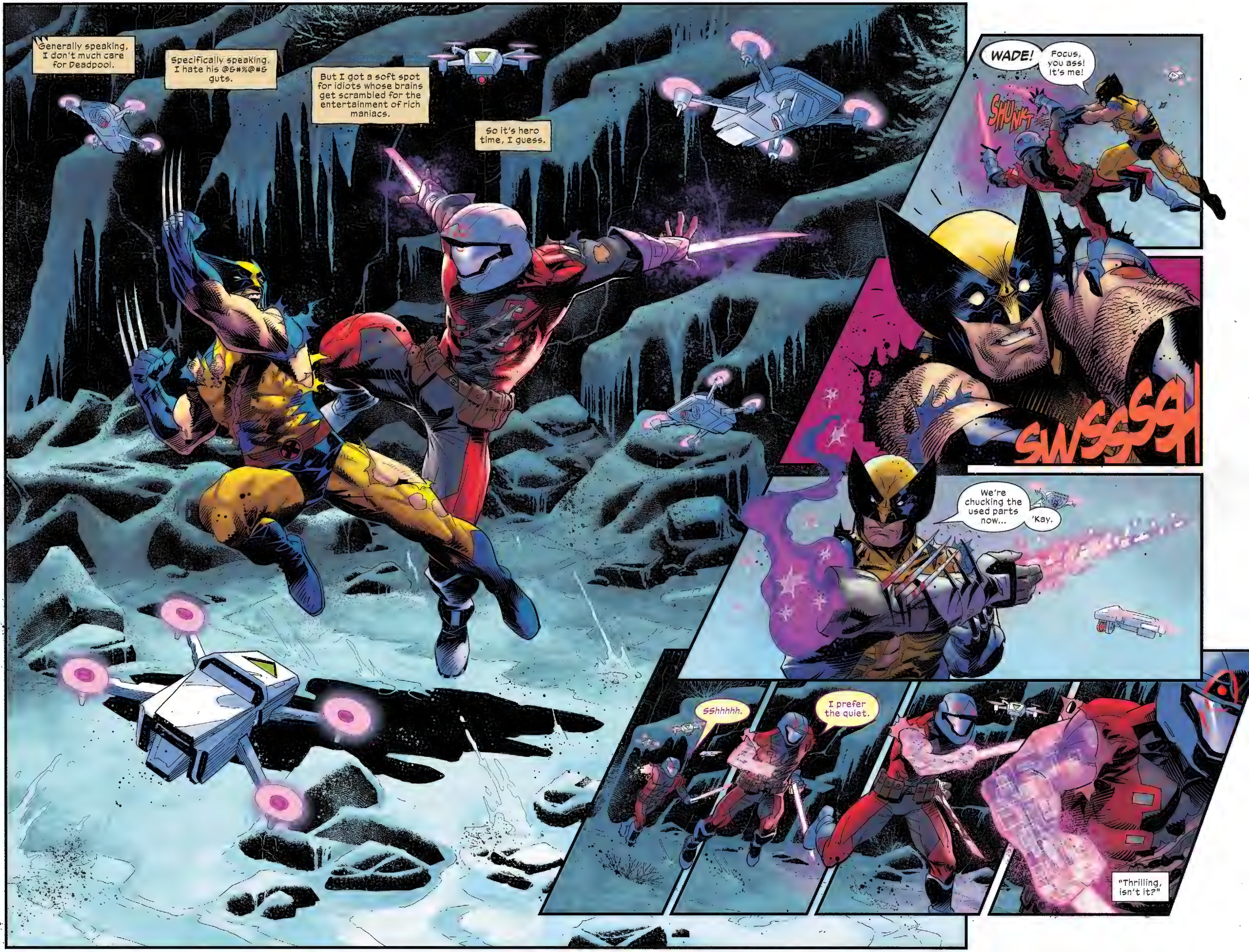
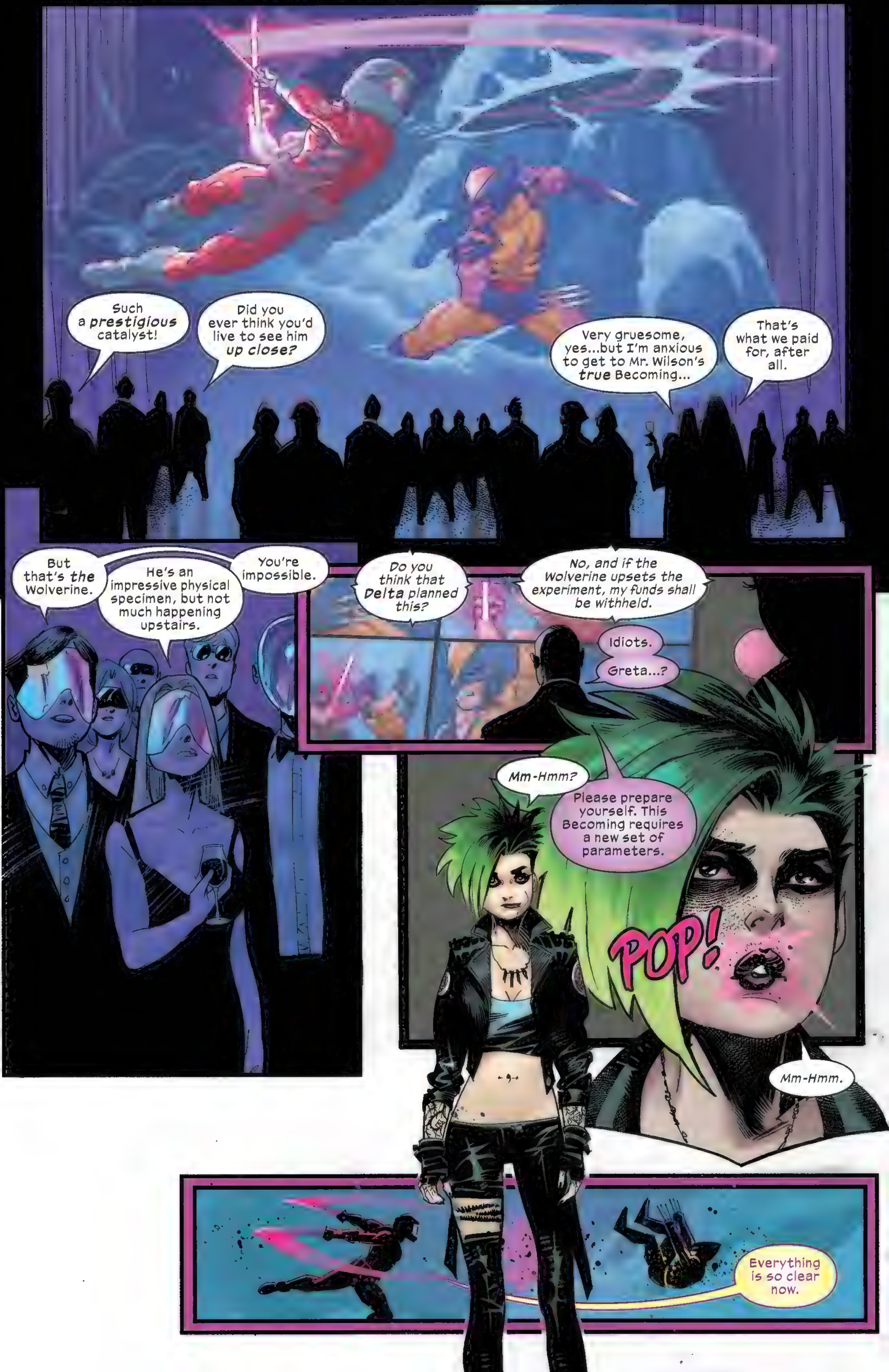
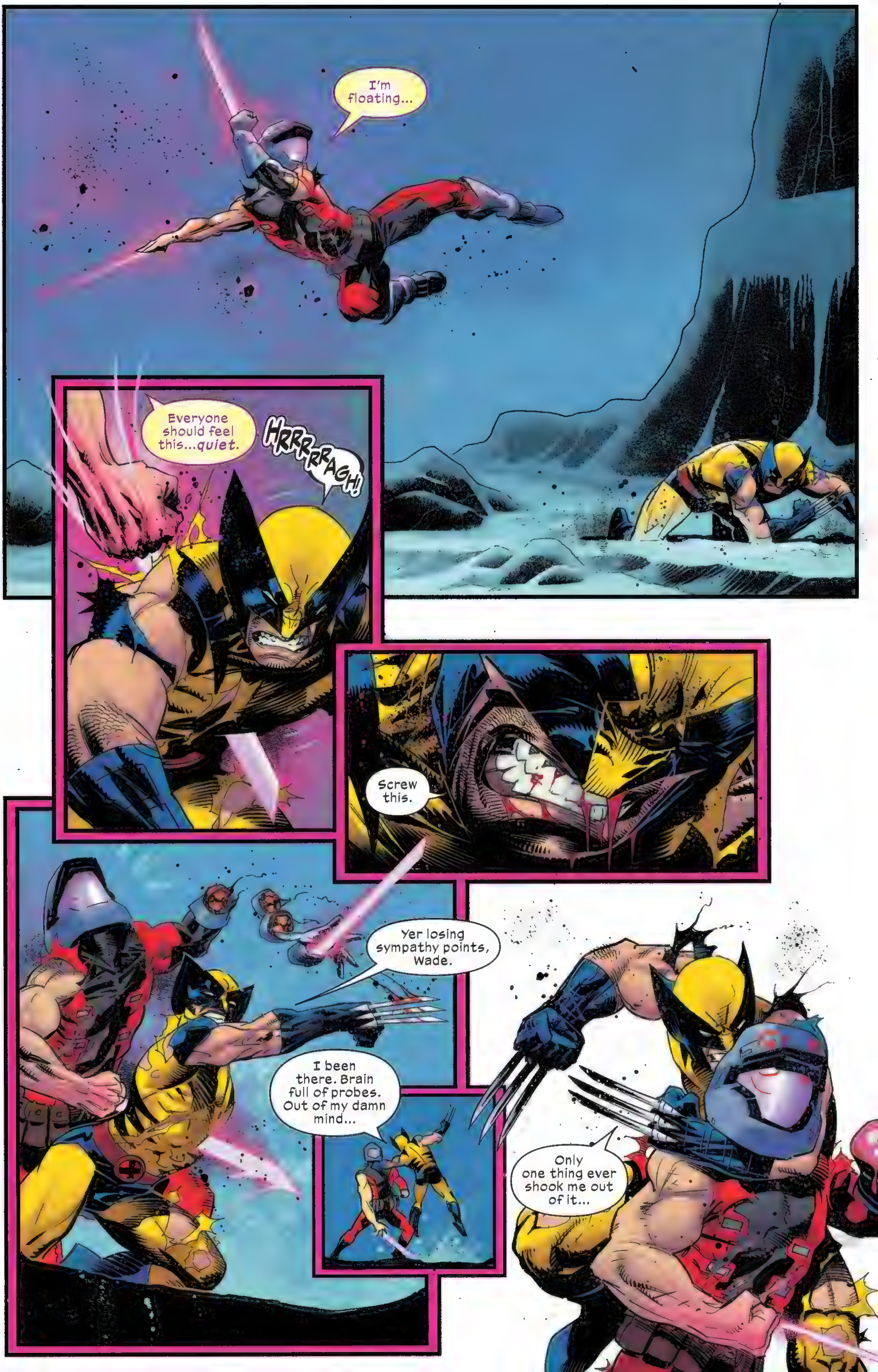
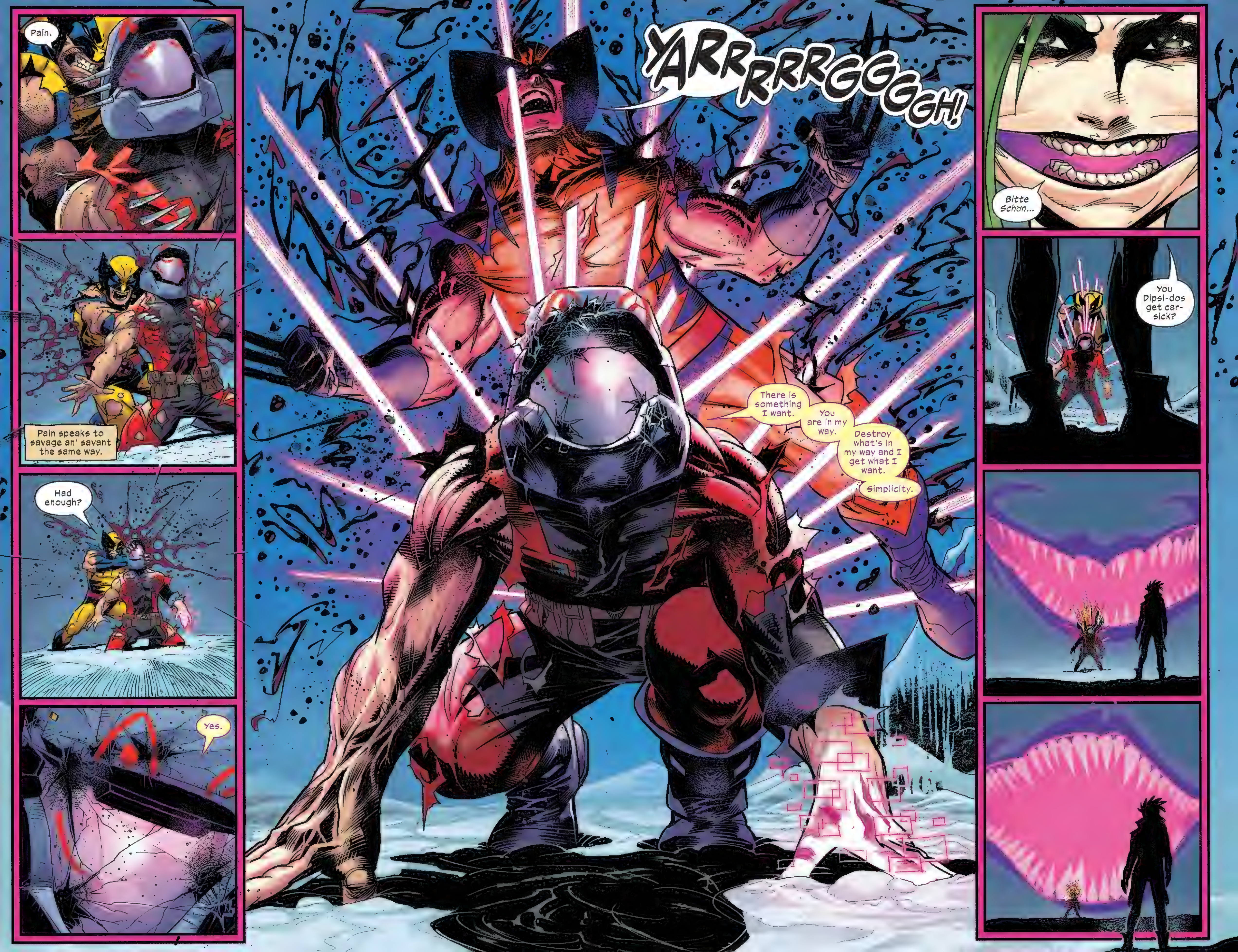
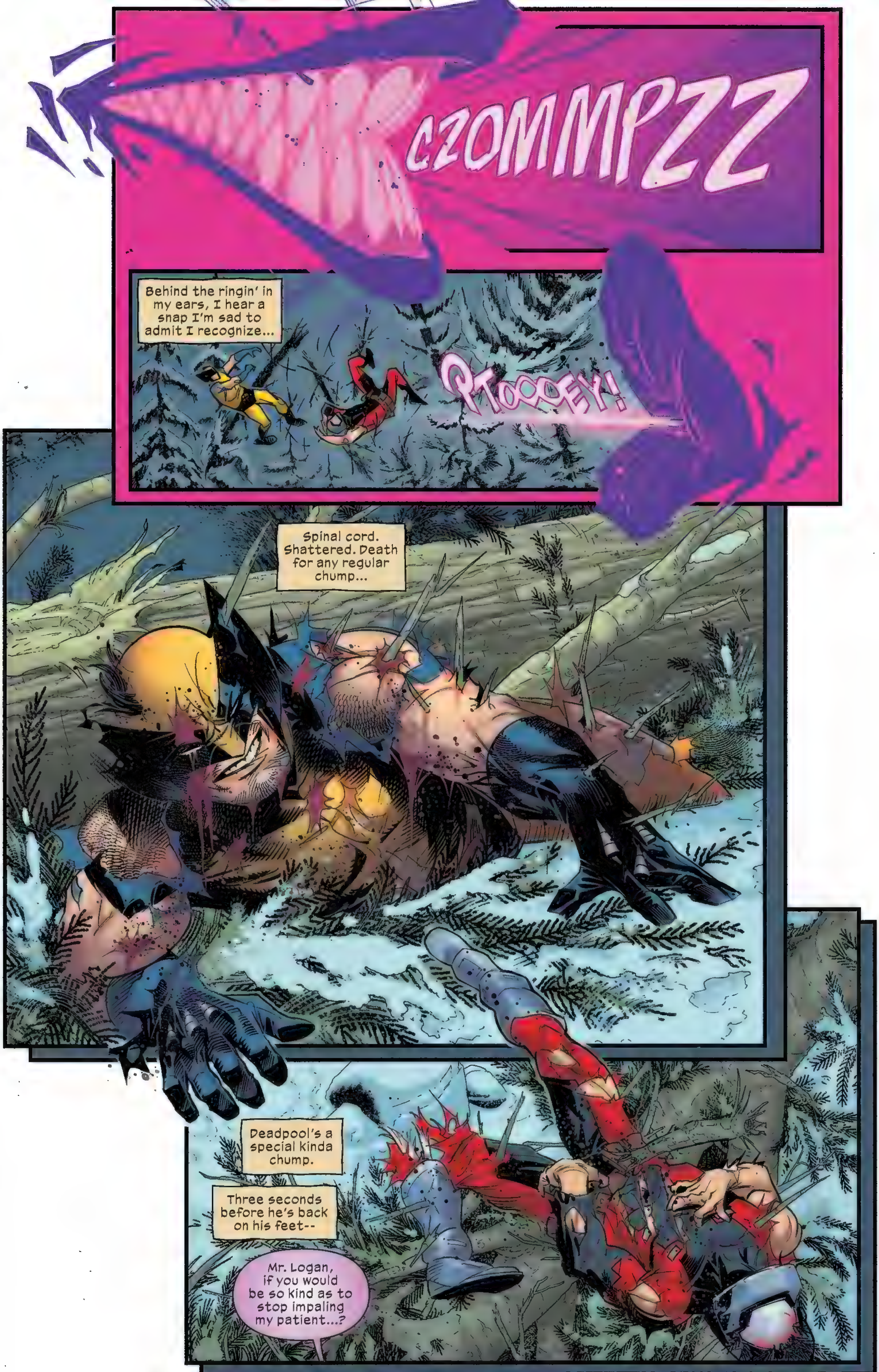

Though we may dedicate our lives aspiring to a "higher purpose"...
...most will never come close to anything of the sort.
The errand itself is folly...though not a sin.
The sin is poisoning one's offspring with the delusions of their progenitors.
Promethean cancer gilded in fine cloth: "Legacy." "Dynasty." "Duty."
For the parent knows that the fire of the gods always burns...yet still thrusts the child into its mouth.
A selfish bid to defy the absolute truth of life--
BREEEEEEEEEEEEM
Subject in the Arena, sir.
Yes.
The *Becoming* has begun, friends.

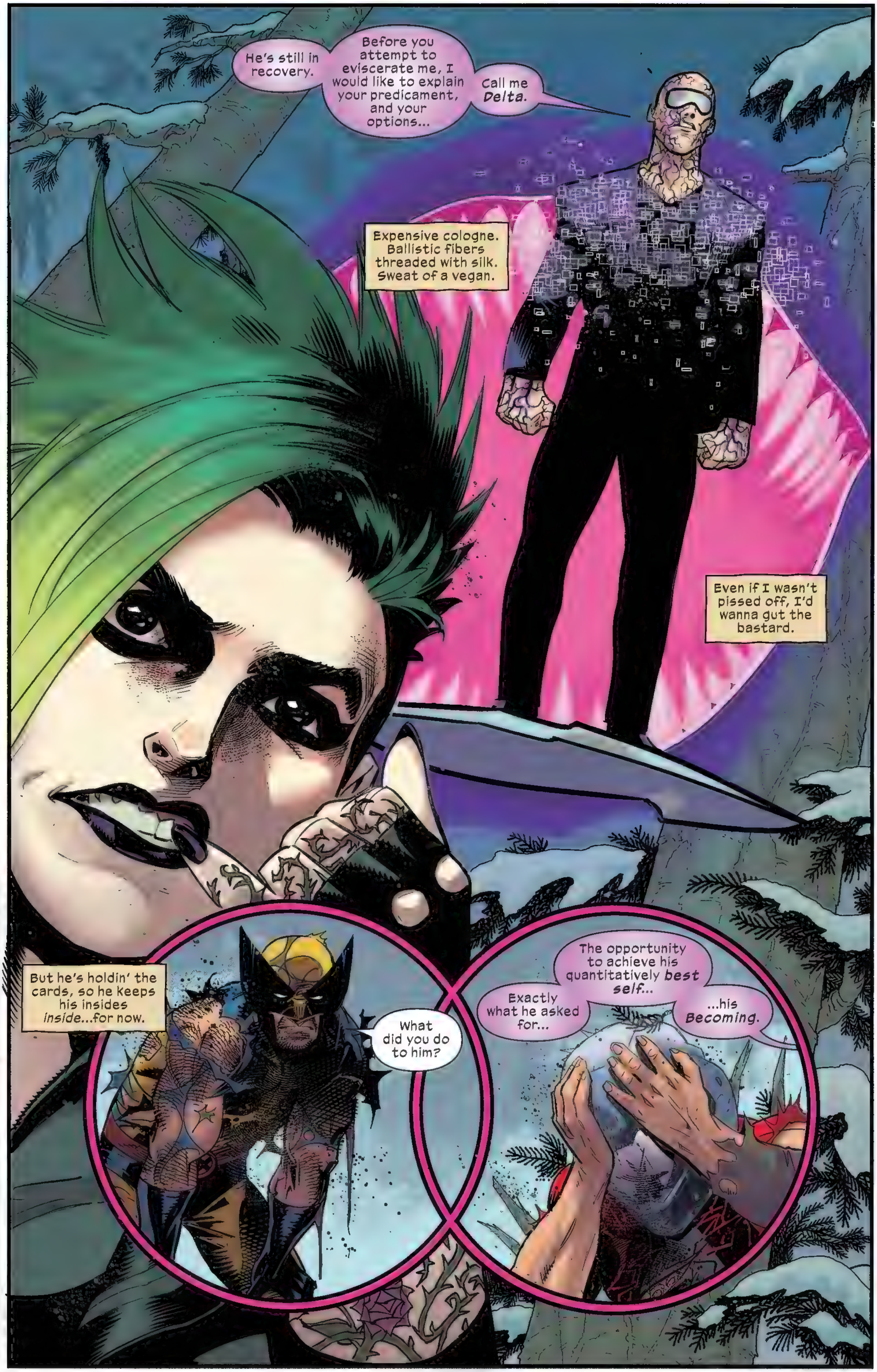

Generally speaking, I don't much care for Deadpool.
Specifically speaking, I hate his @&#%@#& guts.
But I got a soft spot for idiots whose brains get scrambled for the entertainment of rich maniacs.
So it's hero time, I guess.
WADE!
Focus, you ass! It's me!
SHUNKT
SWSSSH
We're chucking the used parts now...
'Kay.
Sshhhhh.
I prefer the quiet.
"Thrilling, isn't it?"

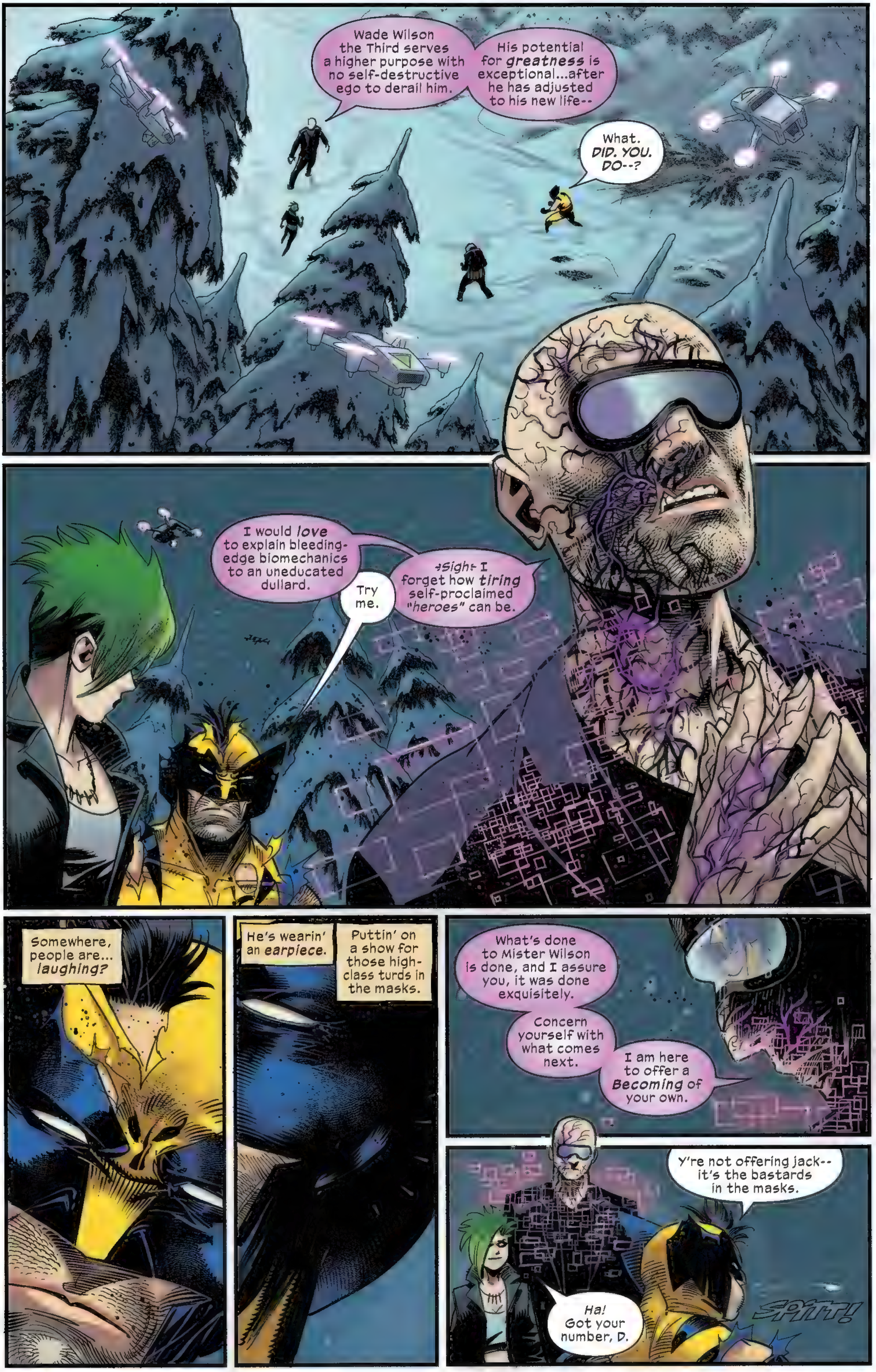

Such a *prestigious* catalyst!
Did you ever think you'd live to see him *up close?*
Very gruesome, yes...but I'm anxious to get to Mr. Wilson's *true* Becoming...
That's what we paid for, after all.
But that's *the* Wolverine.
He's an impressive physical specimen, but not much happening upstairs.
You're impossible.
Do you think that Delta planned this?
No, and if the Wolverine upsets the experiment, my funds shall be withheld.
Idiots.
Greta...?
Mm-Hmm?
Please prepare yourself. This Becoming requires a new set of parameters.
POP!
Mm-Hmm.
Everything is so clear now.

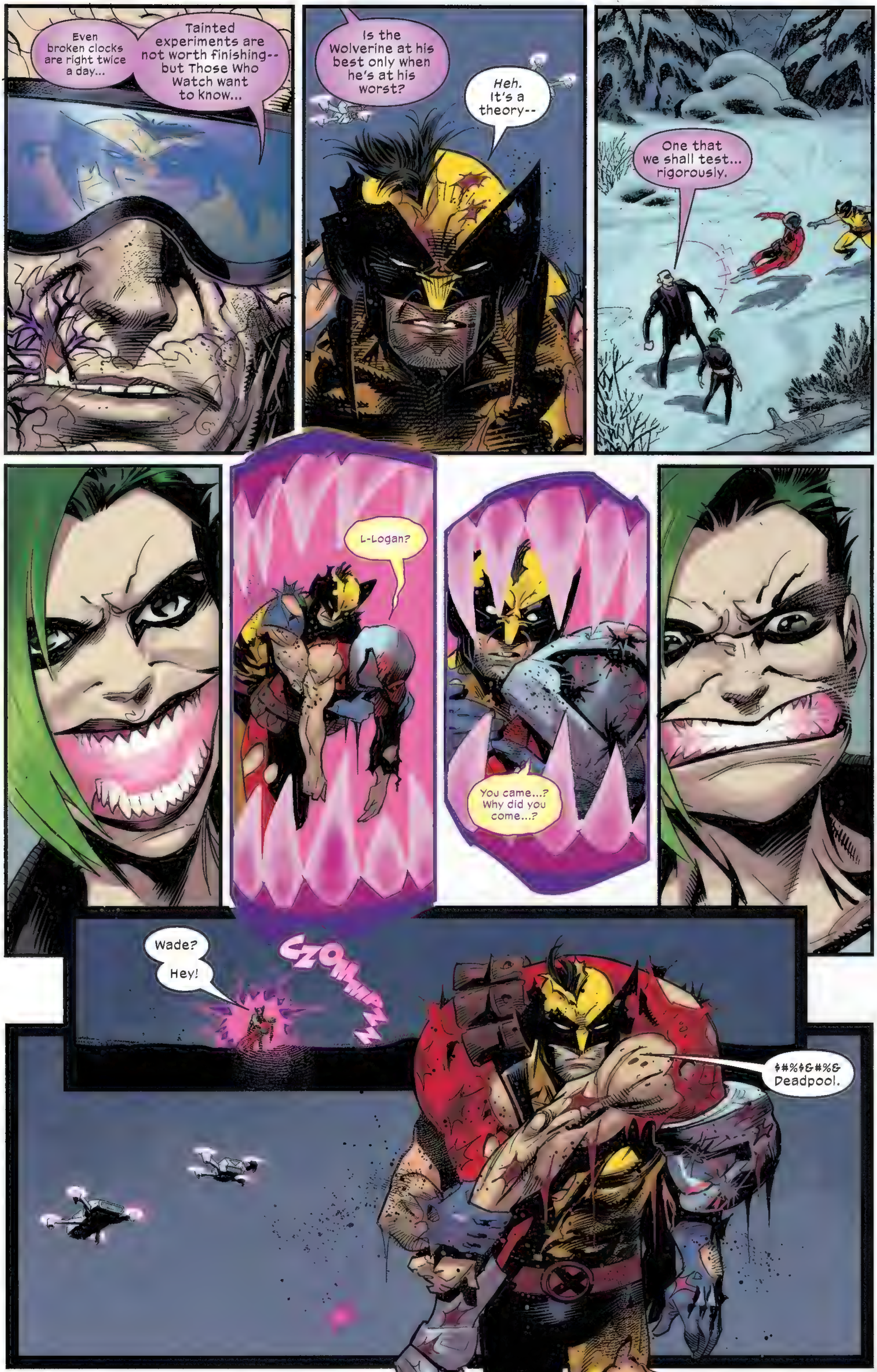

I'm floating...
Everyone should feel this...quiet.
HRRRRRAGH!
Screw this.
Yer losing sympathy points, Wade.
I been there. Brain full of probes. Out of my damn mind...
Only one thing ever shook me out of it...

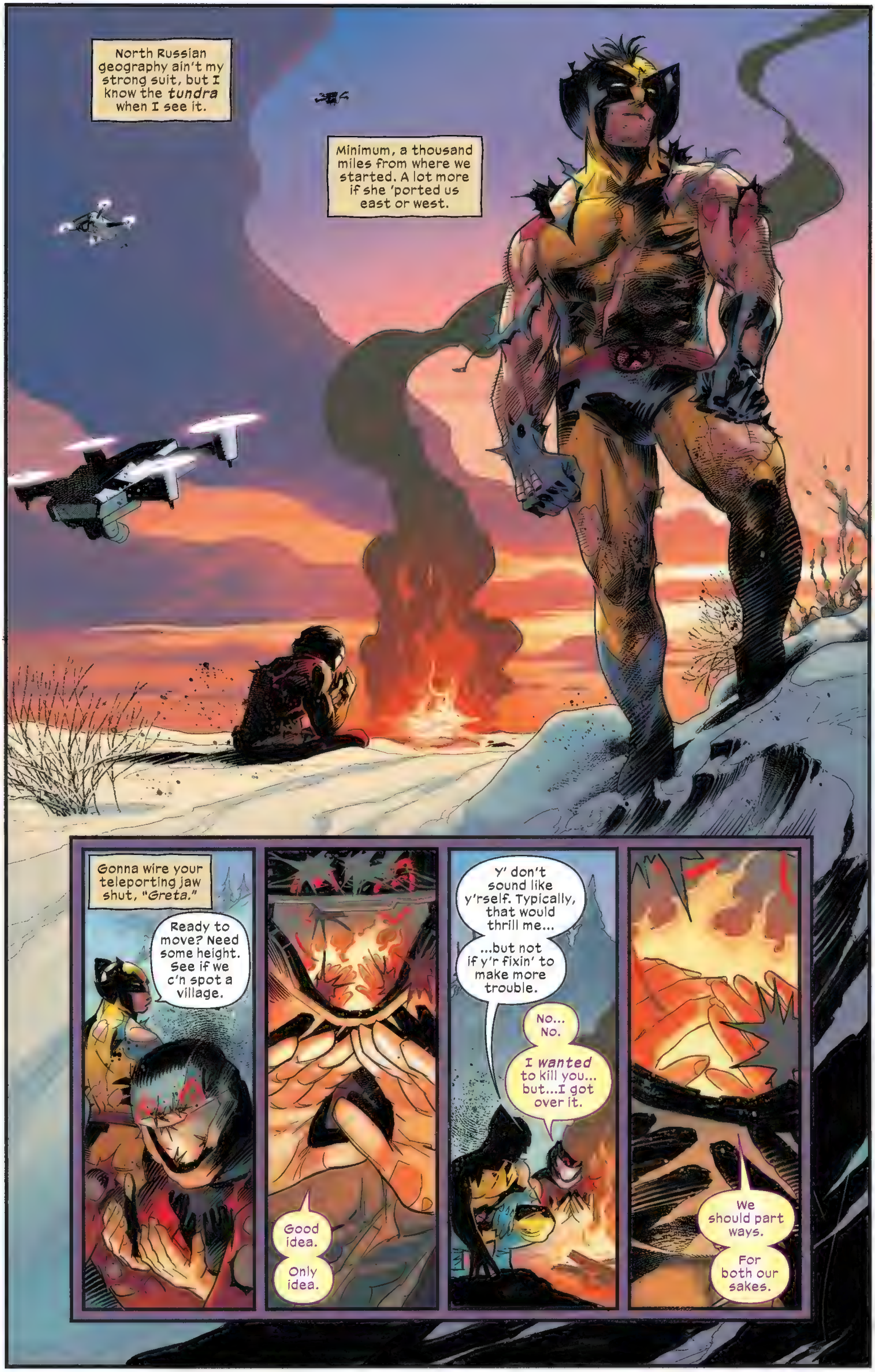

Pain.
Pain speaks to savage an' savant the same way.
Had enough?
Yes.
YARRRRRGGGGGH!
There is something I want.
You are in my way.
Destroy what's in my way and I get what I want.
Simplicity.
Bitte Schön...
You Dipsi-dos get car-sick?

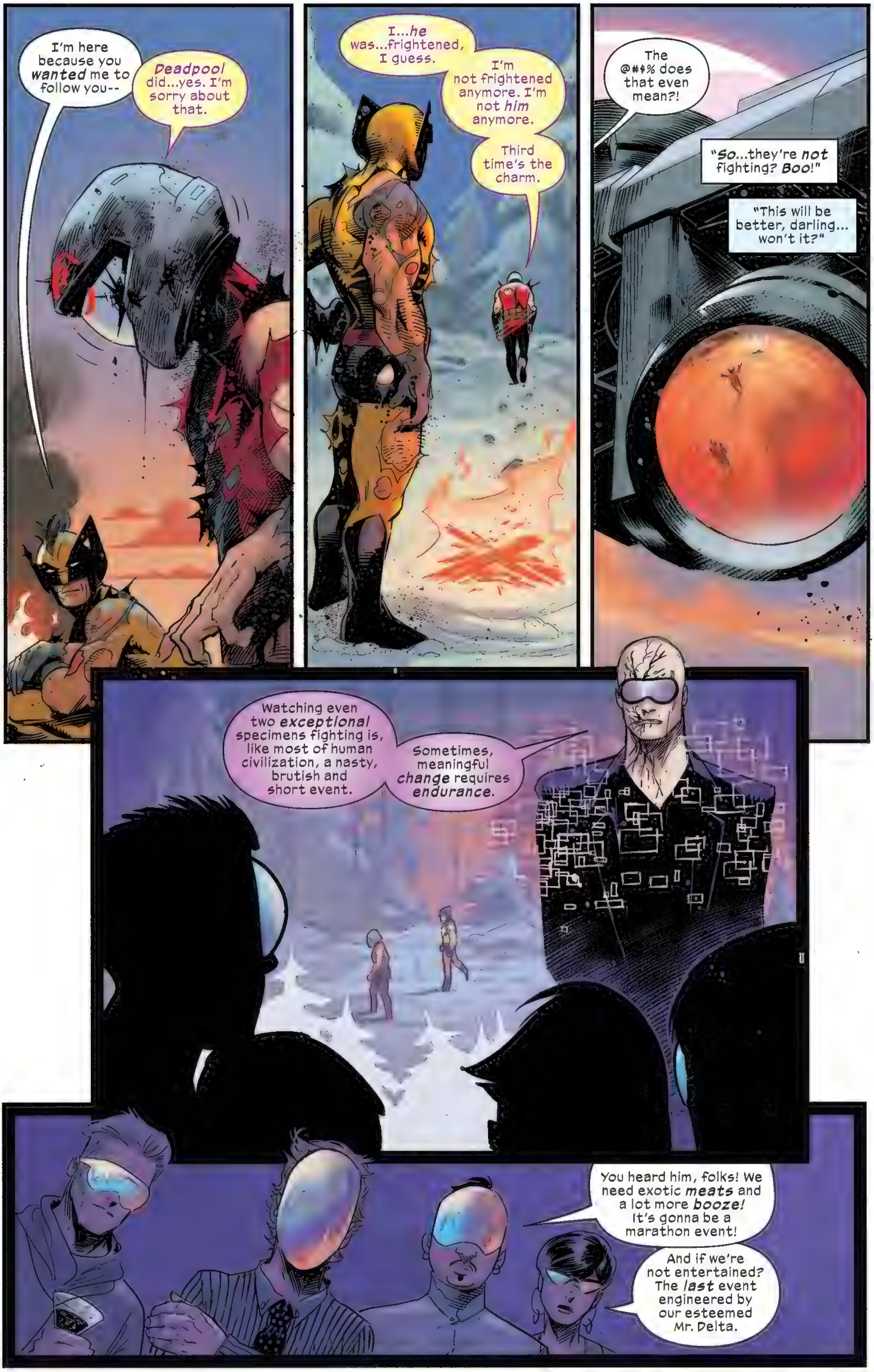

CZOMMPZZ
Behind the ringin' in my ears, I hear a snap I'm sad to admit I recognize...
PTOOOEY!
Spinal cord. Shattered. Death for any regular chump...
Deadpool's a special kinda chump.
Three seconds before he's back on his feet--
Mr. Logan, if you would be so kind as to stop impaling my patient...?

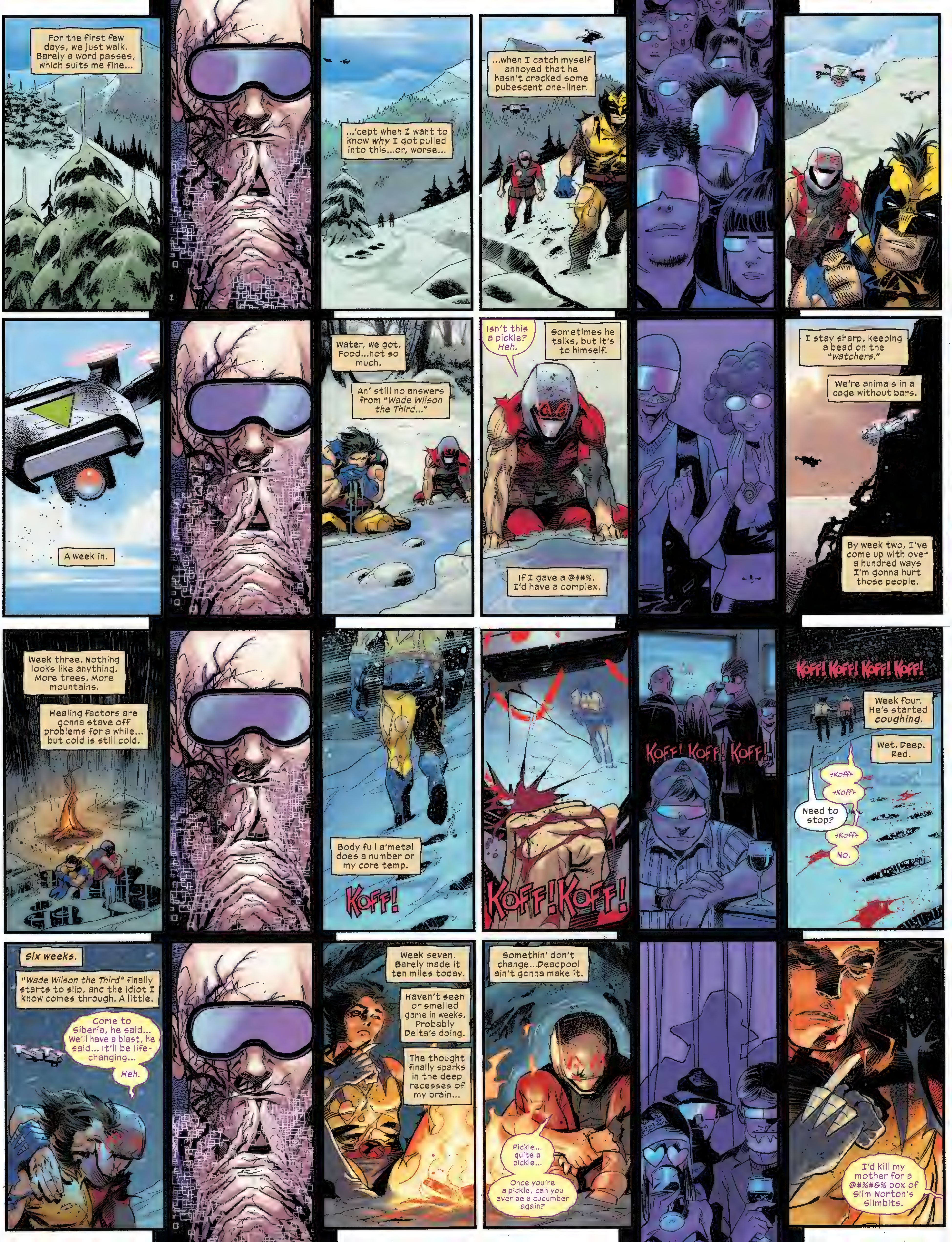

He's still in recovery.
Before you attempt to eviscerate me, I would like to explain your predicament, and your options...
Call me *Delta*.
Expensive cologne. Ballistic fibers threaded with silk. Sweat of a vegan.
Even if I wasn't pissed off, I'd wanna gut the bastard.
But he's holdin' the cards, so he keeps his insides *inside*...for now.
What did you do to him?
Exactly what he asked for...
The opportunity to achieve his quantitatively *best self*...
...his *Becoming*.

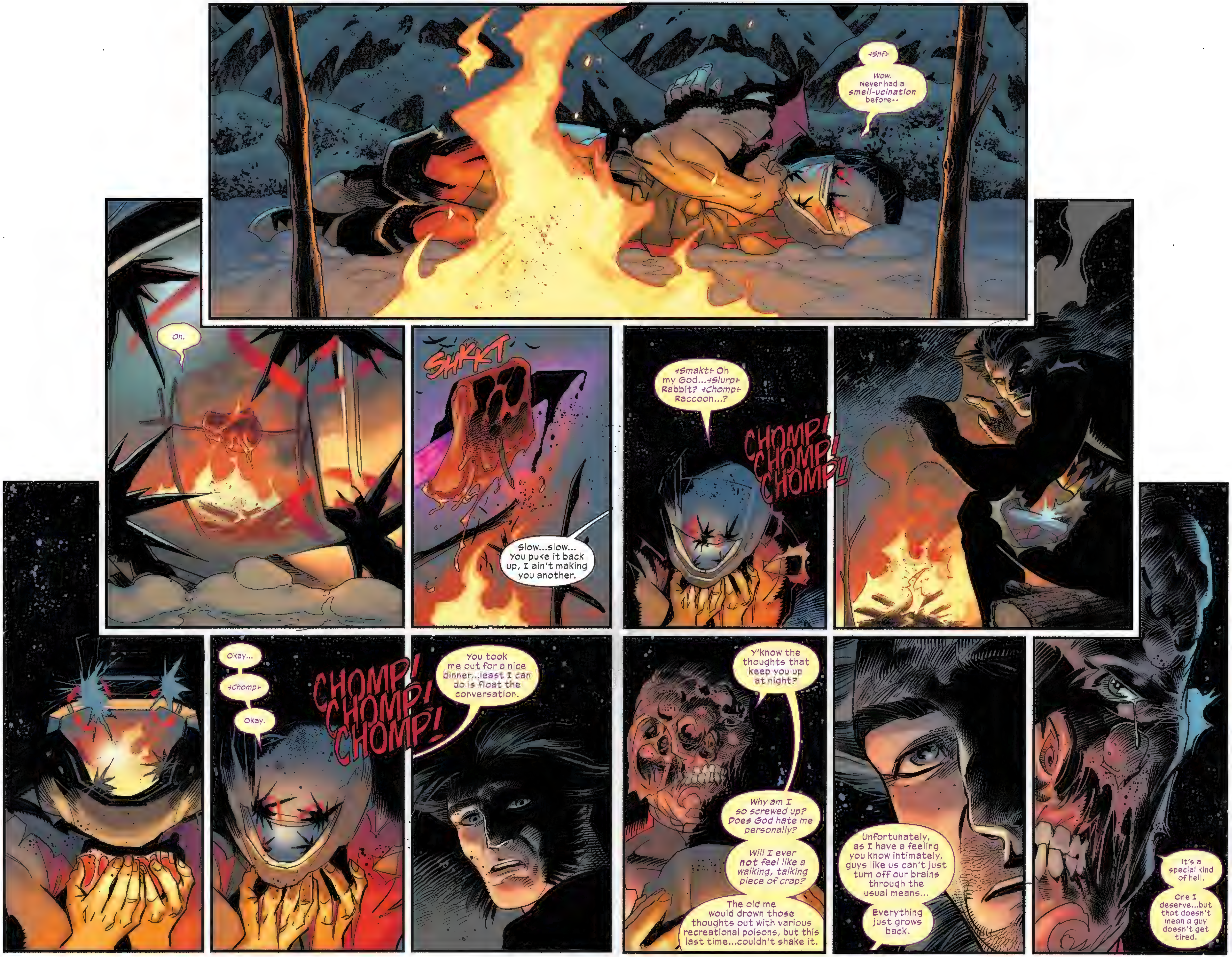

Wade Wilson the Third serves a higher purpose with no self-destructive ego to derail him.
His potential for *greatness* is exceptional...after he has adjusted to his new life--
What. *DID. YOU. DO--?*
I would *love* to explain bleeding-edge biomechanics to an uneducated dullard.
Try me.
Sigh I forget how *tiring* self-proclaimed *"heroes"* can be.
Somewhere, people are... *laughing?*
He's wearin' an *earpiece.*
Puttin' on a show for those high-class turds in the masks.
What's done to Mister Wilson is done, and I assure you, it was done exquisitely.
Concern yourself with what comes next.
I am here to offer a *Becoming* of your own.
Y're not offering jack-- it's the bastards in the masks.
Ha! Got your number, D.
SPITT!

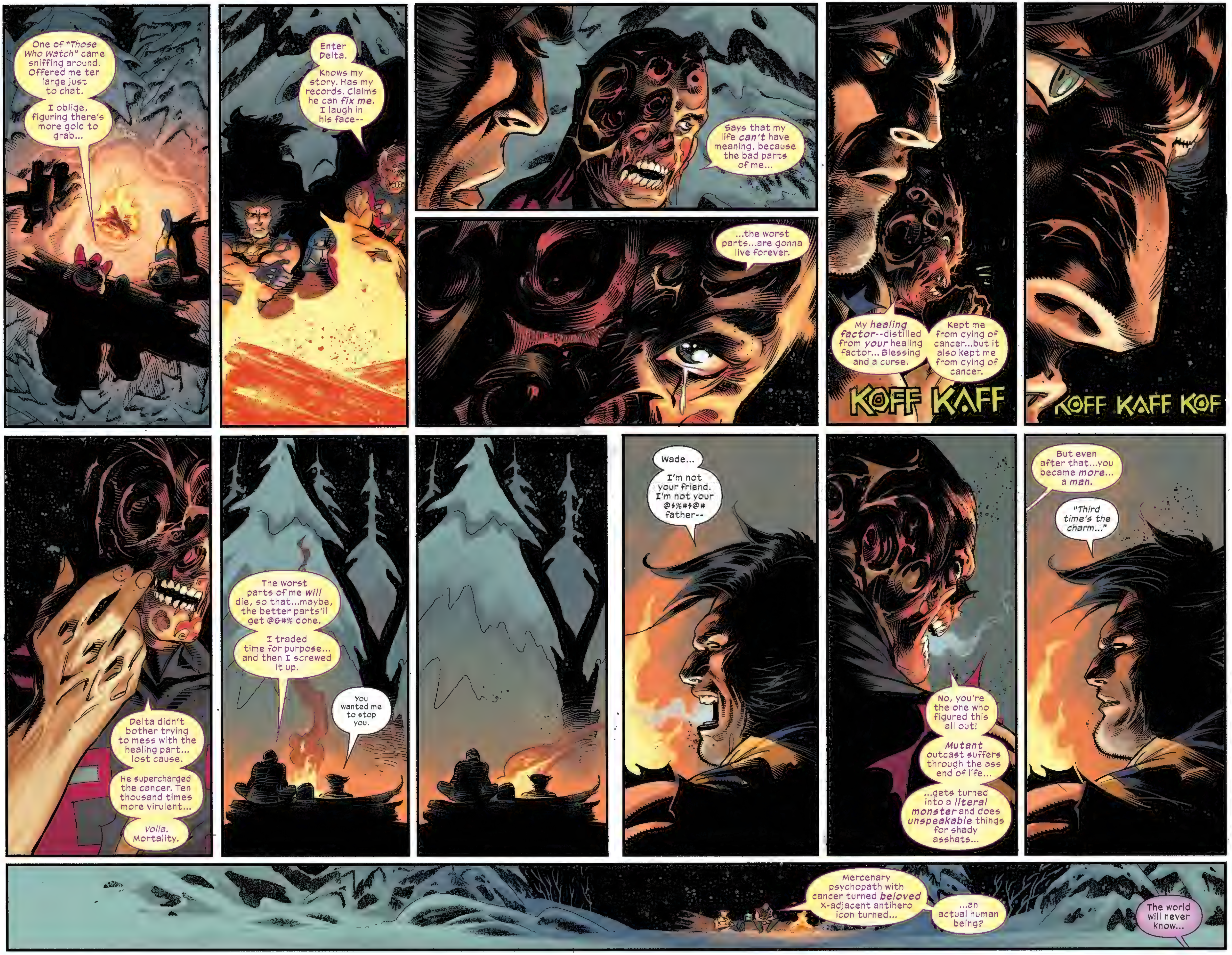

Even broken clocks are right twice a day...
Tainted experiments are not worth finishing--but Those Who Watch want to know...
Is the Wolverine at his best only when he's at his worst?
Heh. It's a theory--
One that we shall test... rigorously.
L-Logan?
You came...? Why did you come...?
Wade?
Hey!
CZOOMMPPZZ
$#%$&#%& Deadpool.

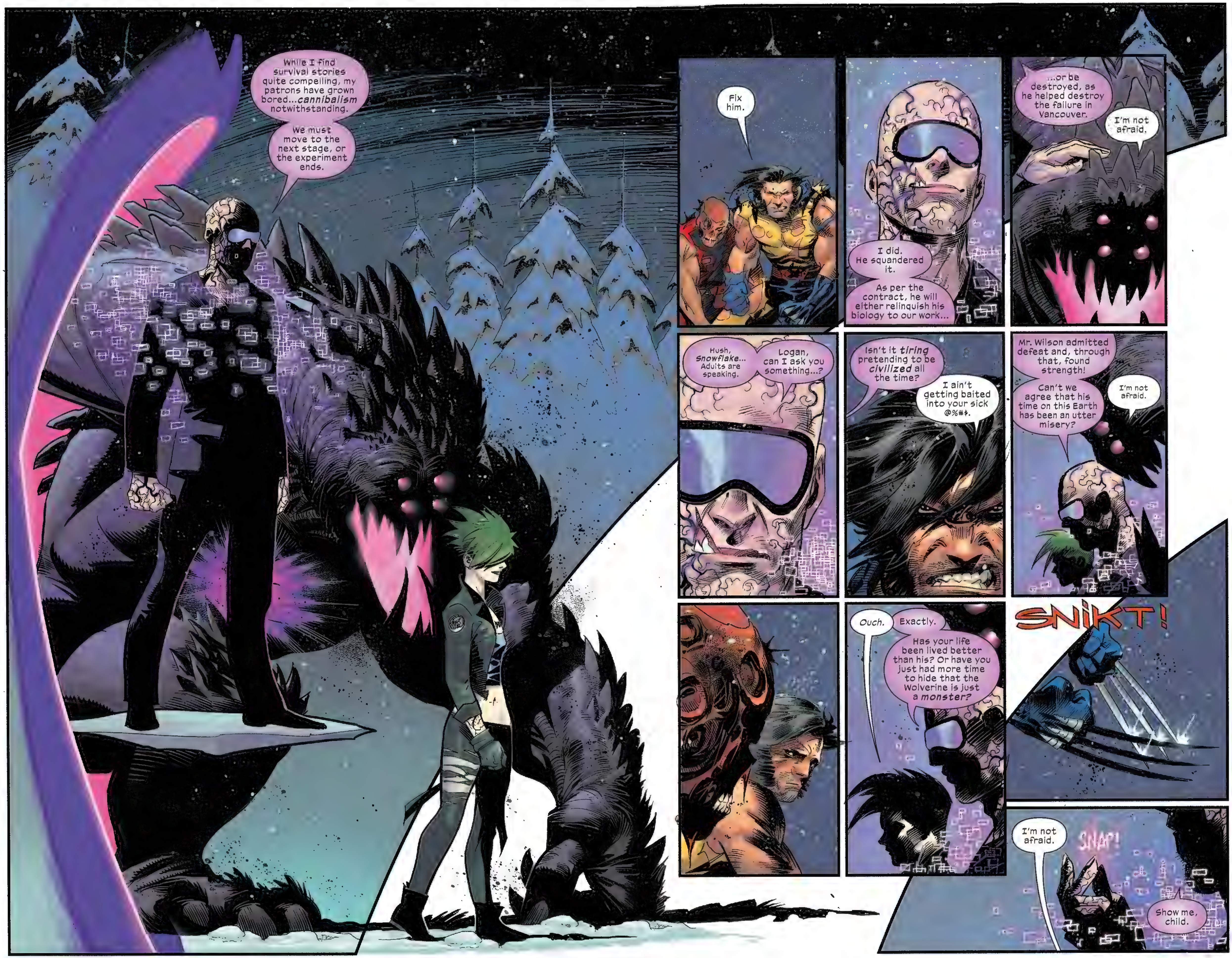

North Russian geography ain't my strong suit, but I know the *tundra* when I see it.
Minimum, a thousand miles from where we started. A lot more if she 'ported us east or west.
Gonna wire your teleporting jaw shut, "*Greta.*"
Ready to move? Need some height. See if we c'n spot a village.
Good idea.
Only idea.
Y' don't sound like y'rself. Typically, that would thrill me...
...but not if y'r fixin' to make more trouble.
No... No.
I *wanted* to kill you... but...I got over it.
We should part ways.
For both our sakes.

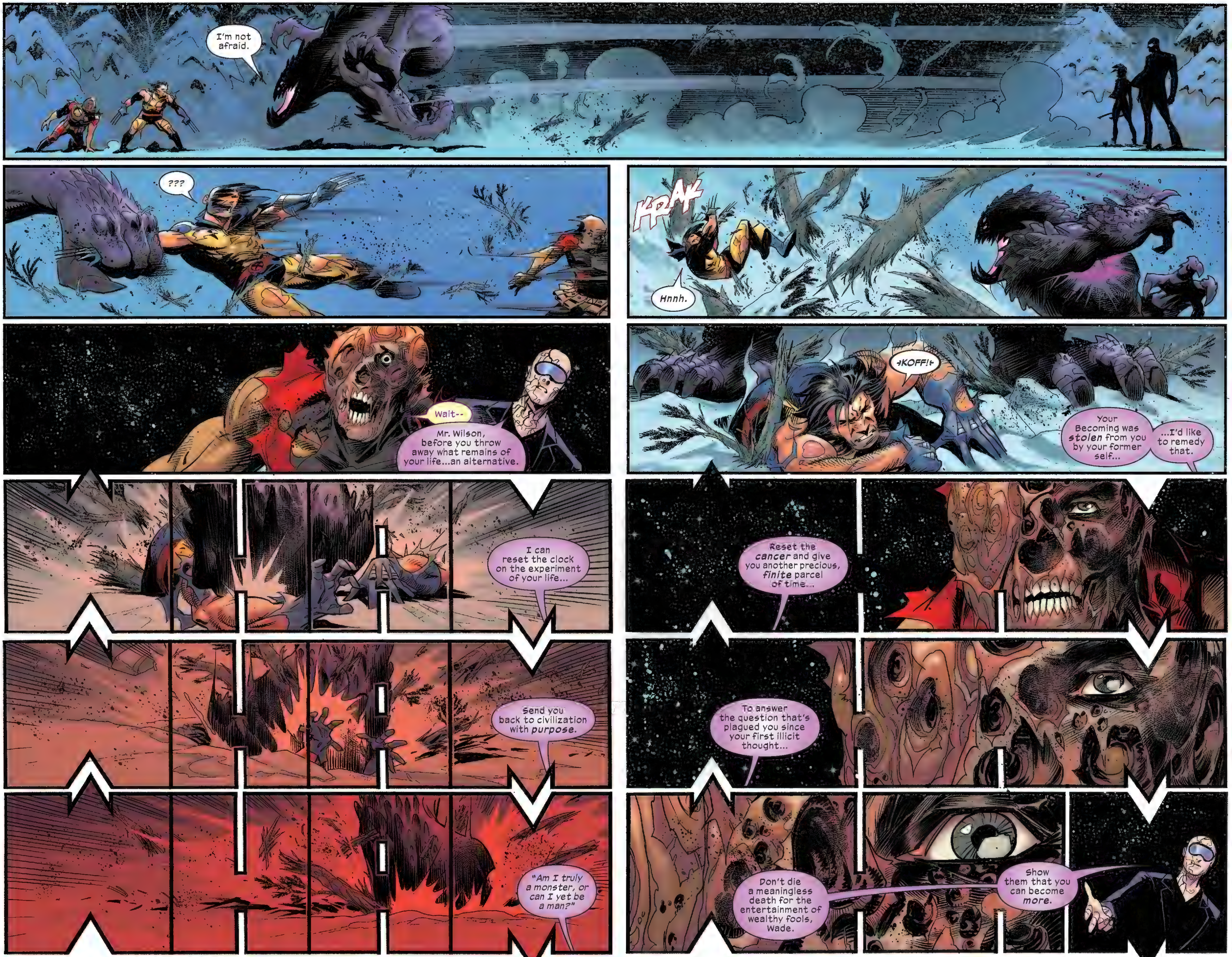

I'm here because you *wanted* me to follow you--
Deadpool did...yes. I'm sorry about that.
I...*he* was...frightened, I guess.
I'm not frightened anymore. I'm not *him* anymore.
Third time's the charm.
The @#$% does that even mean?!
"*So*...they're *not* fighting? *Boo!*"
"This will be better, darling... won't it?"
Watching even two *exceptional* specimens fighting is, like most of human civilization, a nasty, brutish and short event.
Sometimes, meaningful *change* requires *endurance*.
You heard him, folks! We need exotic *meats* and a lot more *booze!* It's gonna be a marathon event!
And if we're not entertained? The *last* event engineered by our esteemed Mr. Delta.

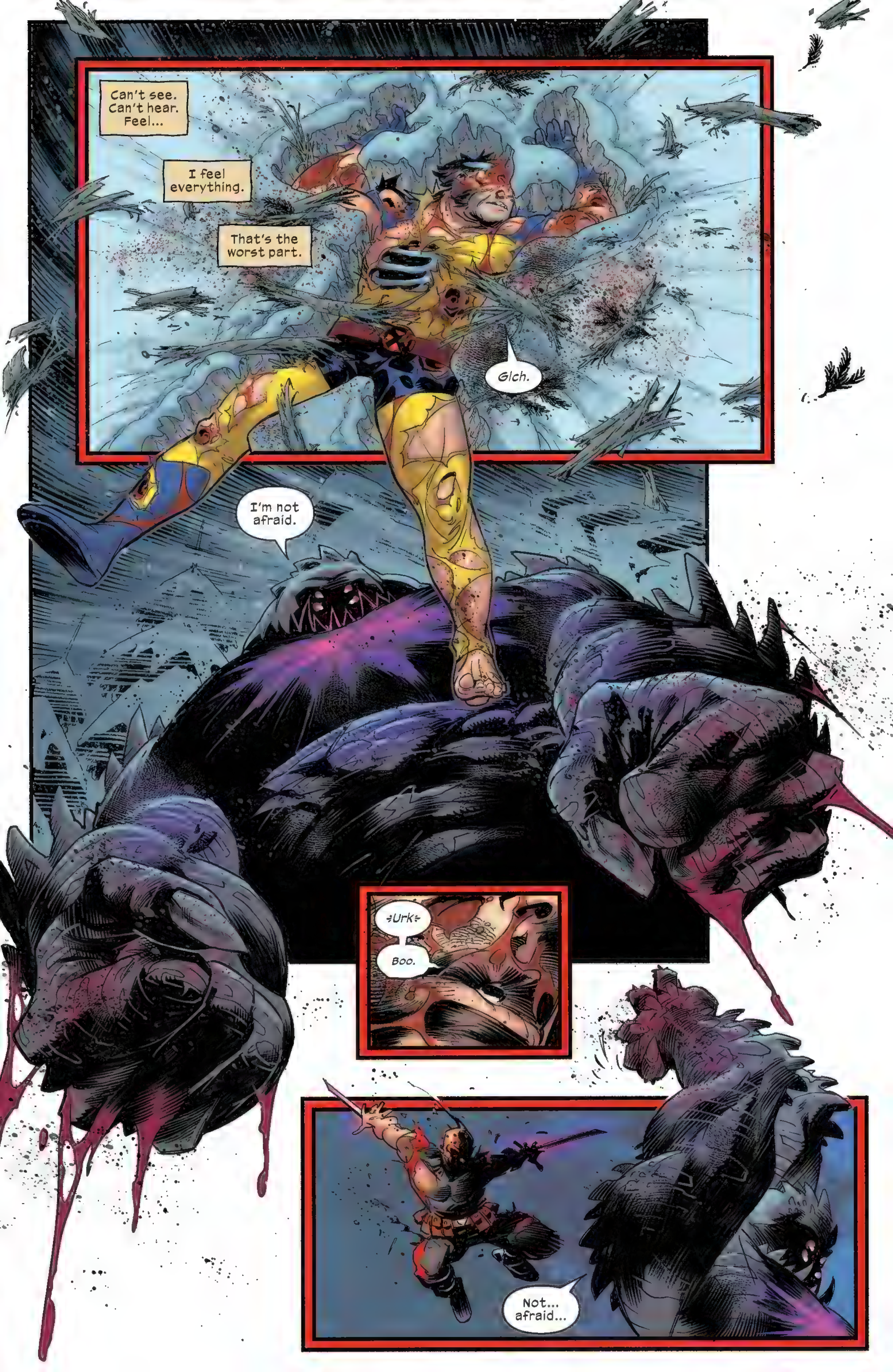

For the first few days, we just walk. Barely a word passes, which suits me fine...
...'cept when I want to know *why* I got pulled into this...or, worse...
...when I catch myself annoyed that he hasn't cracked some pubescent one-liner.
A week in.
Water, we got. Food...not so much.
An' still no answers from "Wade Wilson the Third..."
Isn't this a pickle? Heh.
Sometimes he talks, but it's to himself.
If I gave a @‡#%, I'd have a complex.
I stay sharp, keeping a bead on the "watchers."
We're animals in a cage without bars.
By week two, I've come up with over a hundred ways I'm gonna hurt those people.
Week three. Nothing looks like anything. More trees. More mountains.
Healing factors are gonna stave off problems for a while... but cold is still cold.
Body full a'metal does a number on my core temp.
KOFF!
KOFF! KOFF!
KOFF! KOFF! KOFF!
KOFF! KOFF! KOFF! KOFF!
Week four. He's started *coughing*.
Wet. Deep. Red.
‡Koff‡
‡Koff‡
Need to stop?
‡Koff‡
No.
Six weeks.
"Wade Wilson the Third" finally starts to slip, and the idiot I know comes through. A little.
Come to Siberia, he said... We'll have a blast, he said... It'll be life-changing...
Heh.
Week seven. Barely made it ten miles today.
Haven't seen or smelled game in weeks. Probably Delta's doing.
The thought finally sparks in the deep recesses of my brain...
Somethin' don't change...Deadpool ain't gonna make it.
Pickle... quite a pickle...
Once you're a pickle, can you ever be a cucumber again?
I'd kill my mother for a @#%#&% box of Slim Norton's Slimbits.

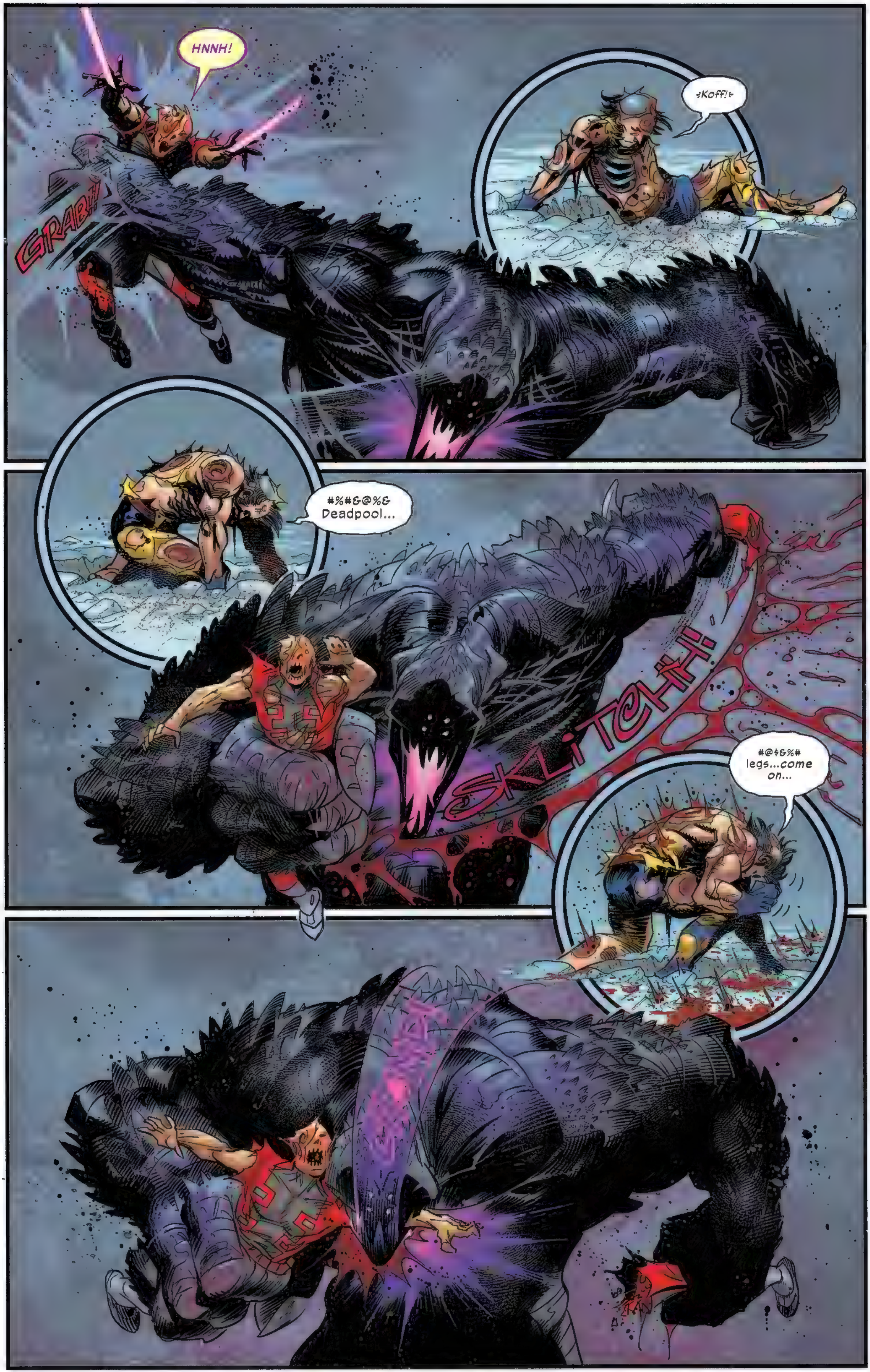

‹Snf›
Wow. Never had a *smell-ucination* before--
Oh.
SHKKT
Slow...slow... You puke it back up, I ain't making you another.
‹Smakt› Oh my God... ‹Slurp› Rabbit? ‹Chomp› Raccoon...?
CHOMP! CHOMP! CHOMP!
Okay...
‹Chomp›
Okay.
CHOMP! CHOMP! CHOMP!
You took me out for a nice dinner...least I can do is float the conversation.
Y'know the thoughts that keep you up at night?
Why am I so screwed up? Does God hate me personally?
*Will I ever **not** feel like a walking, talking piece of crap?*
The old me would drown those thoughts out with various recreational poisons, but this last time...couldn't shake it.
Unfortunately, as I have a feeling you know intimately, guys like us can't just turn off our brains through the usual means...
Everything just grows back.
It's a special kind of hell.
One I deserve...but that doesn't mean a guy doesn't get tired.

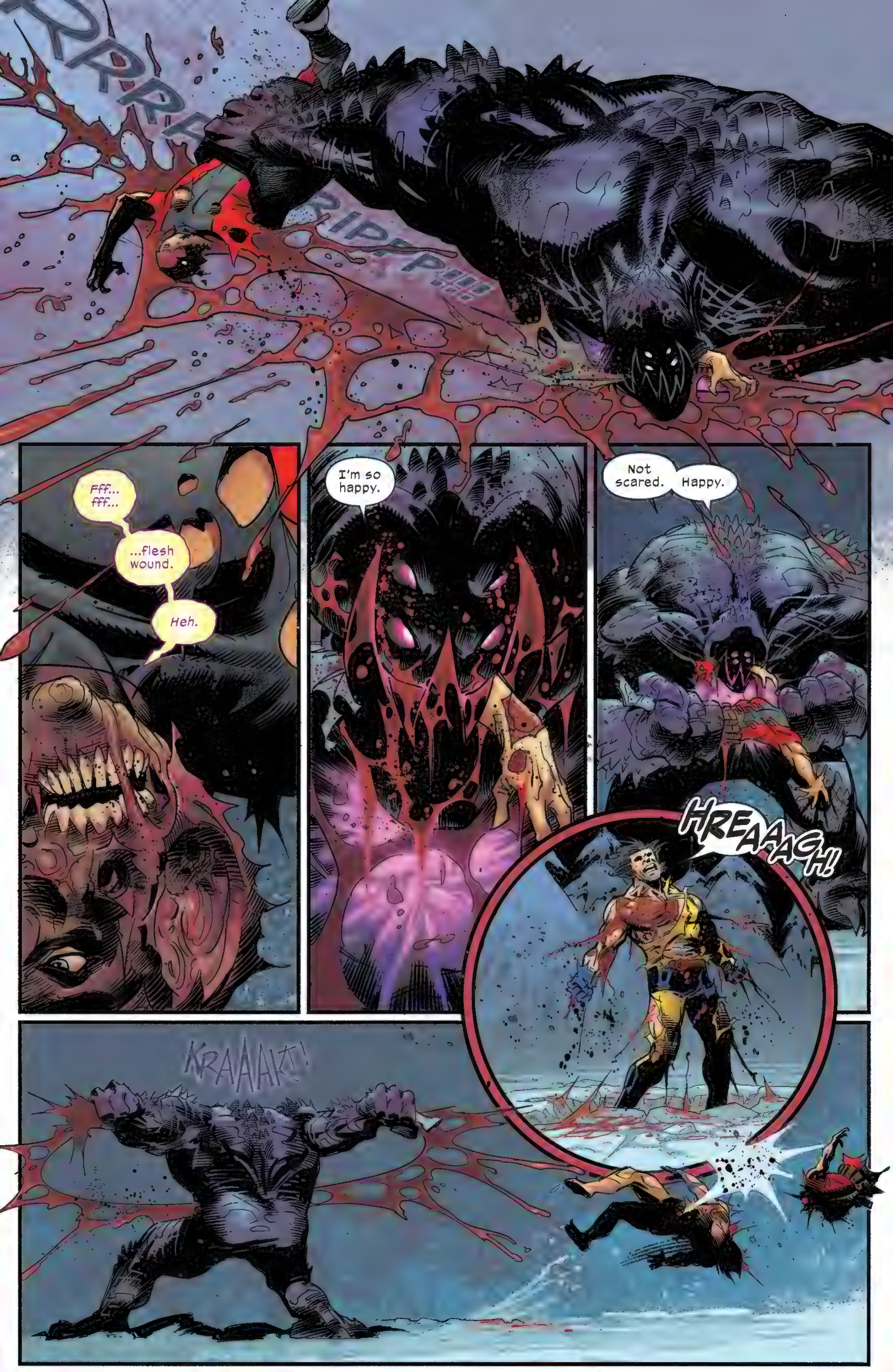

One of "Those Who Watch" came sniffing around. Offered me ten large just to chat.
I oblige, figuring there's more gold to grab...
Enter Delta.
Knows my story. Has my records. Claims he can *fix me.* I laugh in his face--
Says that my life *can't* have meaning, because the bad parts of me...
...the worst parts...are gonna live forever.
My *healing factor*--distilled from *your* healing factor... Blessing and a curse.
Kept me from dying of cancer...but it also kept me from dying of cancer.
KOFF KAFF
KOFF KAFF KOF
Delta didn't bother trying to mess with the healing part... lost cause.
He supercharged the cancer. Ten thousand times more virulent...
Voila. Mortality.
The worst parts of me *will* die, so that...maybe, the better parts'll get @&#% done.
I traded time for purpose... and then I screwed it up.
You wanted me to stop you.
Wade...
I'm not your friend. I'm not your @$%#$@# father--
No, you're the one who figured this all out!
Mutant outcast suffers through the ass end of life...
...gets turned into a *literal monster* and does *unspeakable* things for shady asshats...
But even after that...you became *more*... a *man.*
"Third time's the charm..."
Mercenary psychopath with cancer turned *beloved* X-adjacent antihero icon turned...
...an actual human being?
The world will never know...

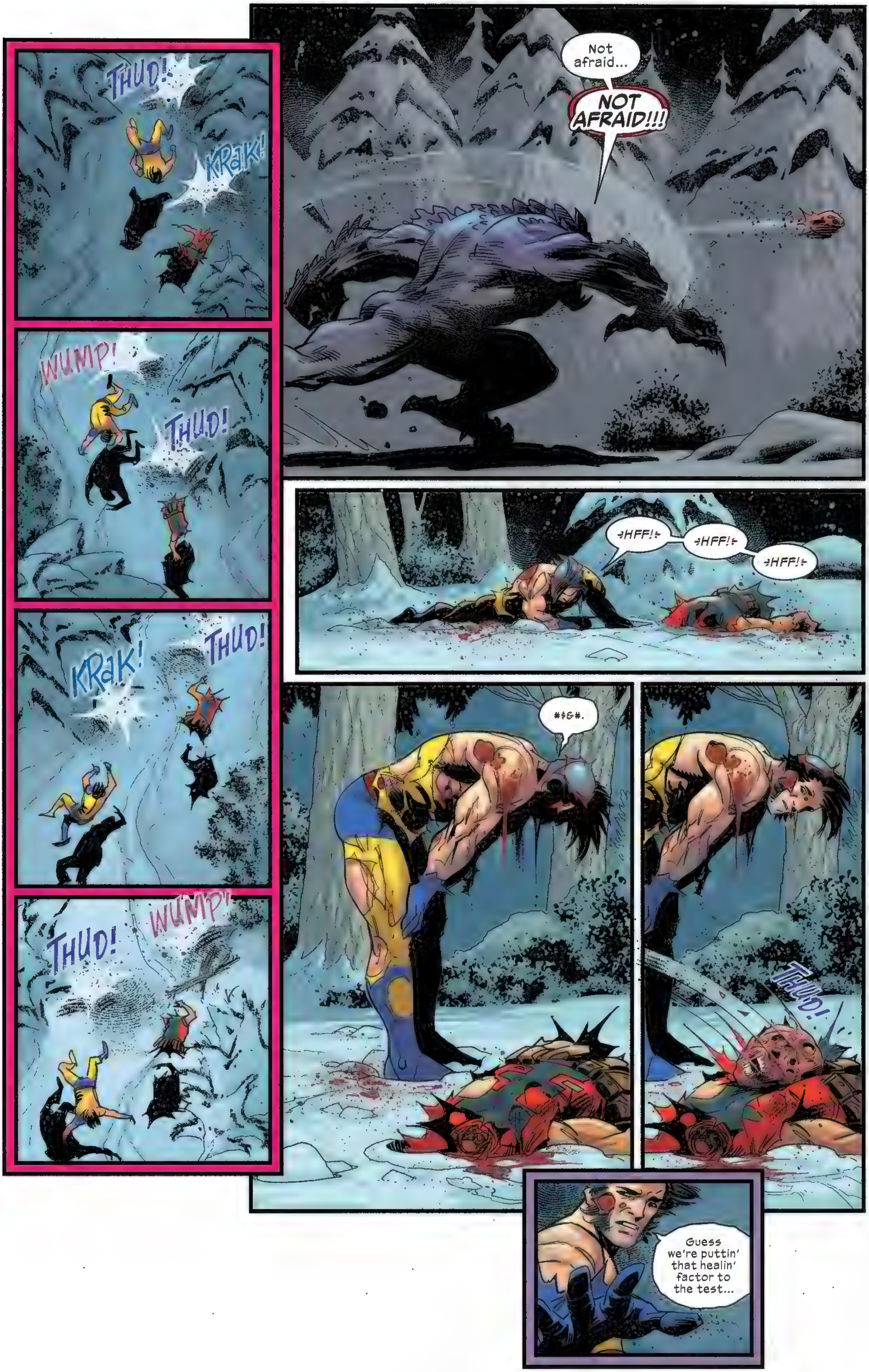

While I find survival stories quite compelling, my patrons have grown bored...*cannibalism* notwithstanding.
We must move to the next stage, or the experiment ends.
Fix him.
I did. He squandered it.
As per the contract, he will either relinquish his biology to our work...
...or be destroyed, as he helped destroy the failure in Vancouver.
I'm not afraid.
Hush, *Snowflake*... Adults are speaking.
Logan, can I ask you something...?
Isn't it *tiring* pretending to be *civilized* all the time?
I ain't getting baited into your sick @%#*.
Mr. Wilson admitted defeat and, through that, found strength!
Can't we agree that his time on this Earth has been an utter misery?
I'm not afraid.
Ouch.
Exactly.
Has your life been lived better than his? Or have you just had more time to hide that the Wolverine is just a *monster?*
SNIKT!
I'm not afraid.
SNAP!
Show me, child.

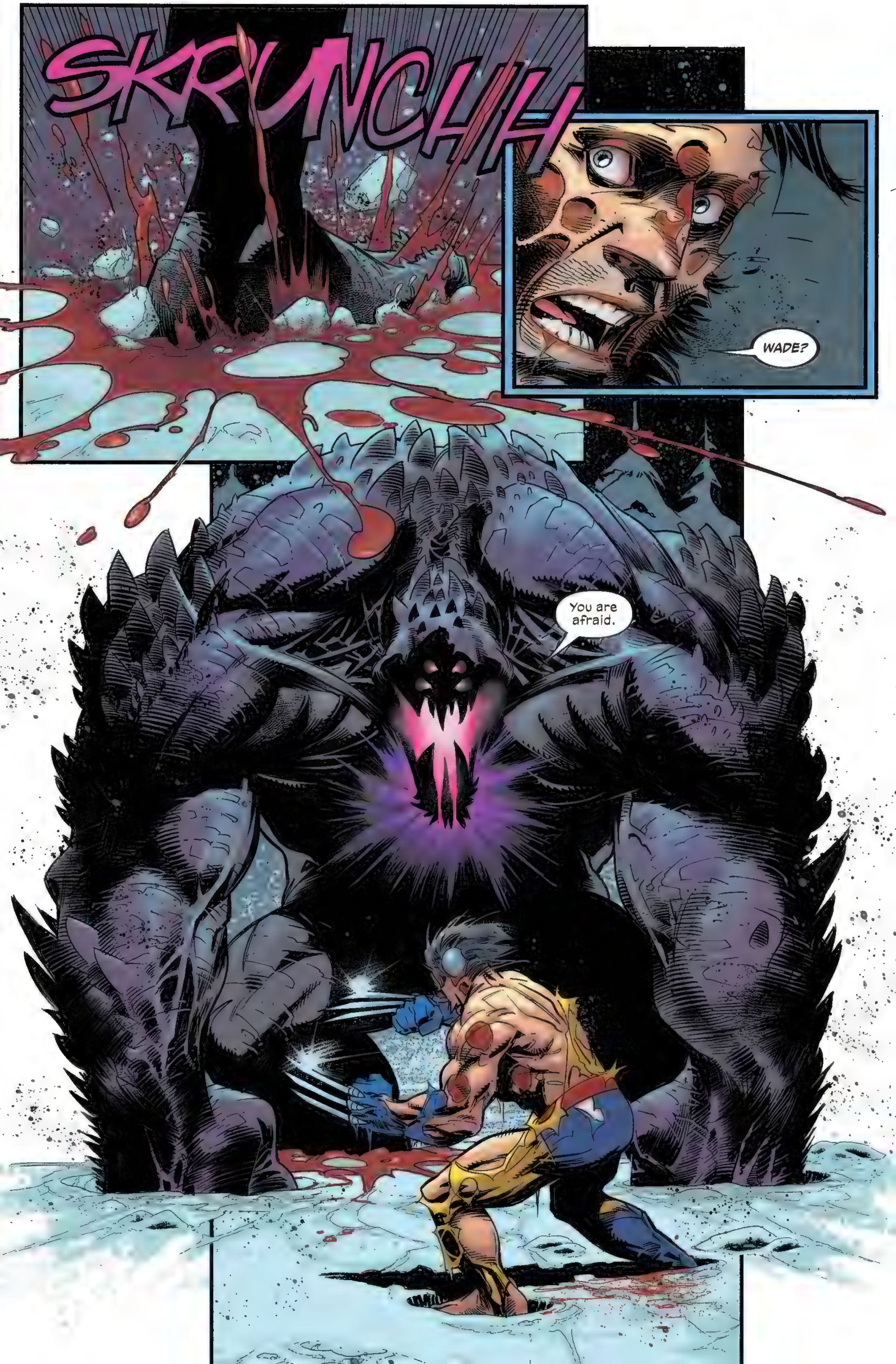

I'm not afraid.
???
KRAK
Hnnh.
Wait--
Mr. Wilson, before you throw away what remains of your life...an alternative.
KOFF!
Your Becoming was *stolen* from you by your former self...
...I'd like to remedy that.
I can reset the clock on the experiment of your life...
Reset the *cancer* and give you another precious, *finite* parcel of time...
Send you back to civilization with *purpose.*
To answer the question that's plagued you since your first illicit thought...
"Am I truly a monster, or can I yet be a man?"
Don't die a meaningless death for the entertainment of wealthy fools, Wade.
Show them that you can become *more.*


Can't see. Can't hear. Feel...
I feel everything.
That's the worst part.
Glch.
I'm not afraid.
Urk
Boo.
Not... afraid...

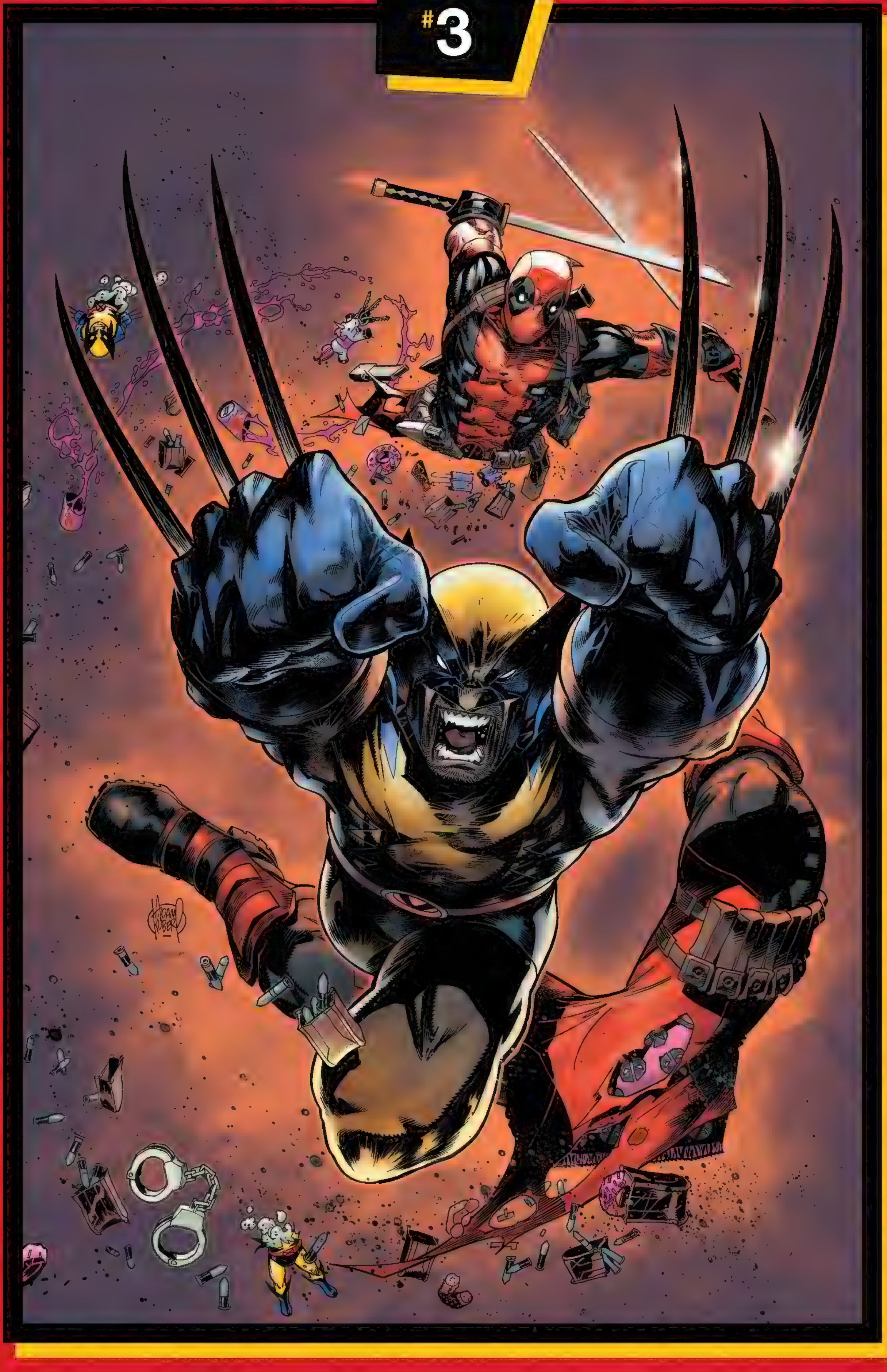

HNNH!
GRAB!!
Koff!
#%#&@%& Deadpool...
SKLITCHH!!
#@$&%# legs...come on...

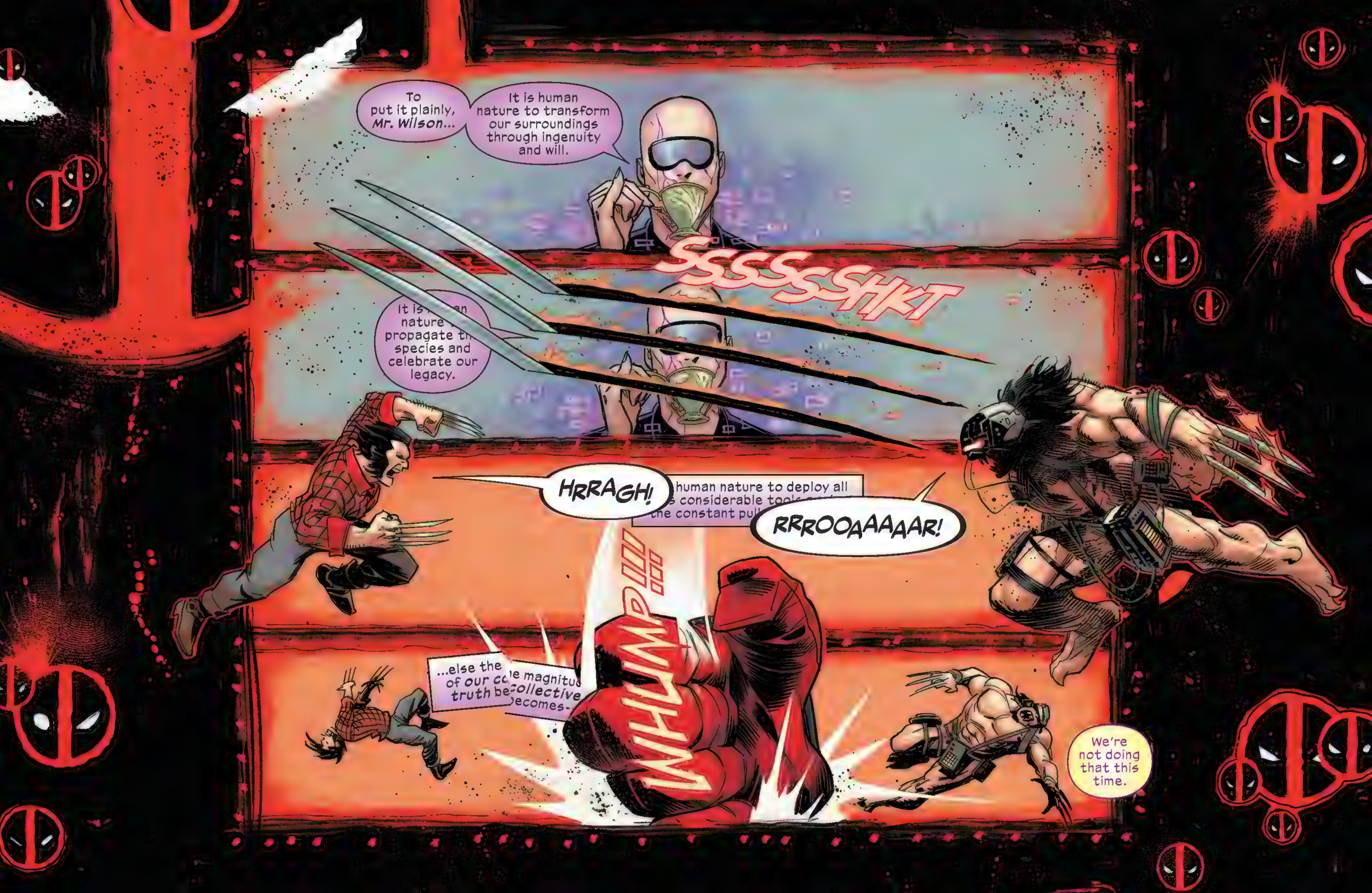

RRRRR
RIPPP!!!
Fff... fff...
...flesh wound.
Heh.
I'm so happy.
Not scared.
Happy.
HREAAAGH!
KRAAAK!

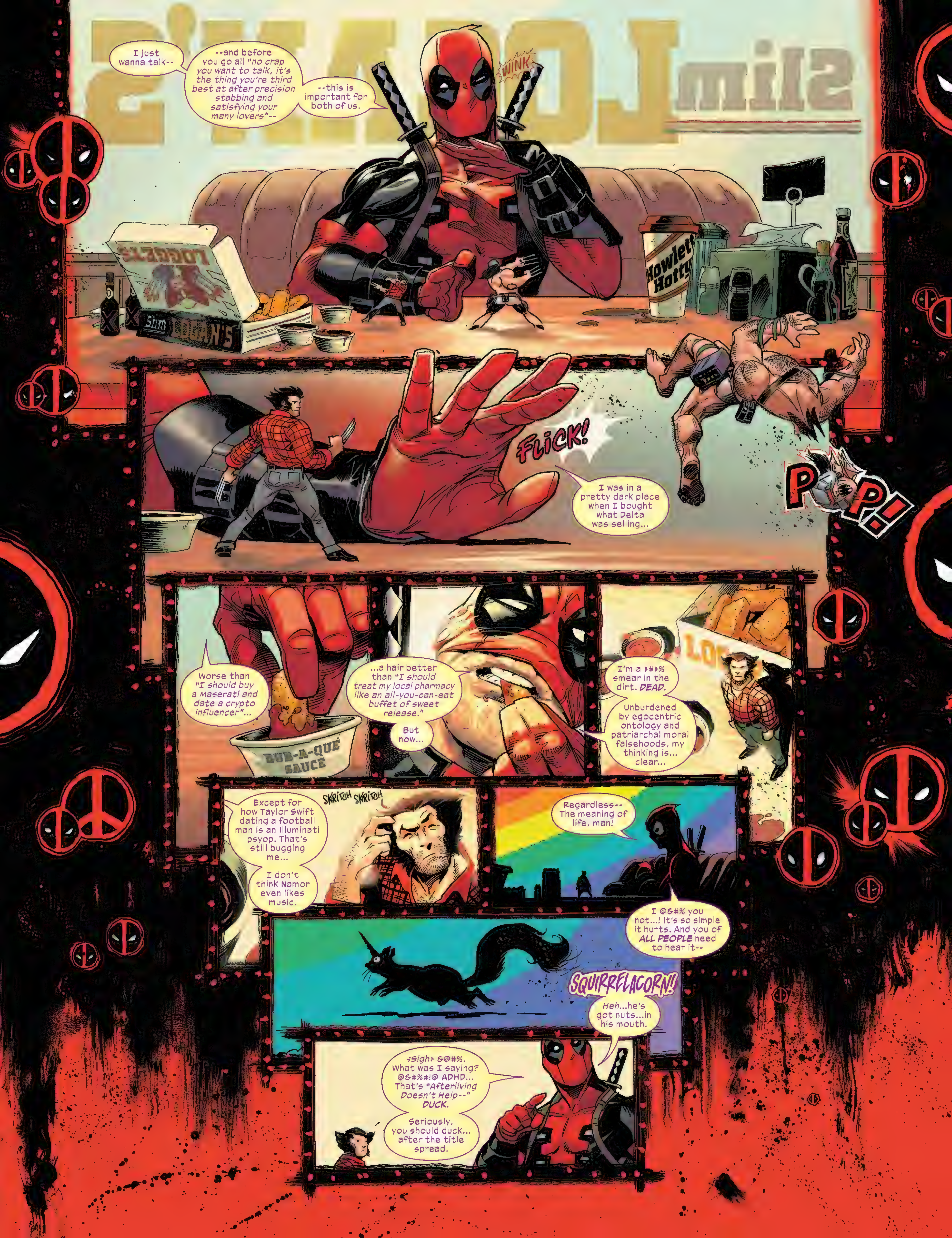

THUD!
KRAK!
WUMP!
THUD!
KRAK!
THUD!
THUD!
WUMP!
Not afraid...
NOT AFRAID!!!
HFF!
HFF!
HFF!
#$&#.
THUD!
Guess we're puttin' that healin' factor to the test...

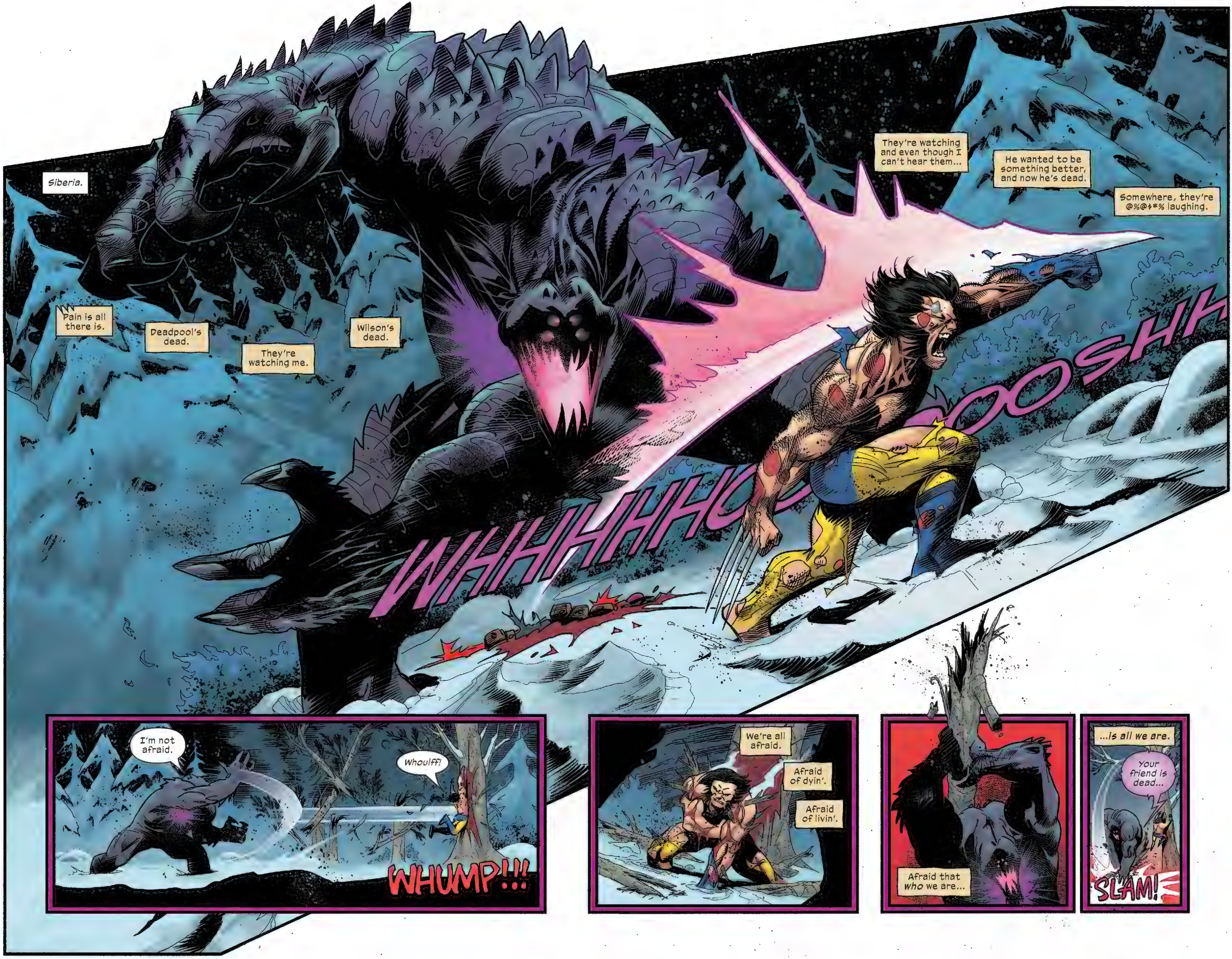

SKRUNCHH
WADE?
You are afraid.

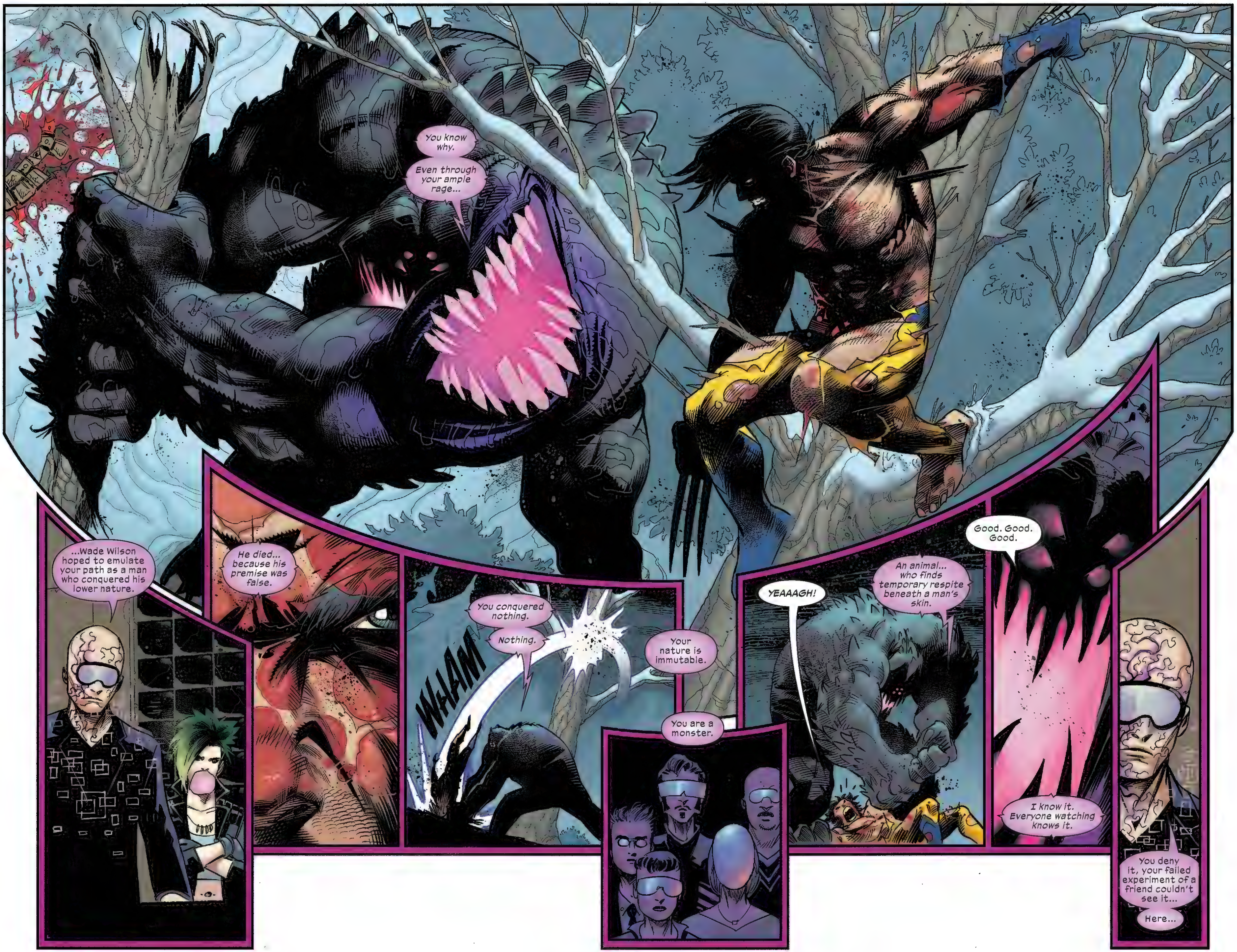
#3

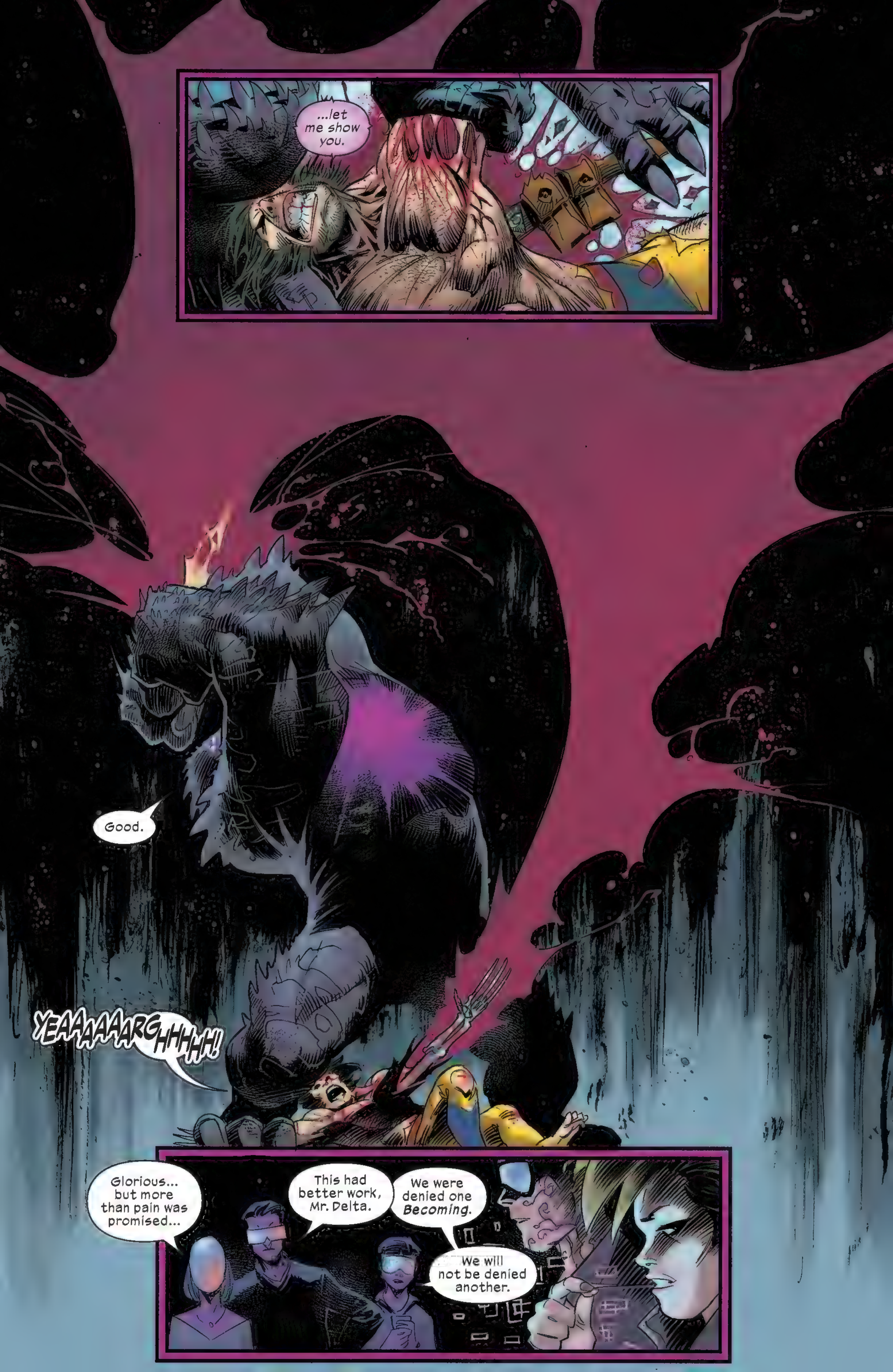


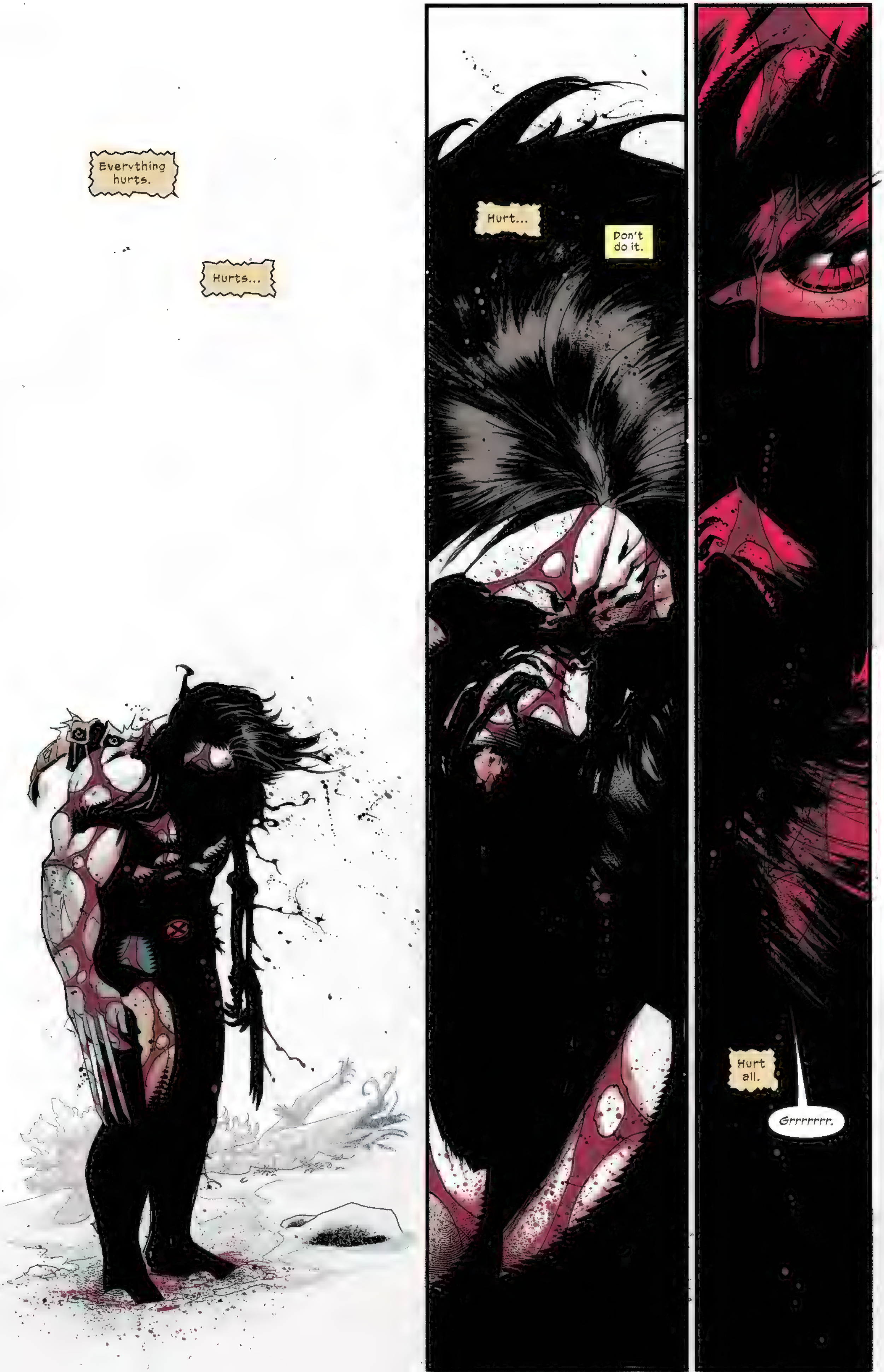

To put it plainly, Mr. Wilson...
It is human nature to transform our surroundings through ingenuity and will.
SSSSSHKT
It is an nature propagate th species and celebrate our legacy.
HRRAGH!
human nature to deploy all s considerable too the constant pul
RRROOAAAAAR!
WHUMP!!!
...else the of our co truth be
e magnitu collective ecomes...
We're not doing that this time.

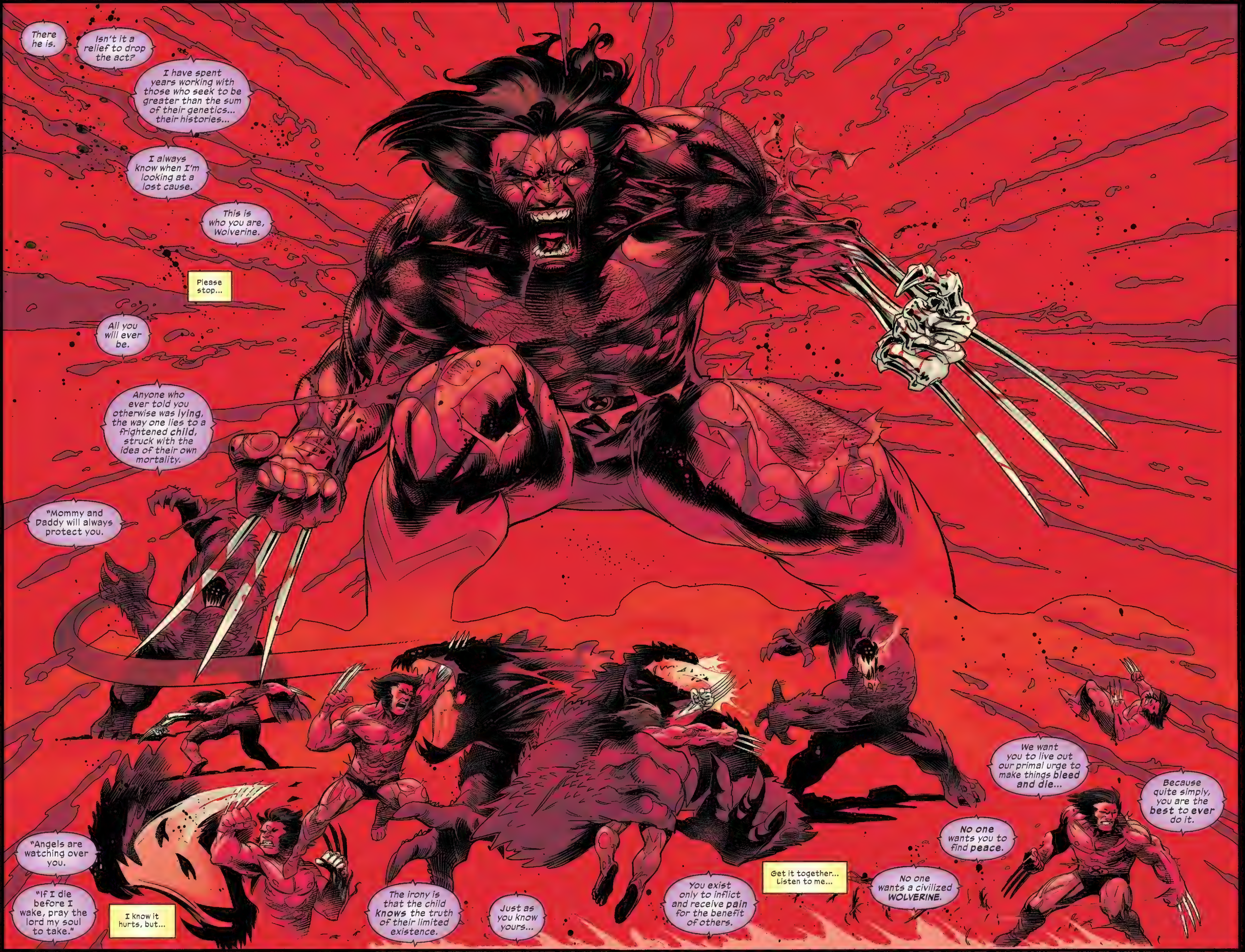

I just wanna talk--
--and before you go all *"no crap you want to talk, it's the thing you're third best at after precision stabbing and satisfying your many lovers"*--
--this is important for both of us.
WINK
Slim LOGAN'S
Howlett Hotty
FLICK!
I was in a pretty dark place when I bought what Delta was selling...
POP!
Worse than *"I should buy a Maserati and date a crypto influencer"*...
BUB-A-QUE SAUCE
...a hair better than *"I should treat my local pharmacy like an all-you-can-eat buffet of sweet release."*
But now...
I'm a $#$% smear in the dirt. ***DEAD.***
Unburdened by egocentric ontology and patriarchal moral falsehoods, my thinking is... clear...
Except for how Taylor Swift dating a football man is an Illuminati psyop. That's still bugging me...
I don't think Namor even likes music.
SKRITCH SKRITCH
Regardless-- The meaning of life, man!
I @&#% you not...! It's so simple it hurts. And you of ***ALL PEOPLE*** need to hear it--
SQUIRRELACORN!
Heh...he's got nuts...in his mouth.
÷Sigh÷ &@#%. What was I saying? @&#%#!@ ADHD... That's *"Afterliving Doesn't Help--"* ***DUCK.***
Seriously, you should duck... after the title spread.

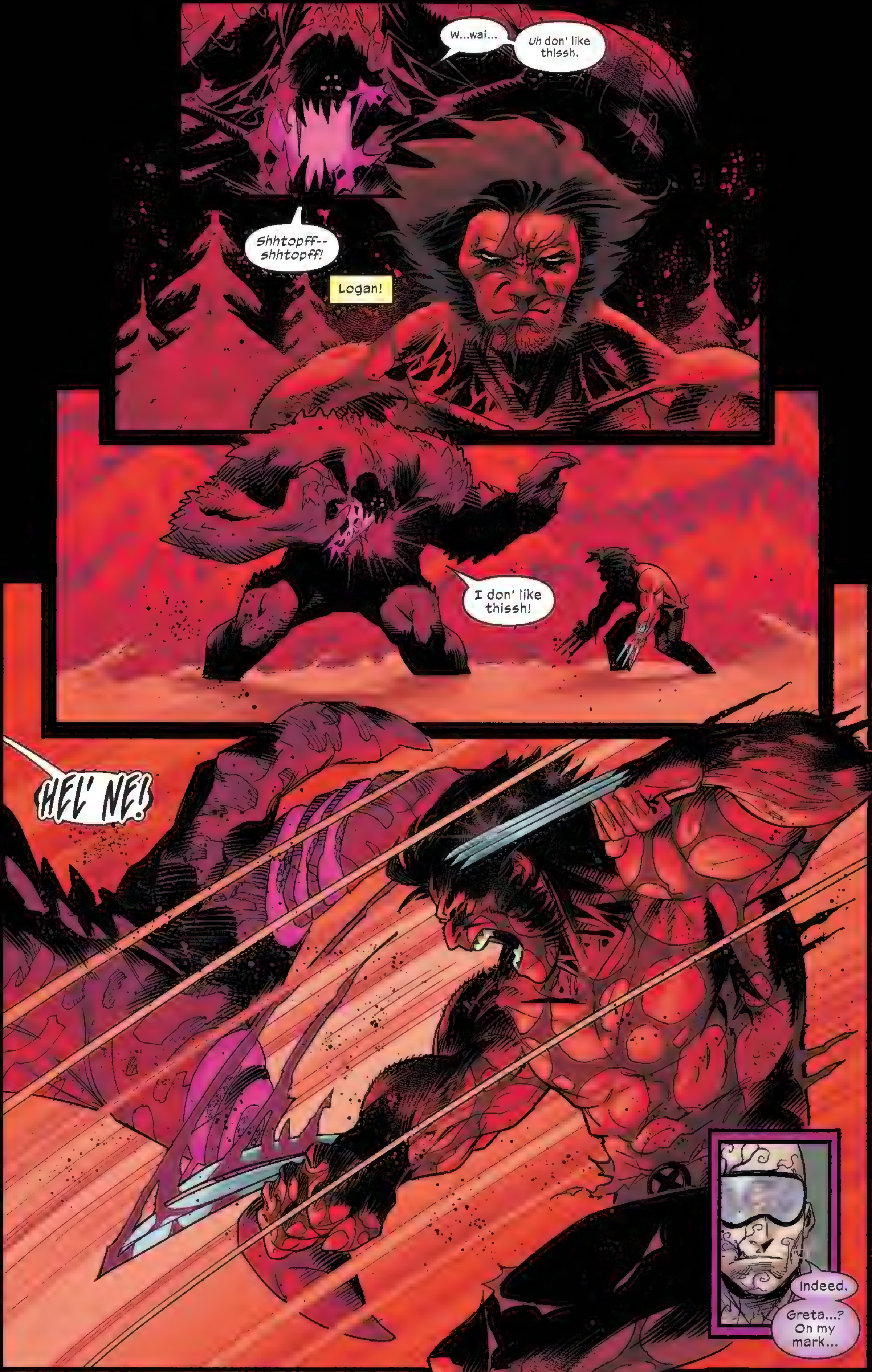

Siberia.
Pain is all there is.
Deadpool's dead.
They're watching me.
Wilson's dead.
They're watching and even though I can't hear them...
He wanted to be something better, and now he's dead.
Somewhere, they're @%@$*% laughing.
WHHHHHHOOOOSHH
I'm not afraid.
Whoulff!
WHUMP!!!
We're all afraid.
Afraid of dyin'.
Afraid of livin'.
Afraid that who we are...
...is all we are.
Your friend is dead...
SLAM!

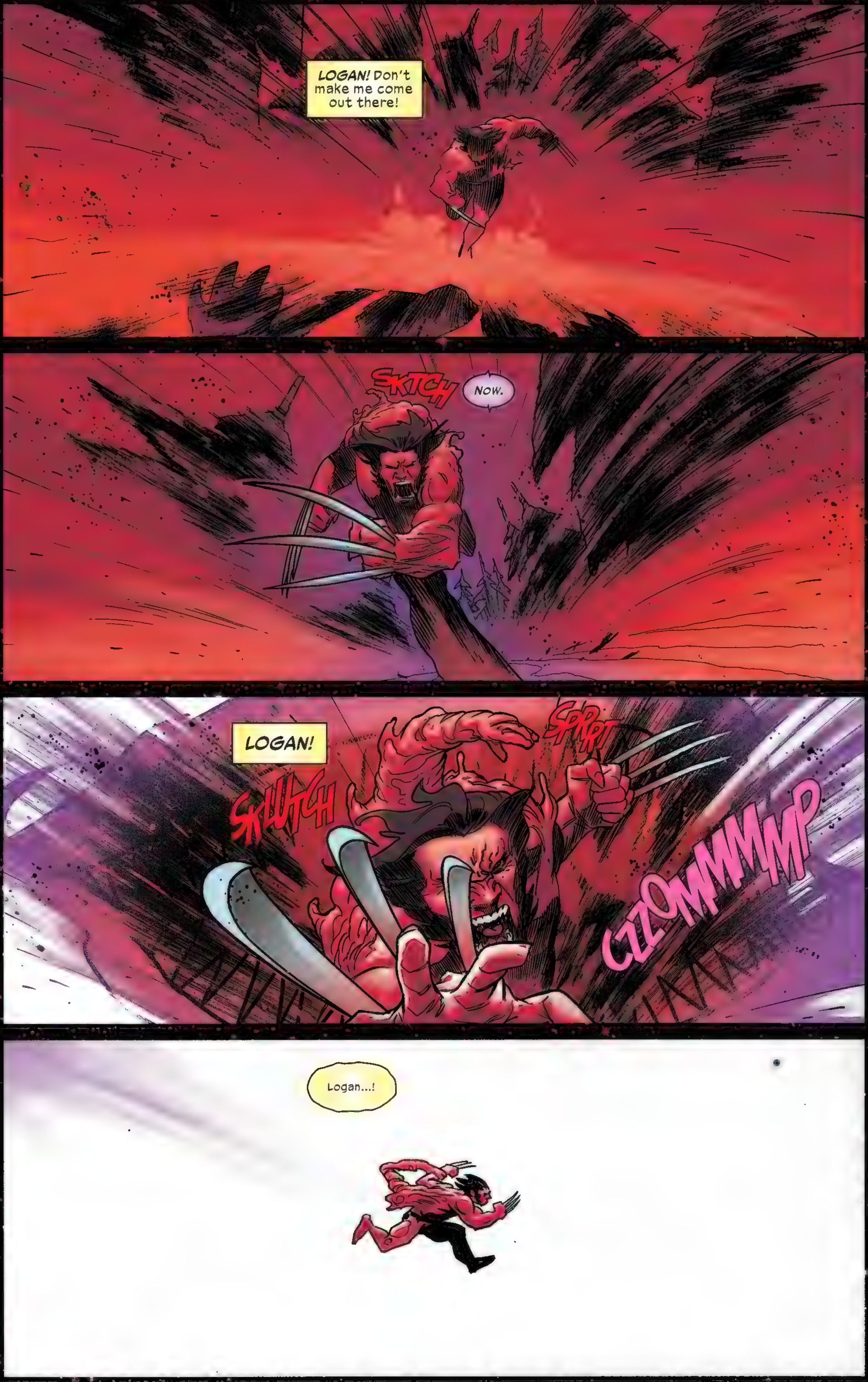

You know why.
Even through your ample rage...
...Wade Wilson hoped to emulate your path as a man who conquered his lower nature.
He died... because his premise was false.
You conquered nothing.
Nothing.
WHAM
Your nature is immutable.
You are a monster.
YEAAAGH!
An animal... who finds temporary respite beneath a man's skin.
Good. Good. Good.
I know it. Everyone watching knows it.
You deny it, your failed experiment of a friend couldn't see it...
Here...

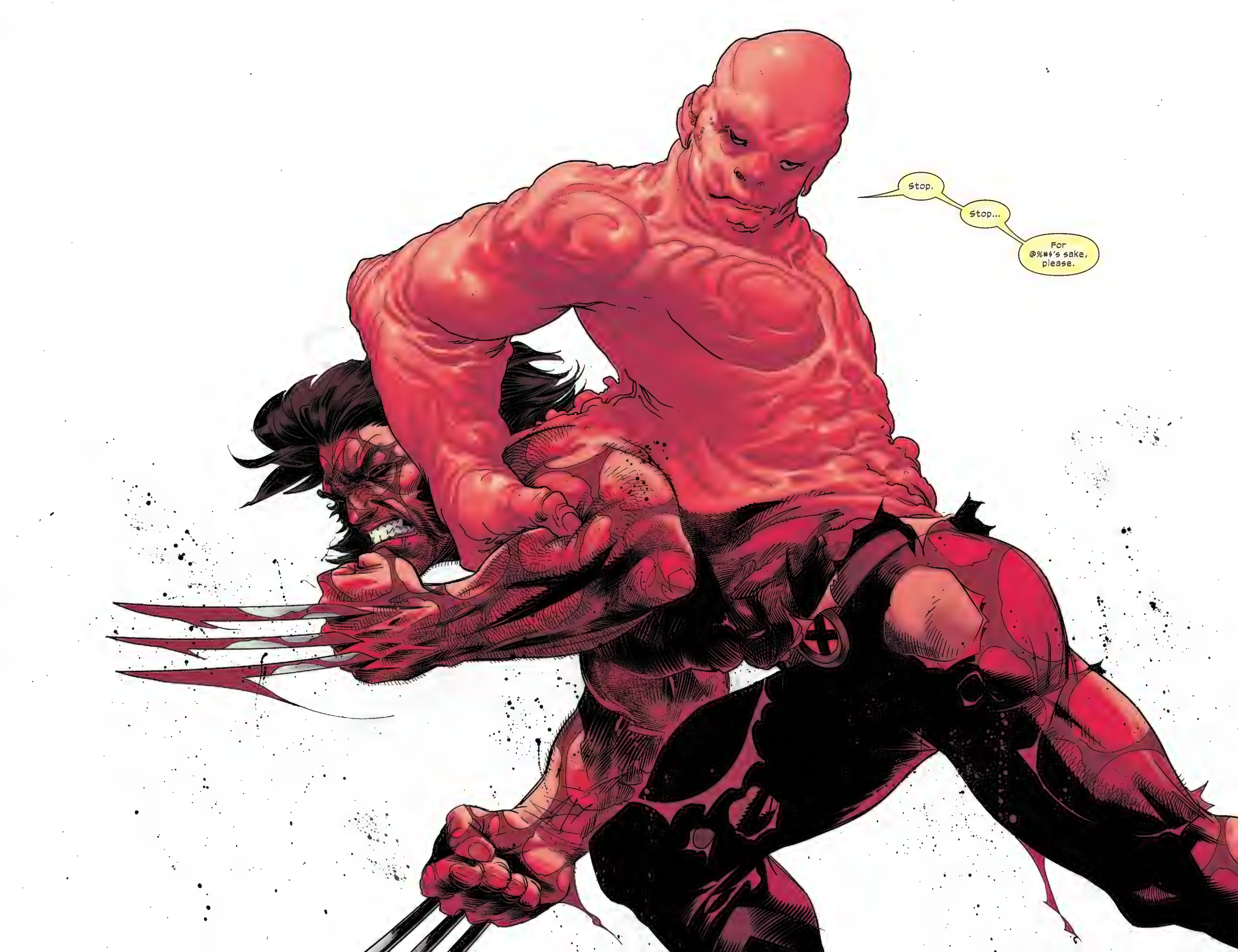

...let me show you.
Good.
YEAAAAAARGHHHH!
Glorious... but more than pain was promised...
This had better work, Mr. Delta.
We were denied one *Becoming*.
We will not be denied another.

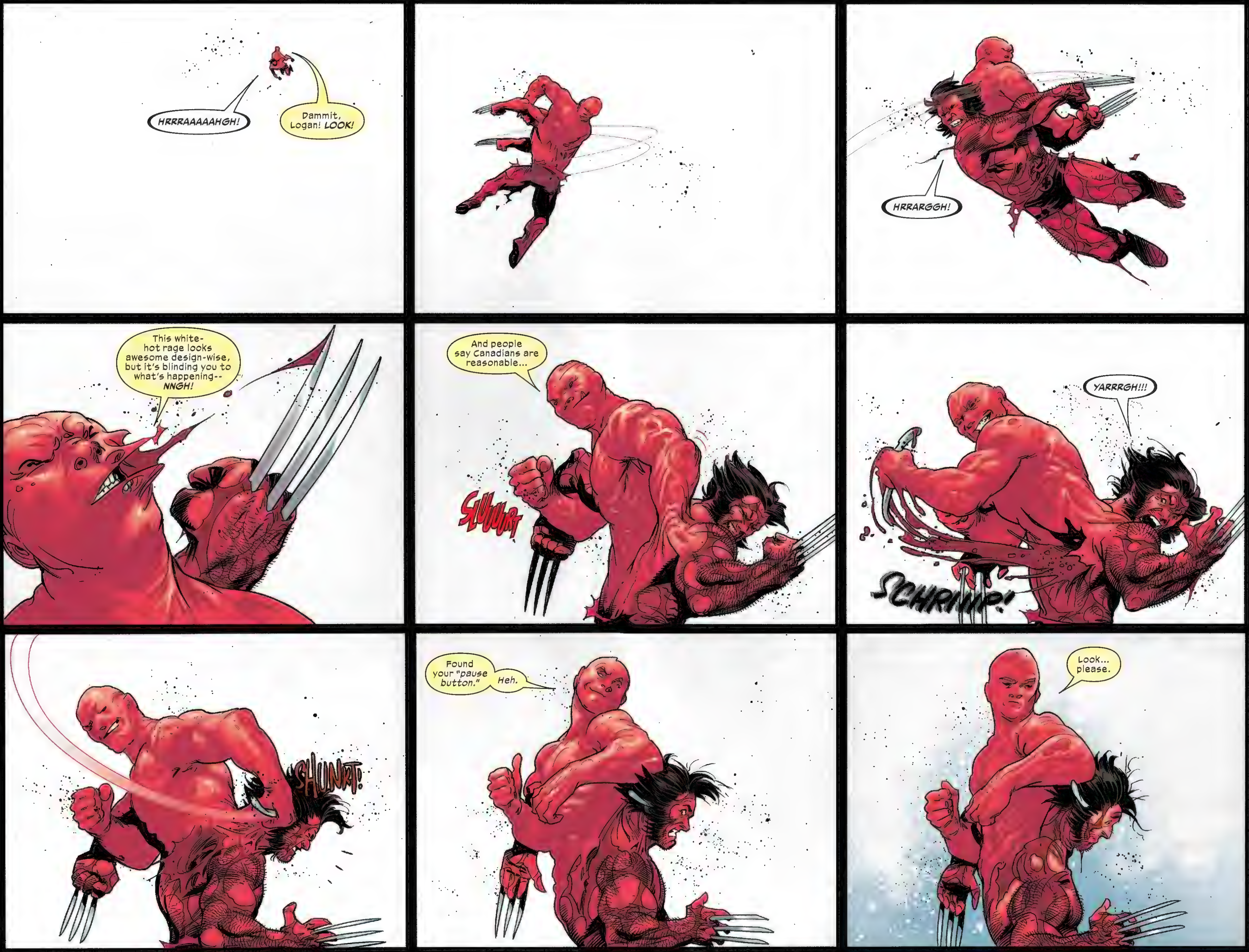

Everything hurts.
Hurts...
Hurt...
Don't do it.
Hurt all.
Grrrrrrr.

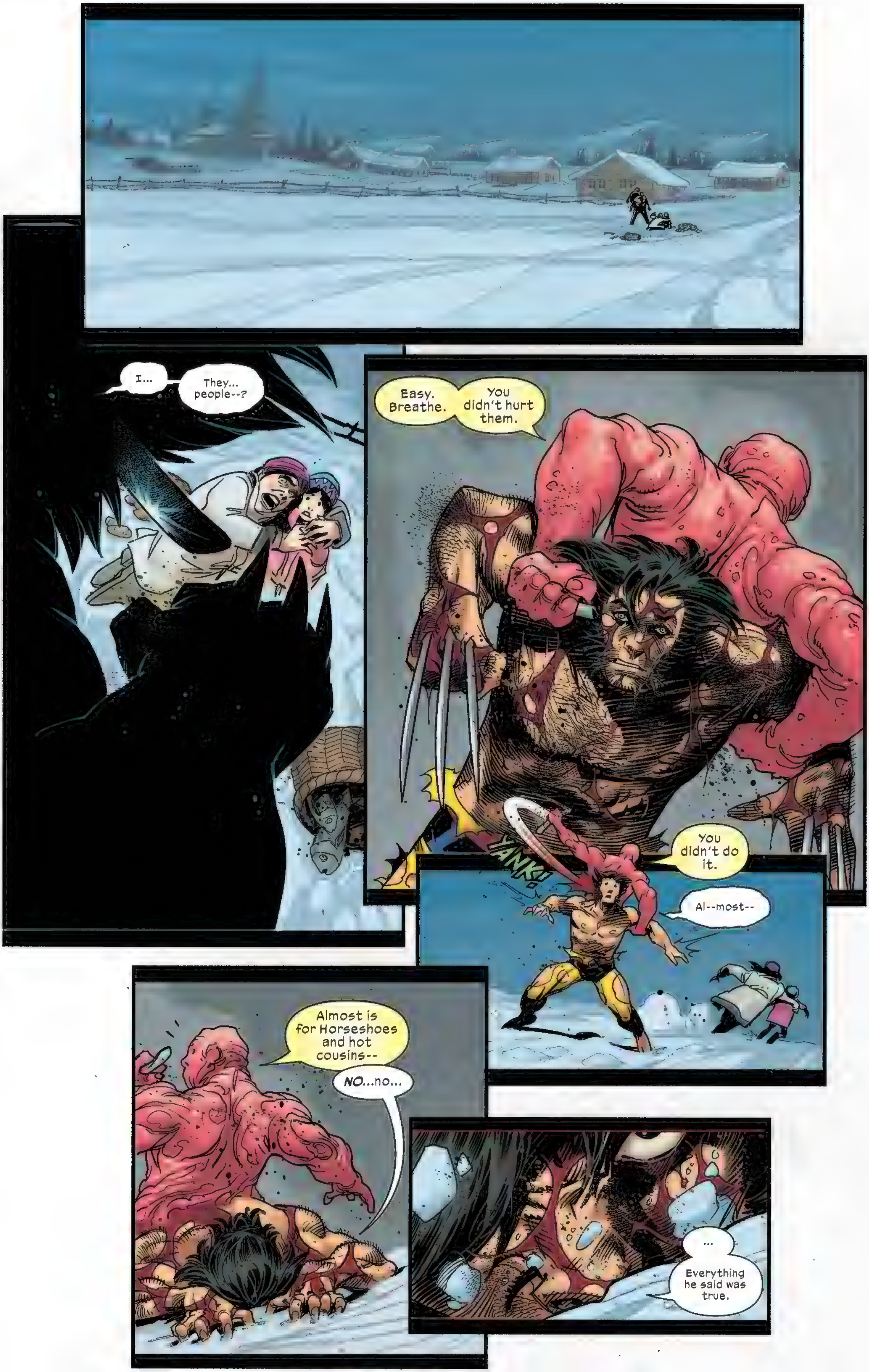

There he is.
Isn't it a relief to drop the act?
I have spent years working with those who seek to be greater than the sum of their genetics... their histories...
I always know when I'm looking at a lost cause.
This is who you are, Wolverine.
Please stop...
All you will ever be.
Anyone who ever told you otherwise was **lying**, the way one lies to a frightened **child**, struck with the idea of their own mortality.
"Mommy and Daddy will always protect you.
"Angels are watching over you.
"If I die before I wake, pray the lord my soul to take."
I know it hurts, but...
The irony is that the child **knows** the truth of their limited existence.
Just as you know yours...
You exist only to inflict and receive **pain** for the benefit of others.
Get it together... Listen to me...
No one wants a civilized **WOLVERINE.**
No one wants you to find **peace.**
We want you to live out our primal urge to make things **bleed and die...**
Because quite simply, you are the **best to ever** do it.

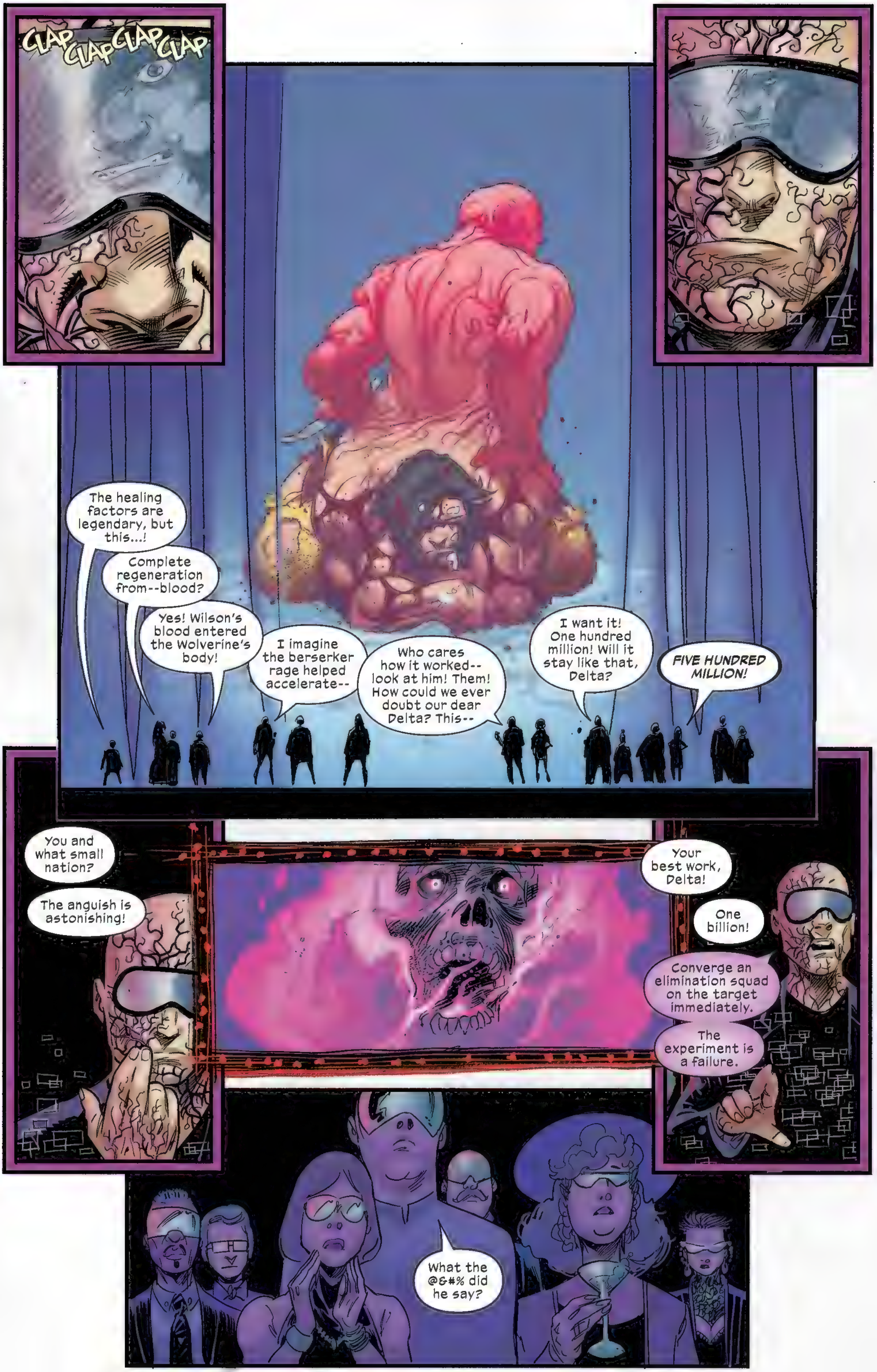

w...wai...
Uh don' like thissh.
Shhtopff-- shhtopff!
Logan!
I don' like thissh!
HEL' ME!
Indeed.
Greta...? On my mark...

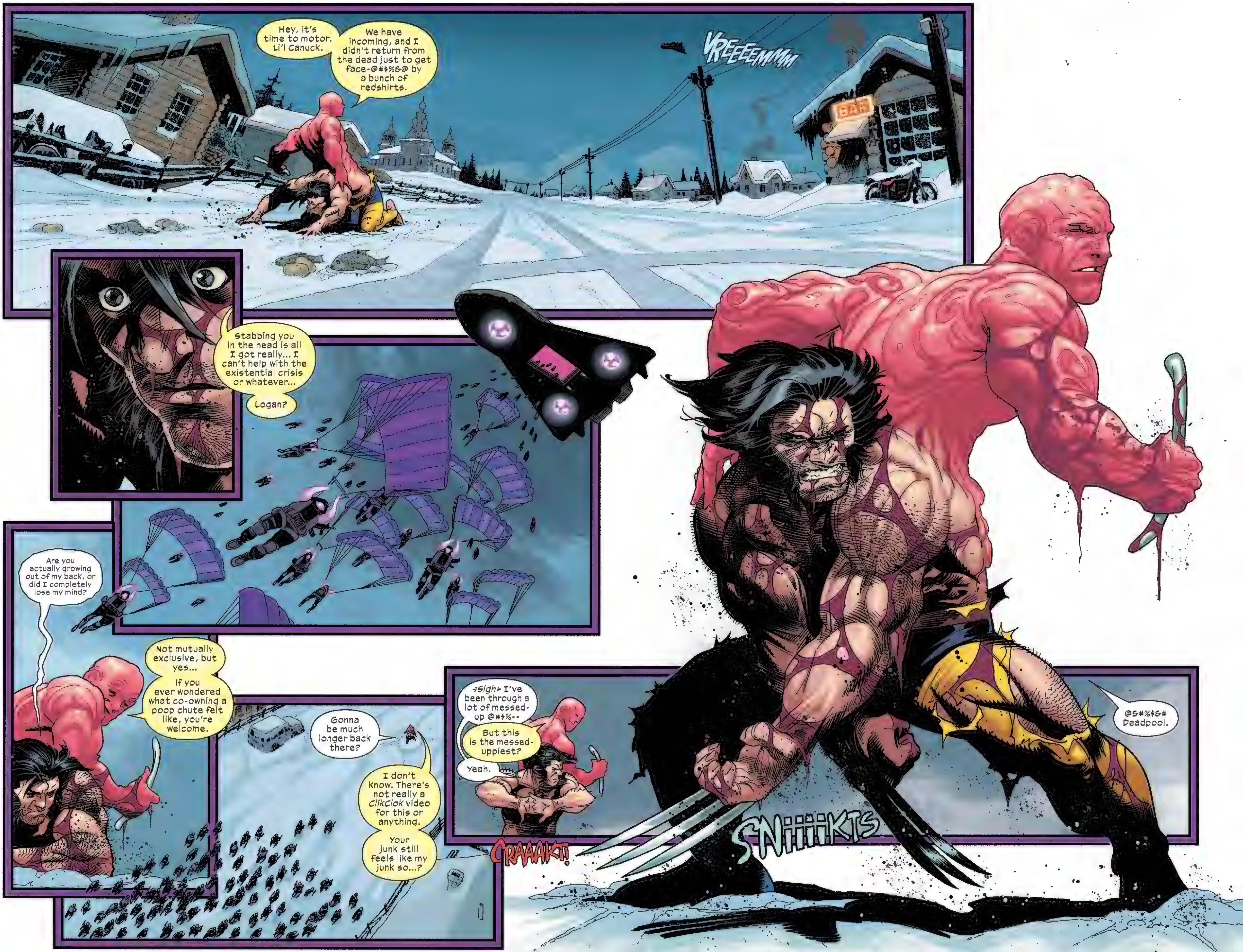

LOGAN! Don't make me come out there!
SKTCH
NOW.
LOGAN!
SPRRT
SKLUTCH
CZZOMMMMMP
Logan...!

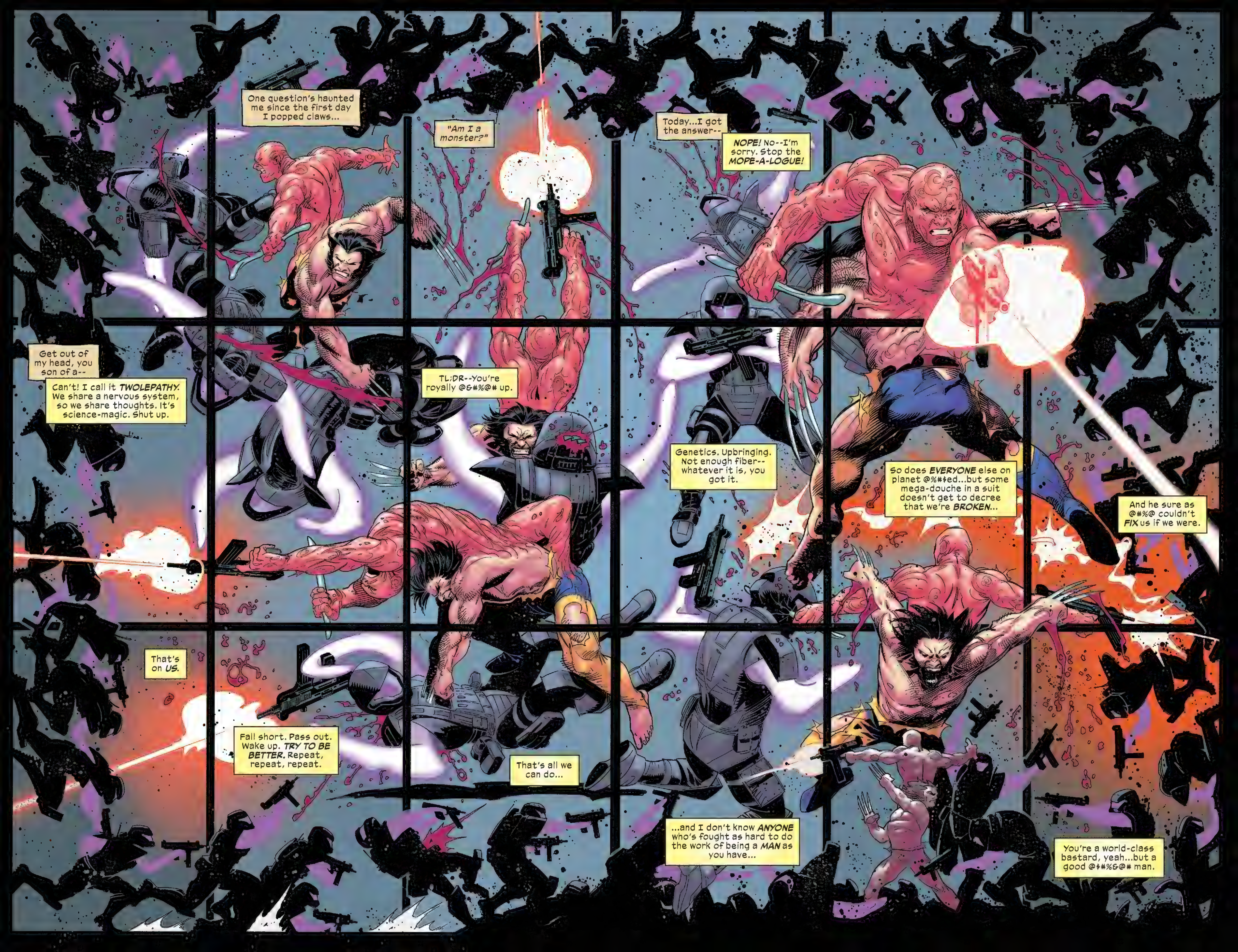

Stop.
Stop...
For @%#$'s sake, please.

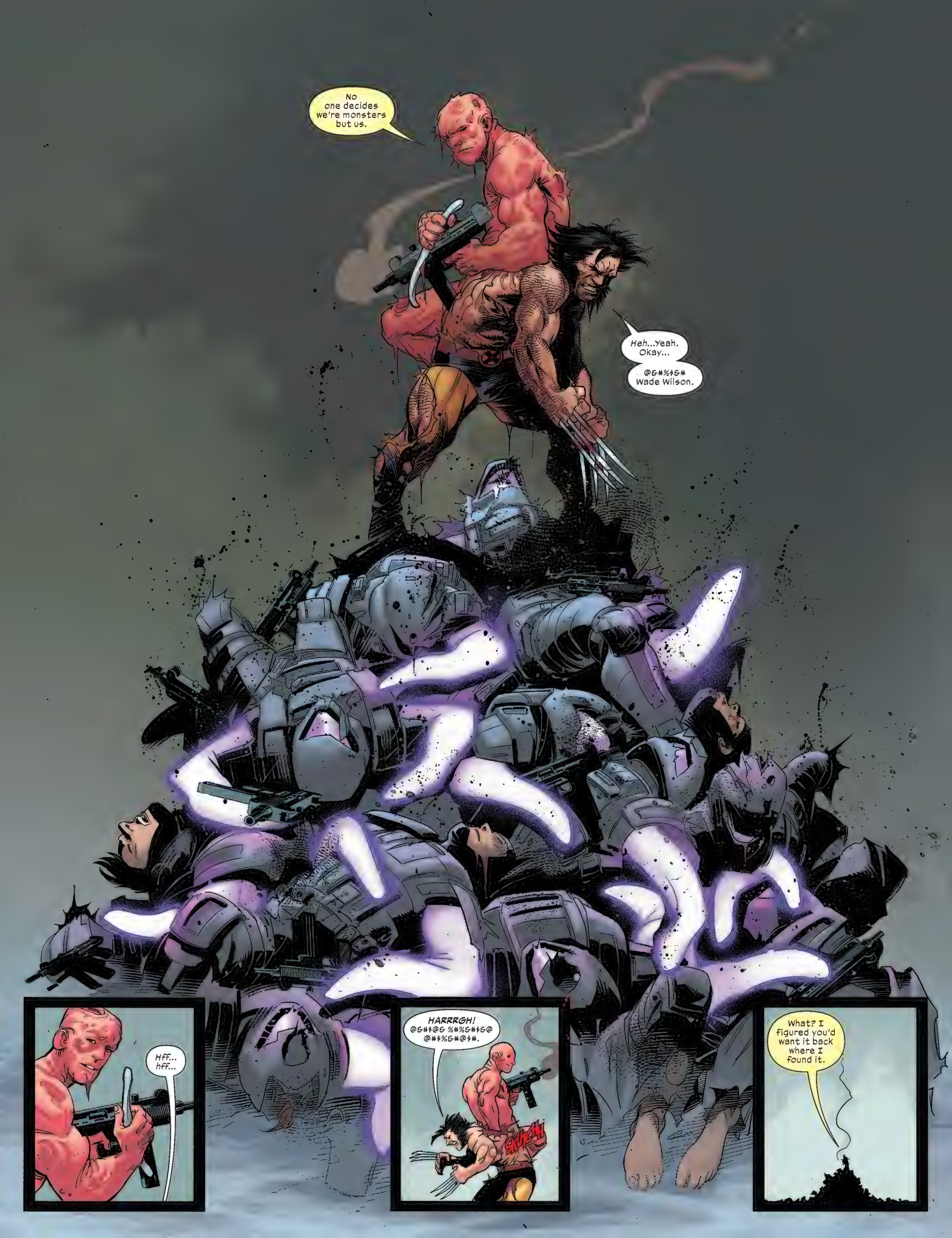

HRRRAAAAAHGH!
Dammit, Logan! LOOK!
HRRARGGH!
This white-hot rage looks awesome design-wise, but it's blinding you to what's happening-- NNGH!
And people say Canadians are reasonable...
SLUUURT
YARRRGH!!!
SCHRIIIP!
SHUNKT!
Found your "pause button."
Heh.
Look... please.

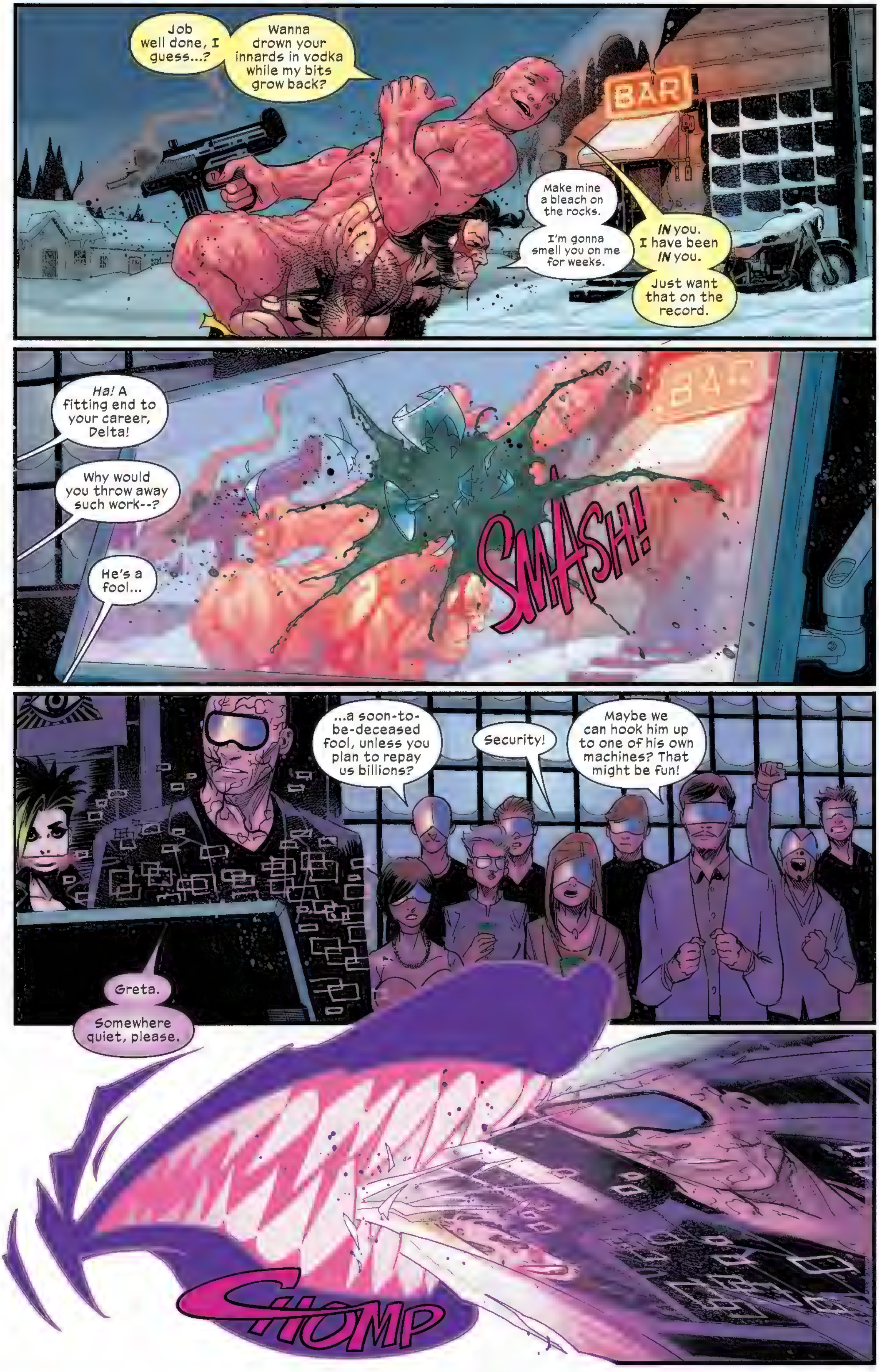

I...
They... people--?
Easy. Breathe.
You didn't hurt them.
YANK!
You didn't do it.
Al--most--
Almost is for Horseshoes and hot cousins--
NO...no...
...
Everything he said was true.

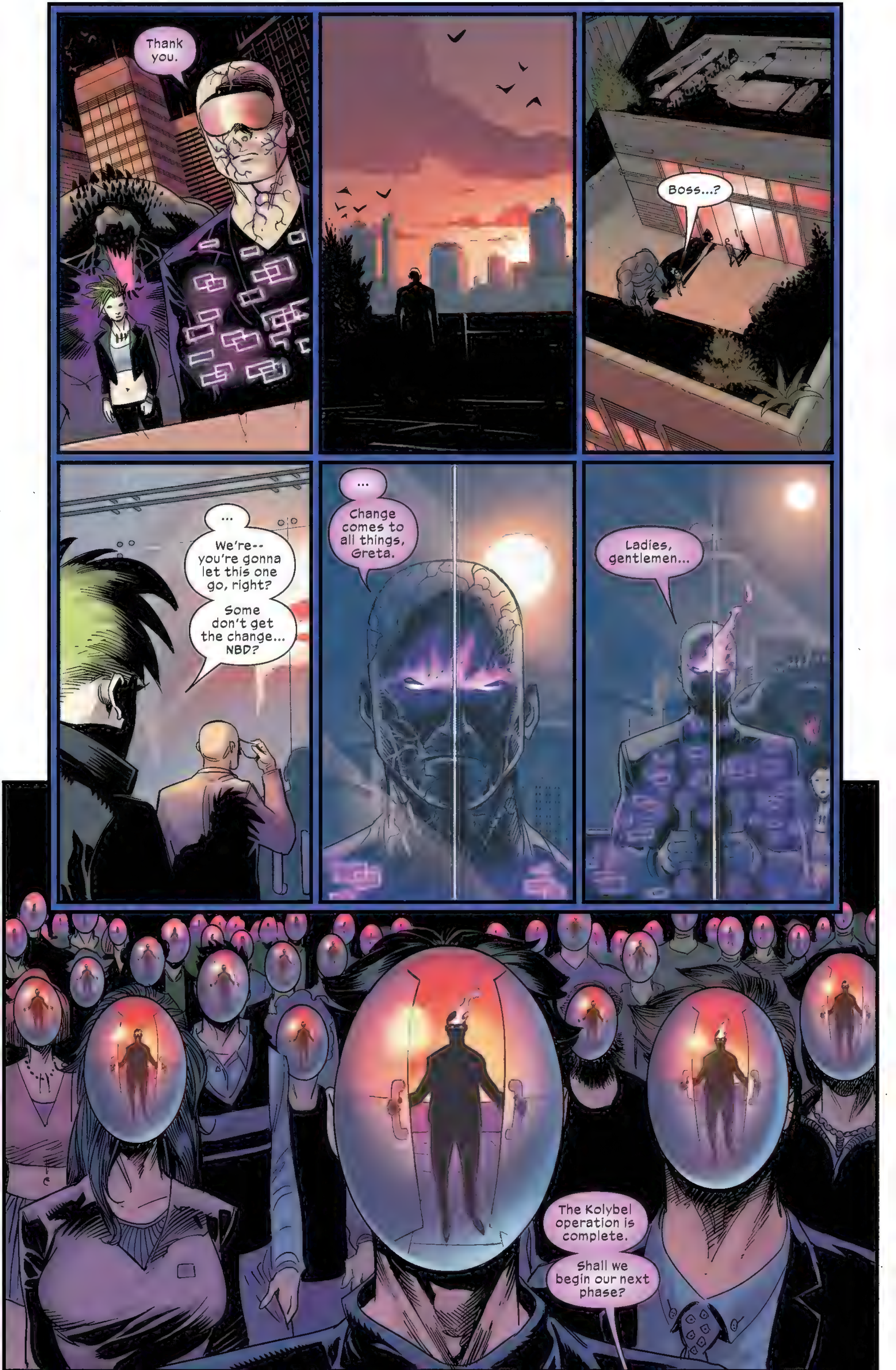

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP
The healing factors are legendary, but this...!
Complete regeneration from--blood?
Yes! Wilson's blood entered the Wolverine's body!
I imagine the berserker rage helped accelerate--
Who cares how it worked--look at him! Them! How could we ever doubt our dear Delta? This--
I want it! One hundred million! Will it stay like that, Delta?
FIVE HUNDRED MILLION!
You and what small nation?
The anguish is astonishing!
Your best work, Delta!
One billion!
Converge an elimination squad on the target immediately.
The experiment is a failure.
What the @&#% did he say?

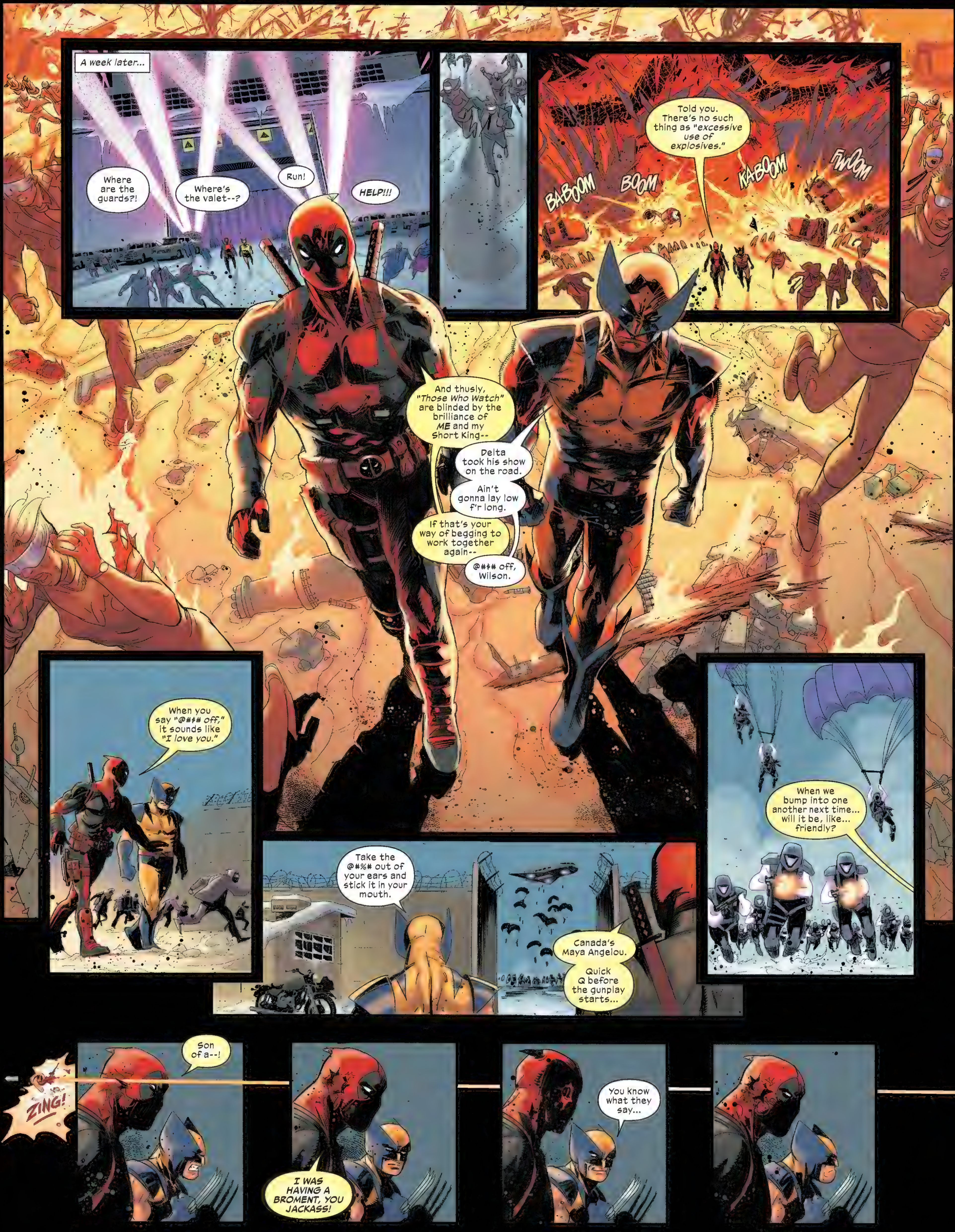

Hey, it's time to motor, Li'l Canuck.
We have incoming, and I didn't return from the dead just to get face-@#$%&@ by a bunch of redshirts.
VREEEEMMM
BAR
Stabbing you in the head is all I got really... I can't help with the existential crisis or whatever...
Logan?
Are you actually growing out of my back, or did I completely lose my mind?
Not mutually exclusive, but yes...
If you ever wondered what co-owning a poop chute felt like, you're welcome.
Gonna be much longer back there?
I don't know. There's not really a *ClikClok* video for this or anything.
Your junk still feels like my junk so...?
CRAAAKT!
-*Sigh*- I've been through a lot of messed-up @#$%--
But this is the messed-uppiest?
Yeah.
SNIIIIKTS
@&#%$&# Deadpool.

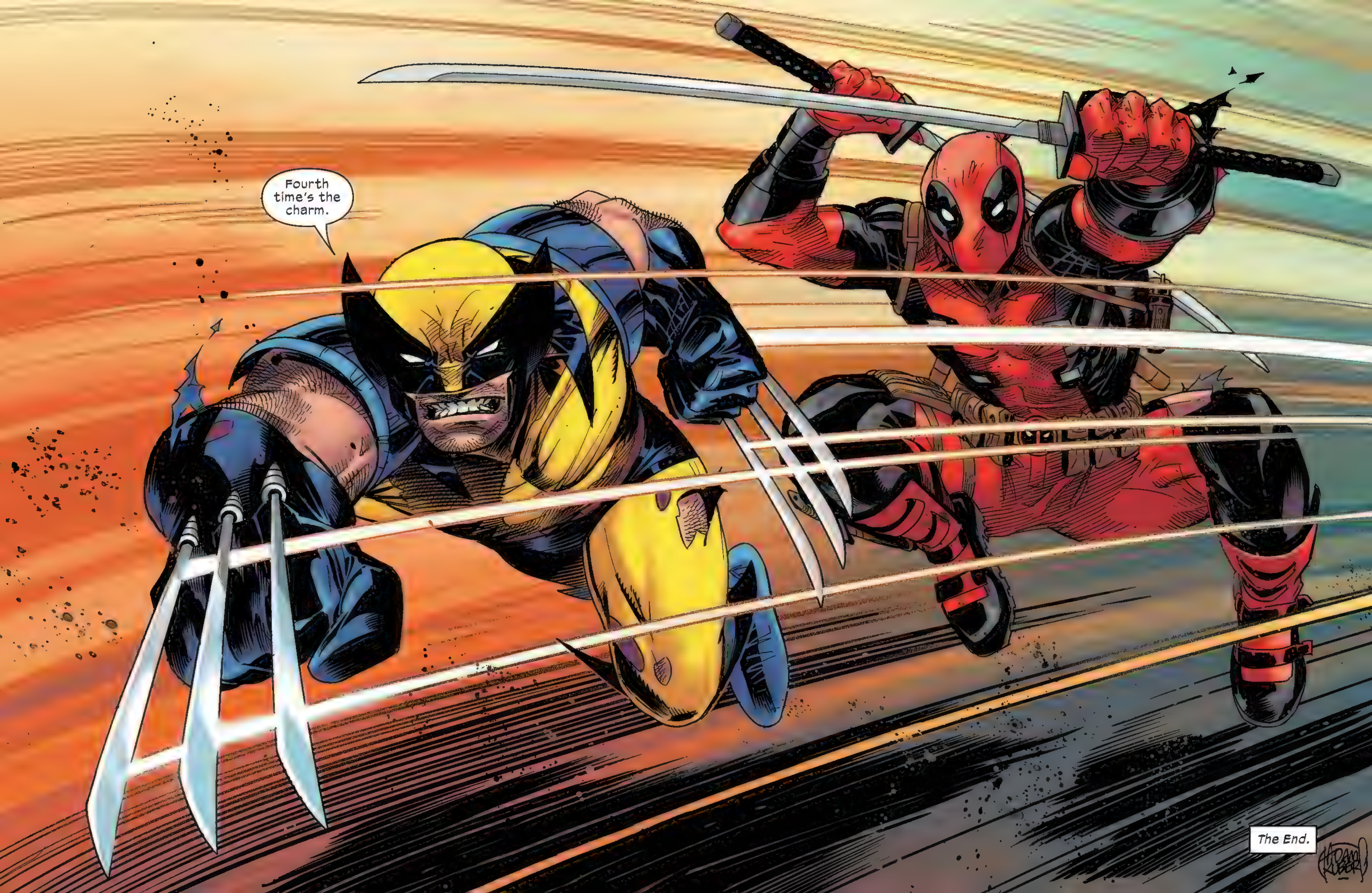

One question's haunted me since the first day I popped claws...
"Am I a monster?"
Today...I got the answer--
NOPE! No--I'm sorry. Stop the ***MOPE-A-LOGUE!***
Get out of my head, you son of a--
Can't! I call it ***TWOLEPATHY.*** We share a nervous system, so we share thoughts. It's science-magic. Shut up.
TL;DR--You're royally @&#%@# up.
Genetics. Upbringing. Not enough fiber--whatever it is, you got it.
So does ***EVERYONE*** else on planet @%#$ed...but some mega-douche in a suit doesn't get to decree that we're ***BROKEN***...
And he sure as @#%@ couldn't ***FIX*** us if we were.
That's on ***US.***
Fall short. Pass out. Wake up. ***TRY TO BE BETTER.*** Repeat, repeat, repeat.
That's all we can do...
...and I don't know ***ANYONE*** who's fought as hard to do the work of being a ***MAN*** as you have...
You're a world-class bastard, yeah...but a good @$#%&@# man.

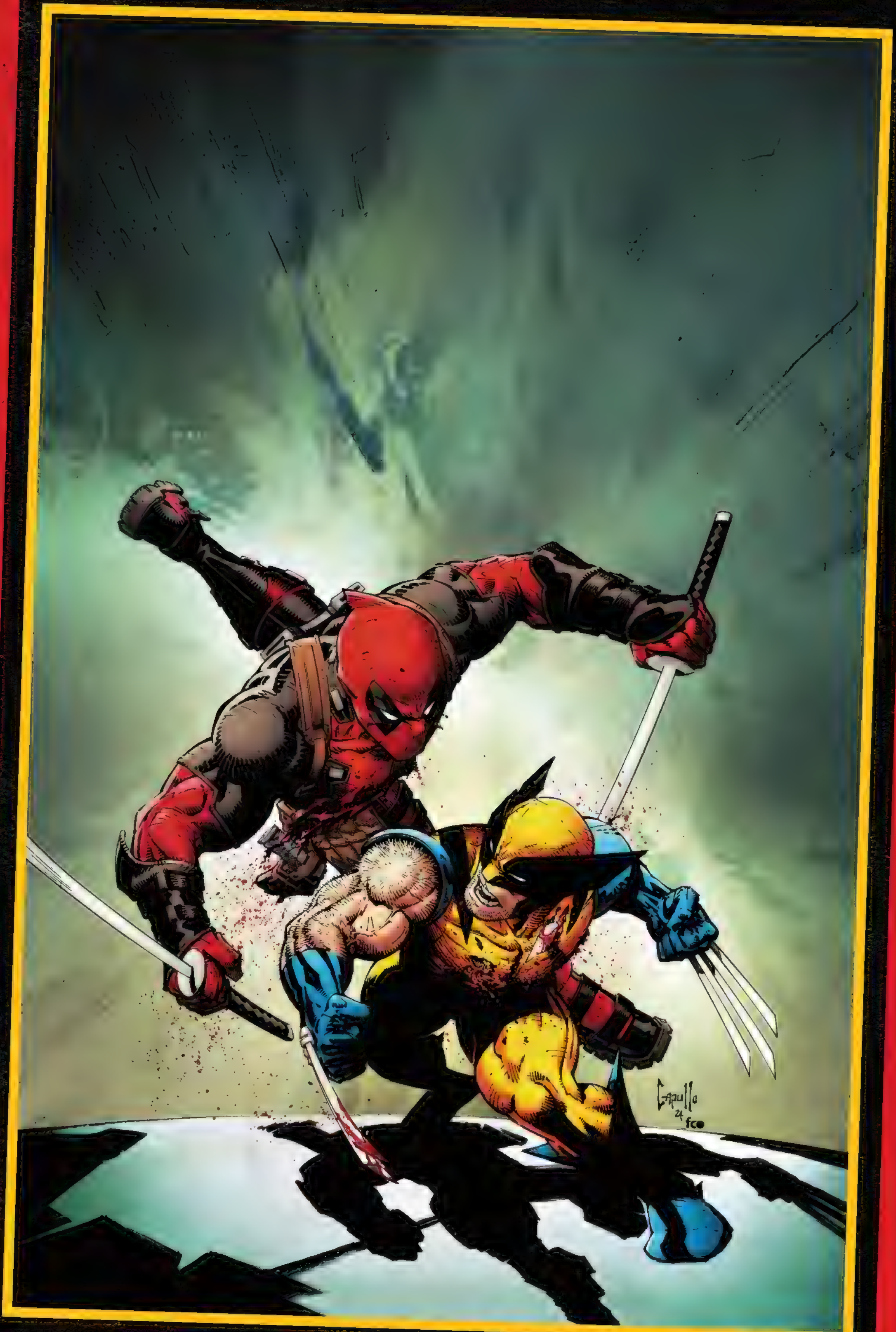

No one decides we're monsters but us.
Heh...Yeah. Okay...
@&#%$&# Wade Wilson.
Hff... hff...
HARRRGH! @&#$@& %#%&#$&@ @#$%&#@$#.
SKUTCHH
What? I figured you'd want it back where I found it.


Job well done, I guess...?
Wanna drown your innards in vodka while my bits grow back?
BAR
Make mine a bleach on the rocks.
I'm gonna smell you on me for weeks.
IN you. I have been *IN* you.
Just want that on the record.
Ha! A fitting end to your career, Delta!
Why would you throw away such work--?
He's a fool...
BAR
SMASH!
...a soon-to-be-deceased fool, unless you plan to repay us billions?
Security!
Maybe we can hook him up to one of his own machines? That might be fun!
Greta.
Somewhere quiet, please.
CHOMP


Thank you.
Boss...?
...
We're-- you're gonna let this one go, right?
Some don't get the change... NBD?
...
Change comes to all things, Greta.
Ladies, gentlemen...
The Kolybel operation is complete.
Shall we begin our next phase?

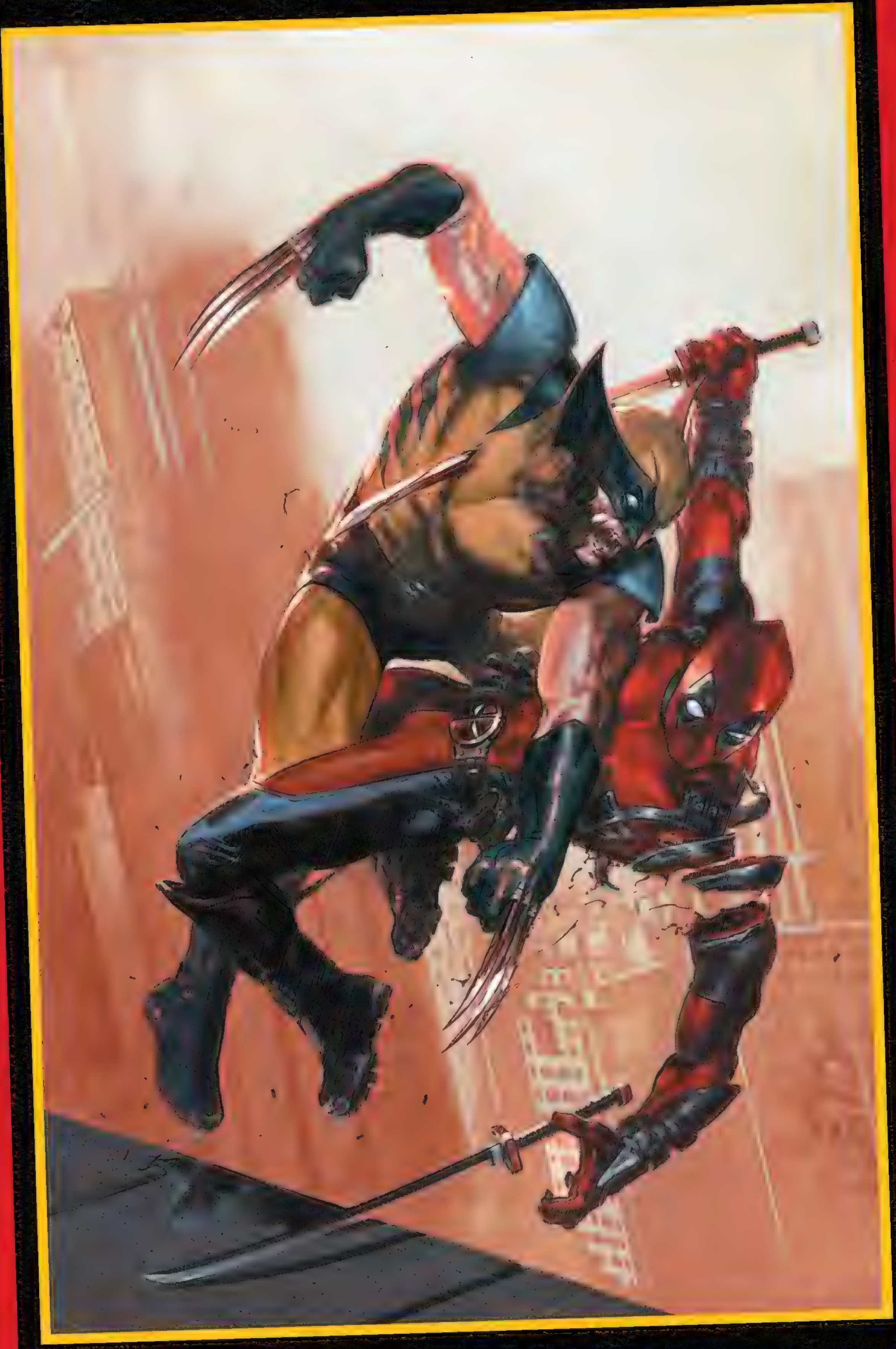

A week later...
Where are the guards?!
Where's the valet--?
Run!
HELP!!!
Told you. There's no such thing as "excessive use of explosives."
BABOOM
BOOM
KABOOM
FWOOM
And thusly, *"Those Who Watch"* are blinded by the brilliance of *ME* and my Short King--
Delta took his show on the road.
Ain't gonna lay low f'r long.
If that's your way of begging to work together again--
@#$# off, Wilson.
When you say *"@#$# off,"* it sounds like *"I love you."*
Take the @#%# out of your ears and stick it in your mouth.
Canada's Maya Angelou.
Quick Q before the gunplay starts...
When we bump into one another next time... will it be, like... friendly?
ZING!
Son of a--!
I WAS HAVING A BROMENT, YOU JACKASS!
You know what they say...


Fourth time's the charm.
The End.
Adam Kubert


Capullo
24
fco

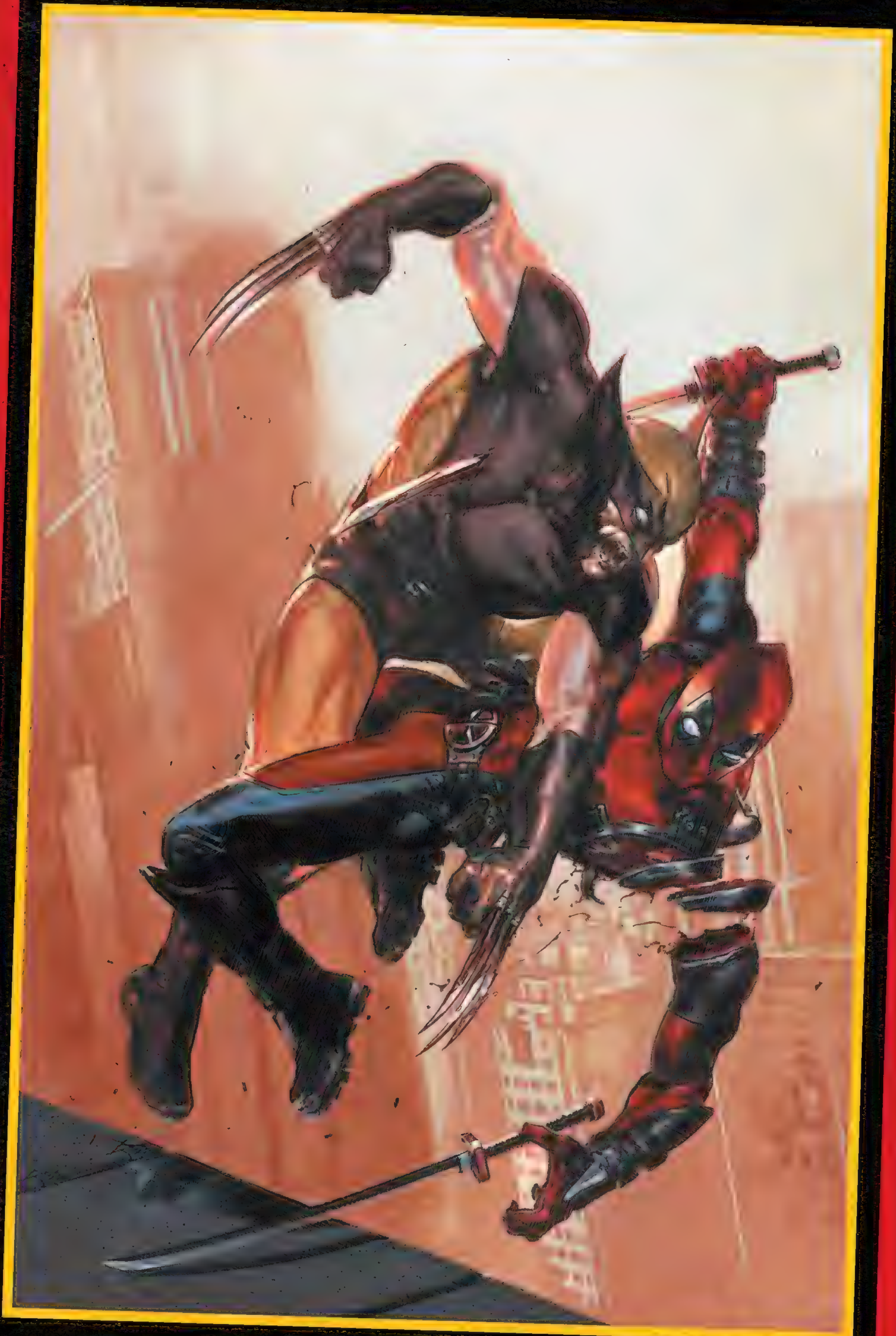
GREG CAPULLO & FCO PLASCENCIA

#1 SDCC GIVEAWAY VARIANT



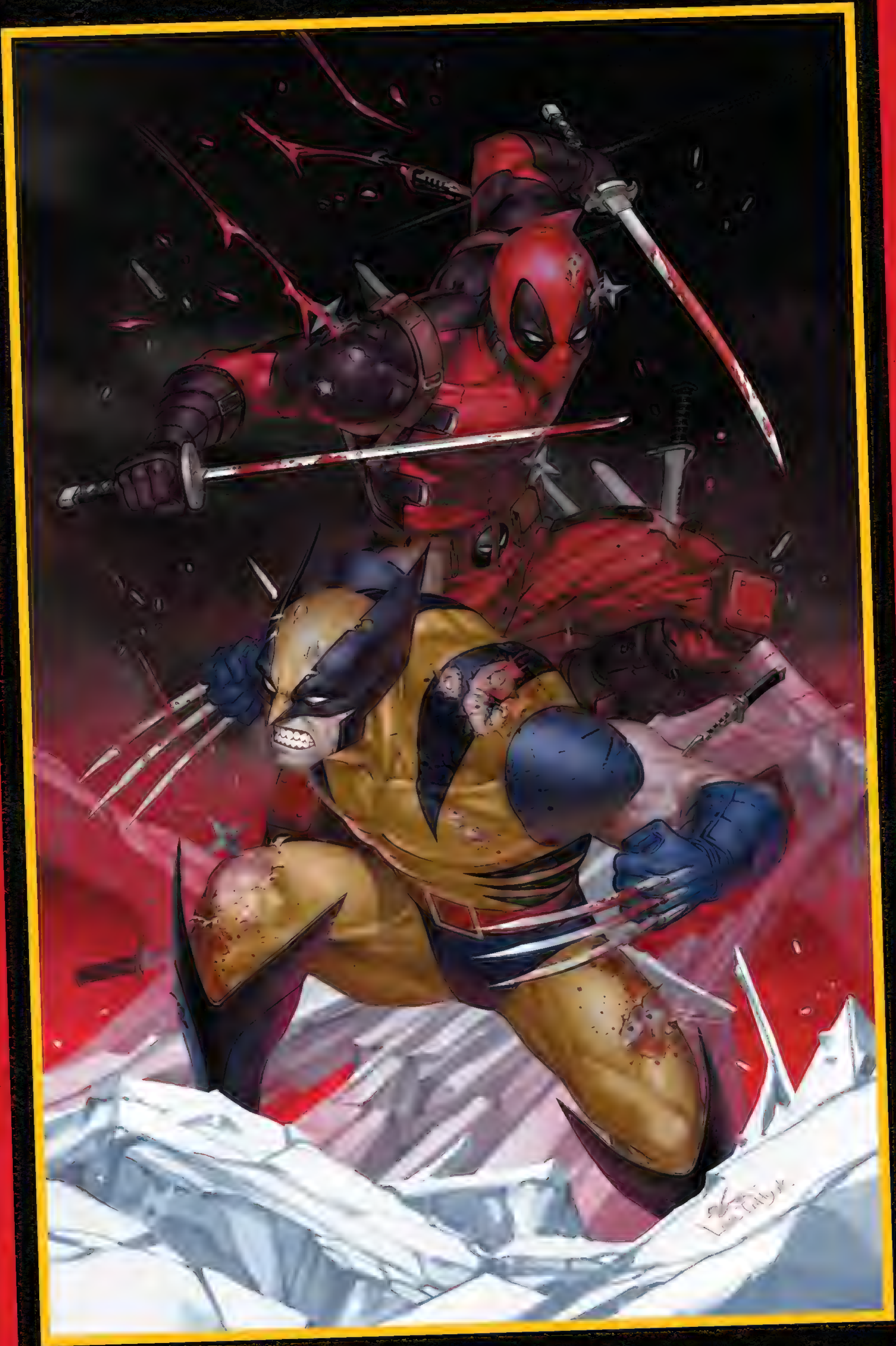
GABRIELE DELL'OTTO

#1 VARIANT



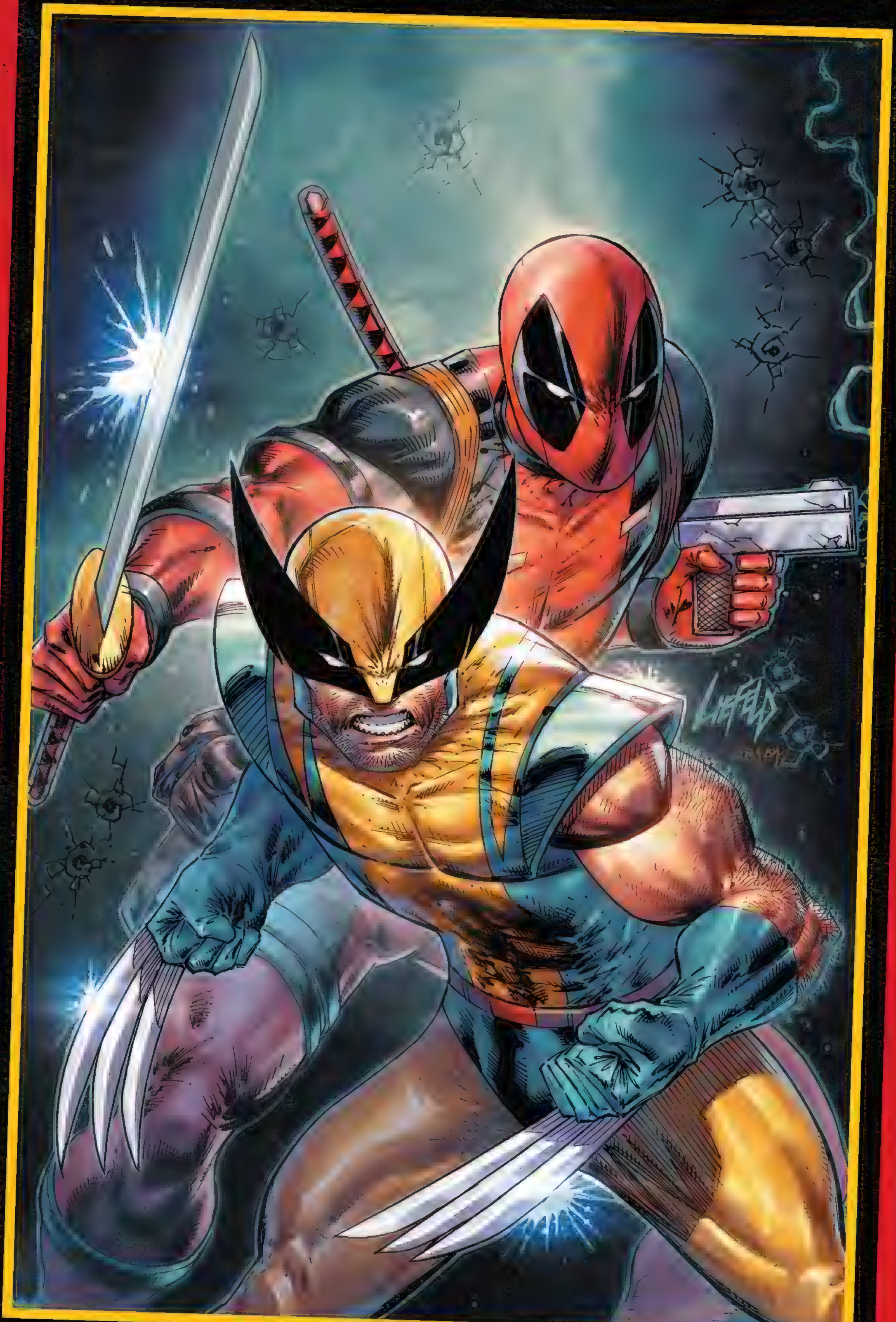
GABRIELE DELL'OTTO

#1 BROWN COSTUME SURPRISE VARIANT



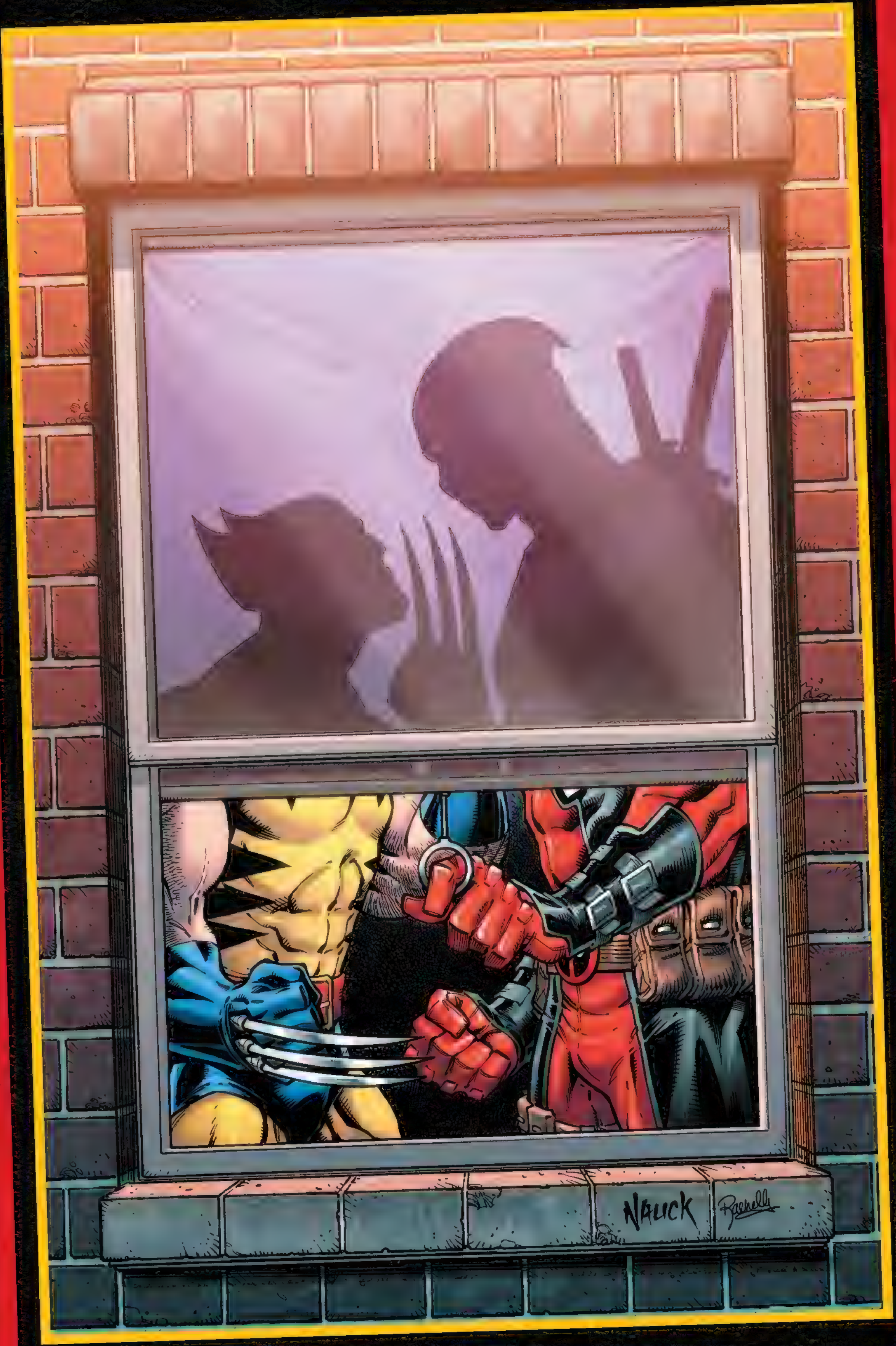
INHYUK LEE

#1 VARIANT



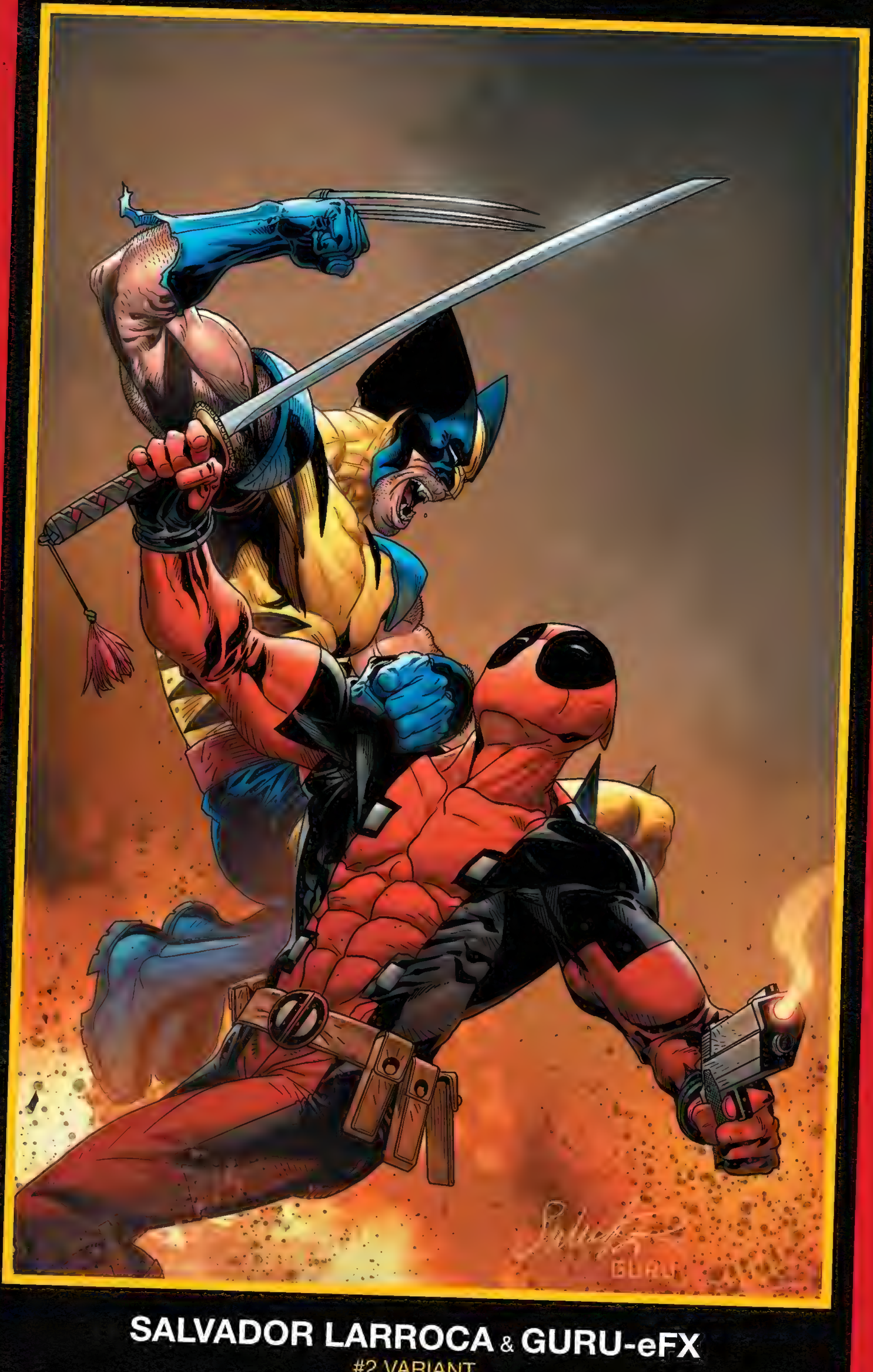
ROB LIEFELD & JAY DAVID RAMOS

#1 VARIANT


NAUCK
Rachelle

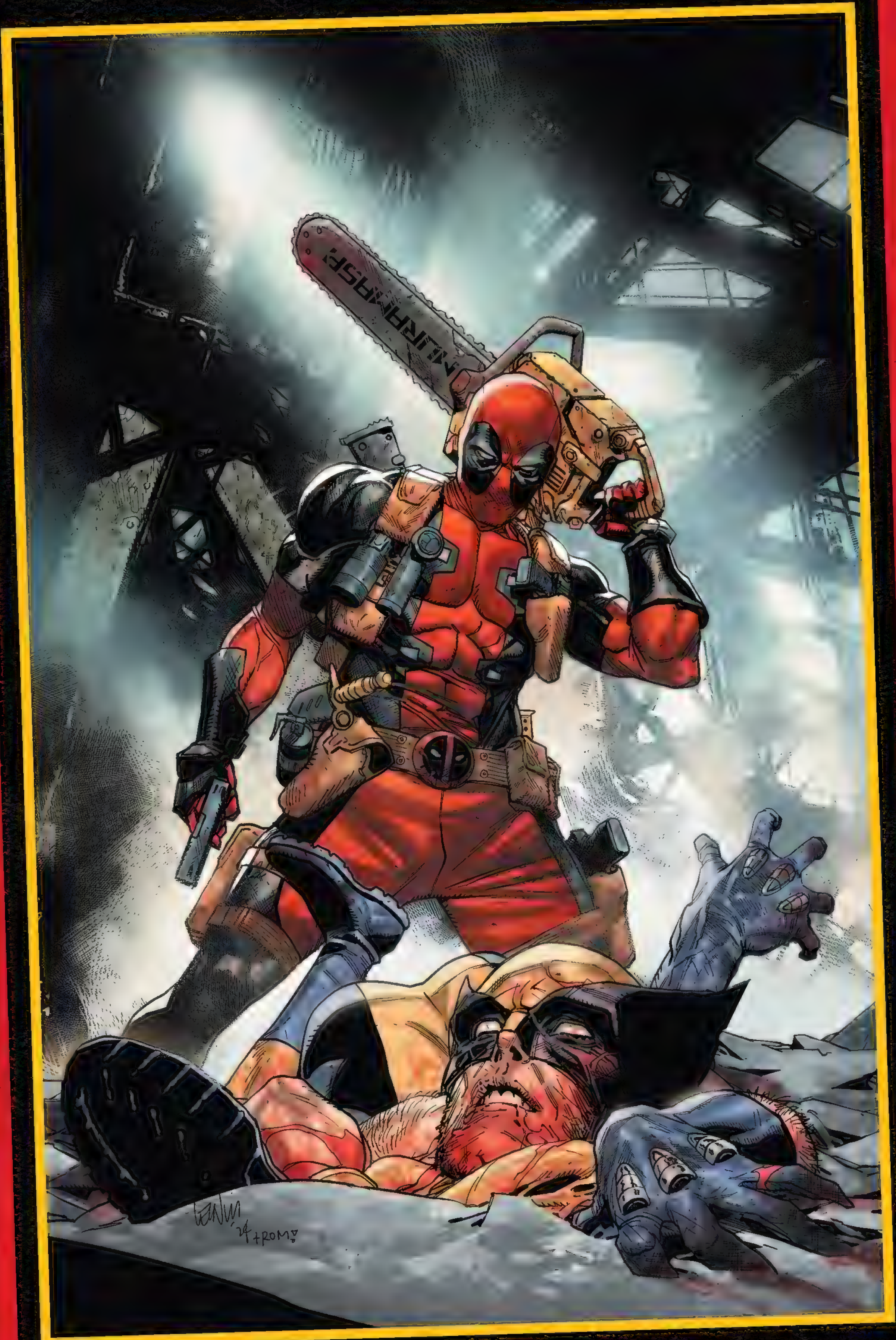
TODD NAUCK & RACHELLE ROSENBERG

#1 VARIANT



SALVADOR LARROCA & GURU-eFX

#2 VARIANT

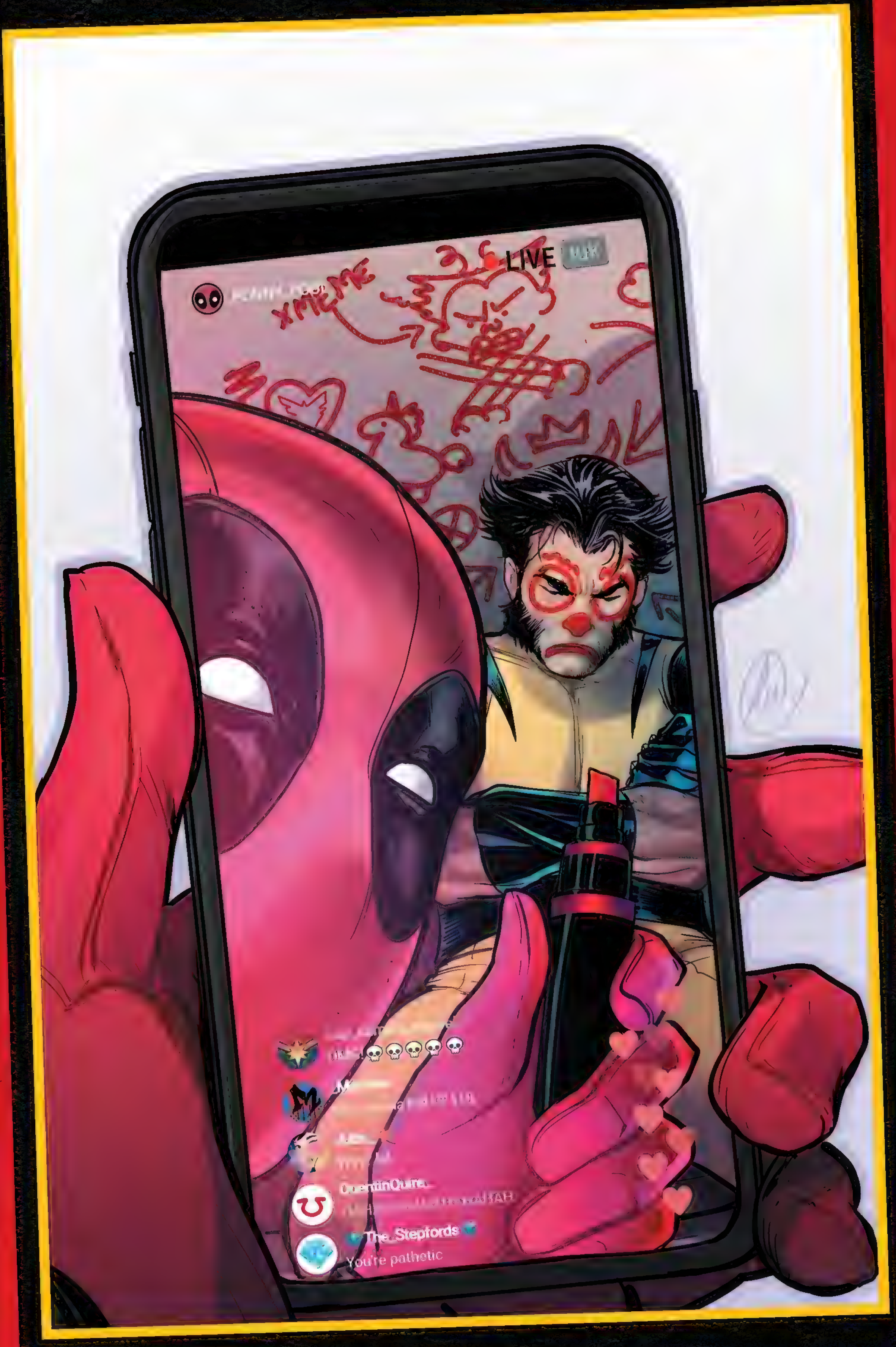


LEINIL FRANCIS YU & ROMULO FAJARDO JR.

#3 DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE VARIANT

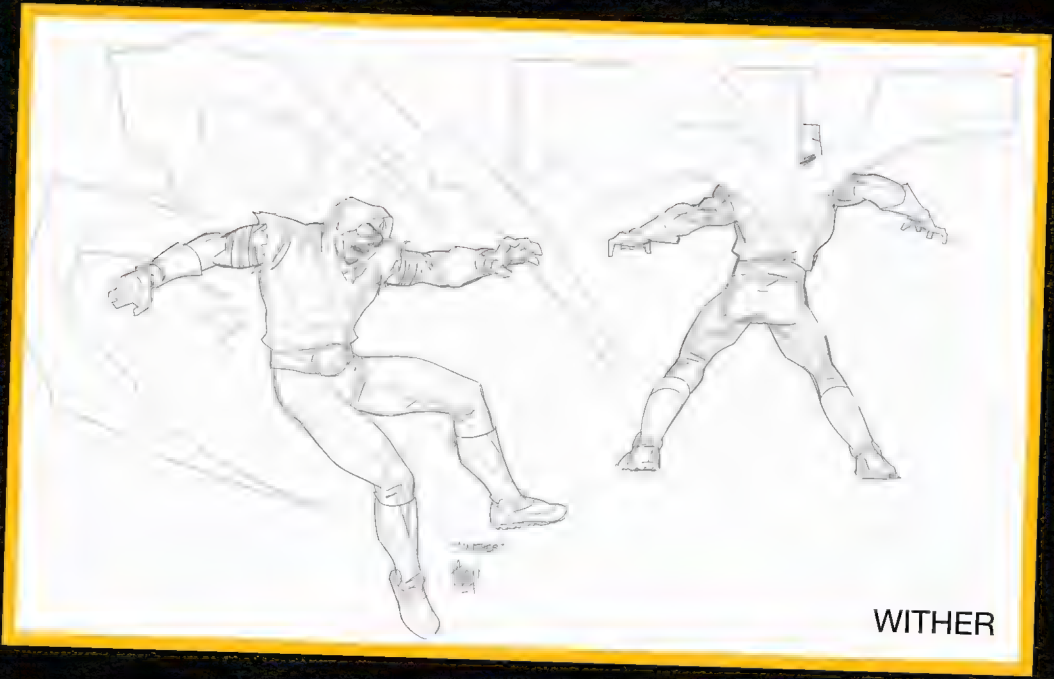
BEST
FRIENDS

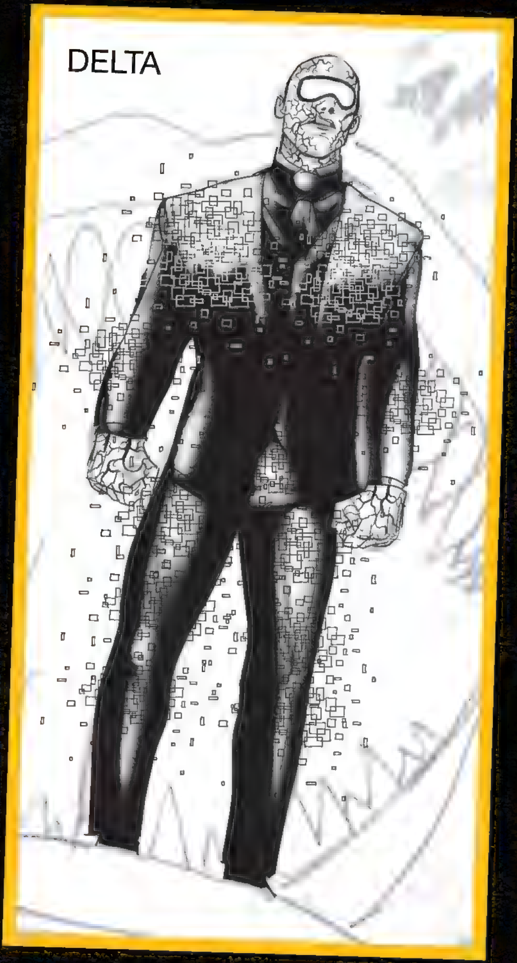
#3 MOVIE VARIANT


LIVE
XME ME
QuentinQuire_
The_Stepfords
You're pathetic

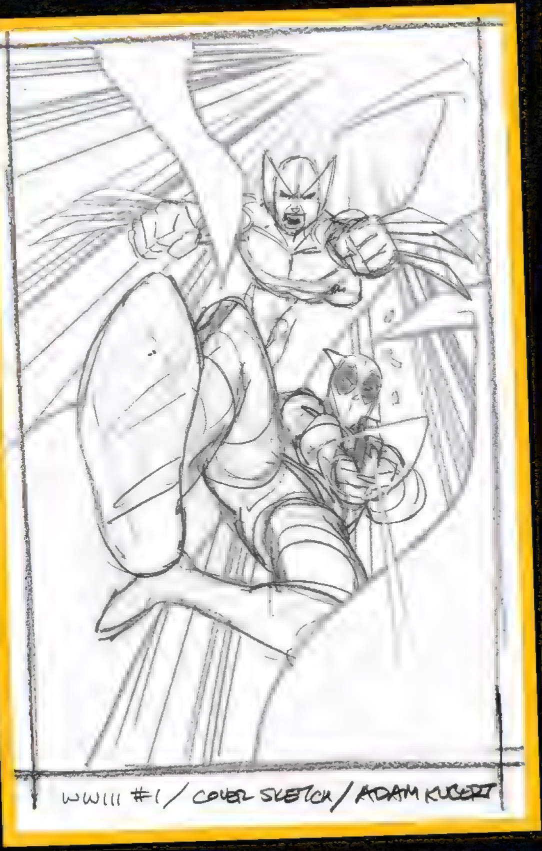
LUCAS WERNECK

#3 STORMBREAKERS VARIANT

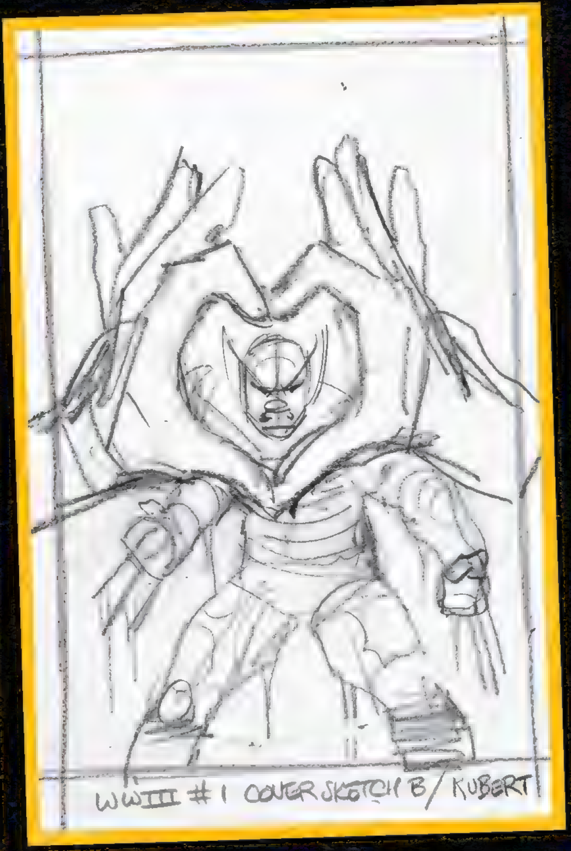




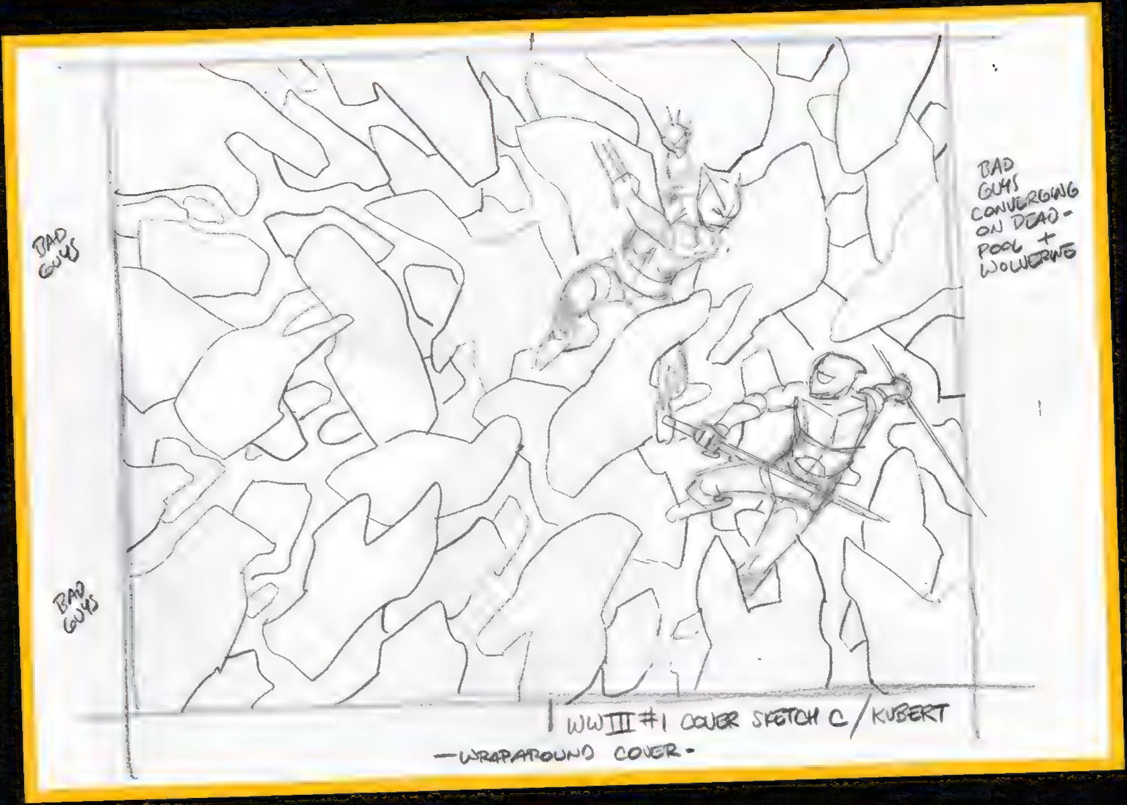
ADAM KUBERT
CHARACTER DESIGNS



WWIII #1 / COVER SKETCH / ADAM KUBERT



WWIII #1 COVER SKETCH B / KUBERT

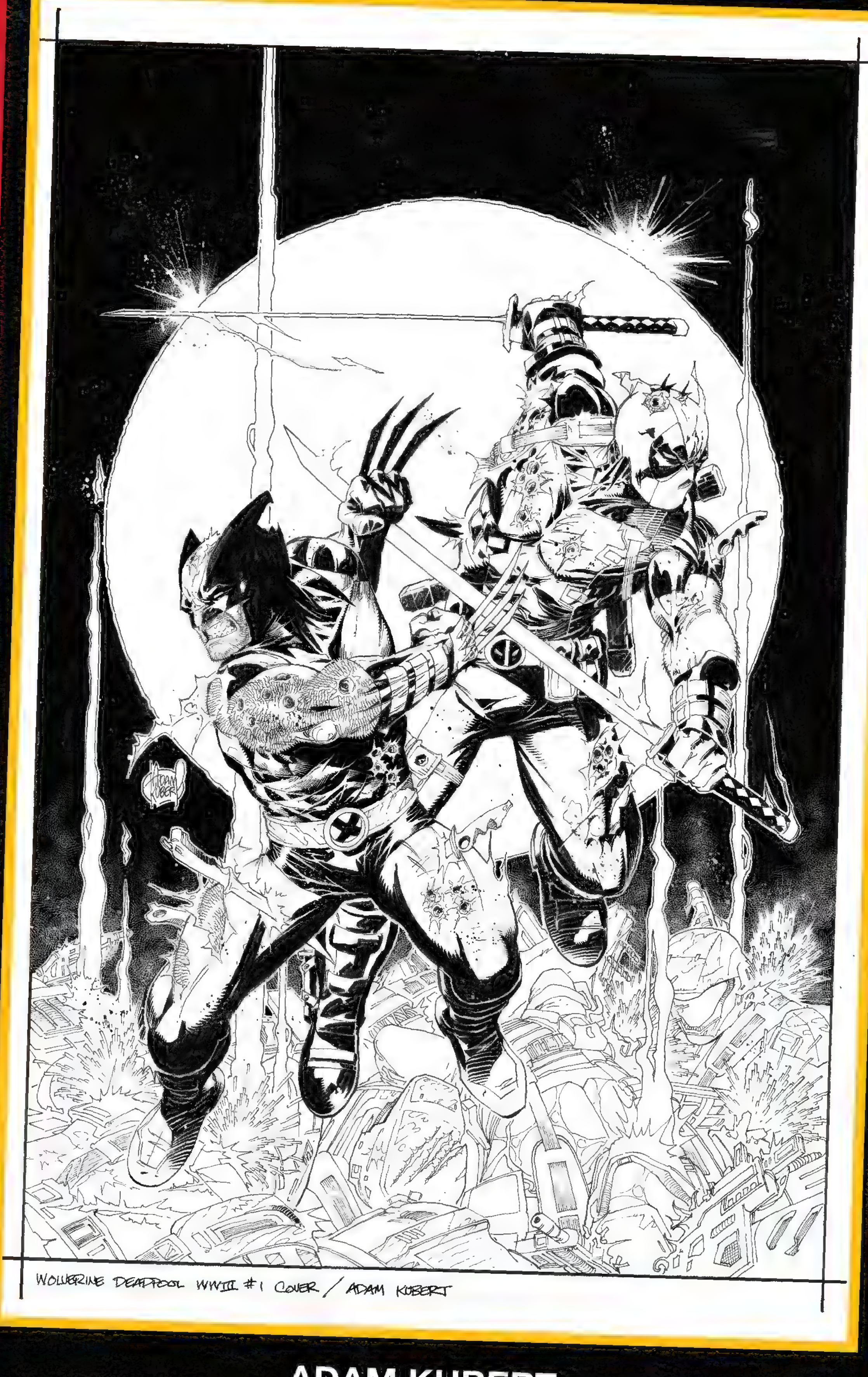

BAD GUYS CONVERGING ON DEADPOOL + WOLVERINE
BAD GUYS
BAD GUYS

WWIII #1 COVER SKETCH C / KUBERT

—WRAPAROUND COVER—

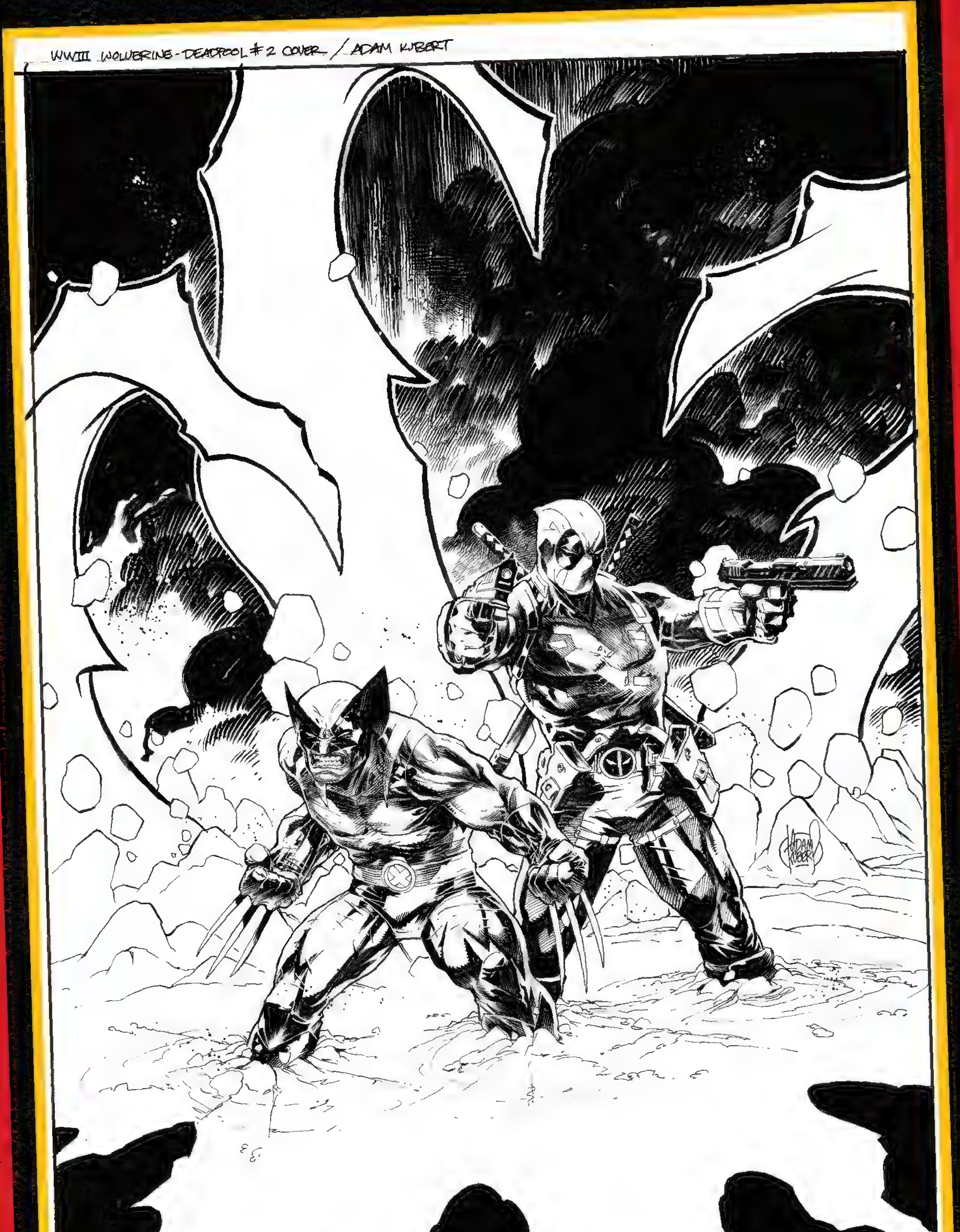
ADAM KUBERT

#1 COVER SKETCHES


WOLVERINE DEADPOOL WWIII #1 COVER / ADAM KUBERT

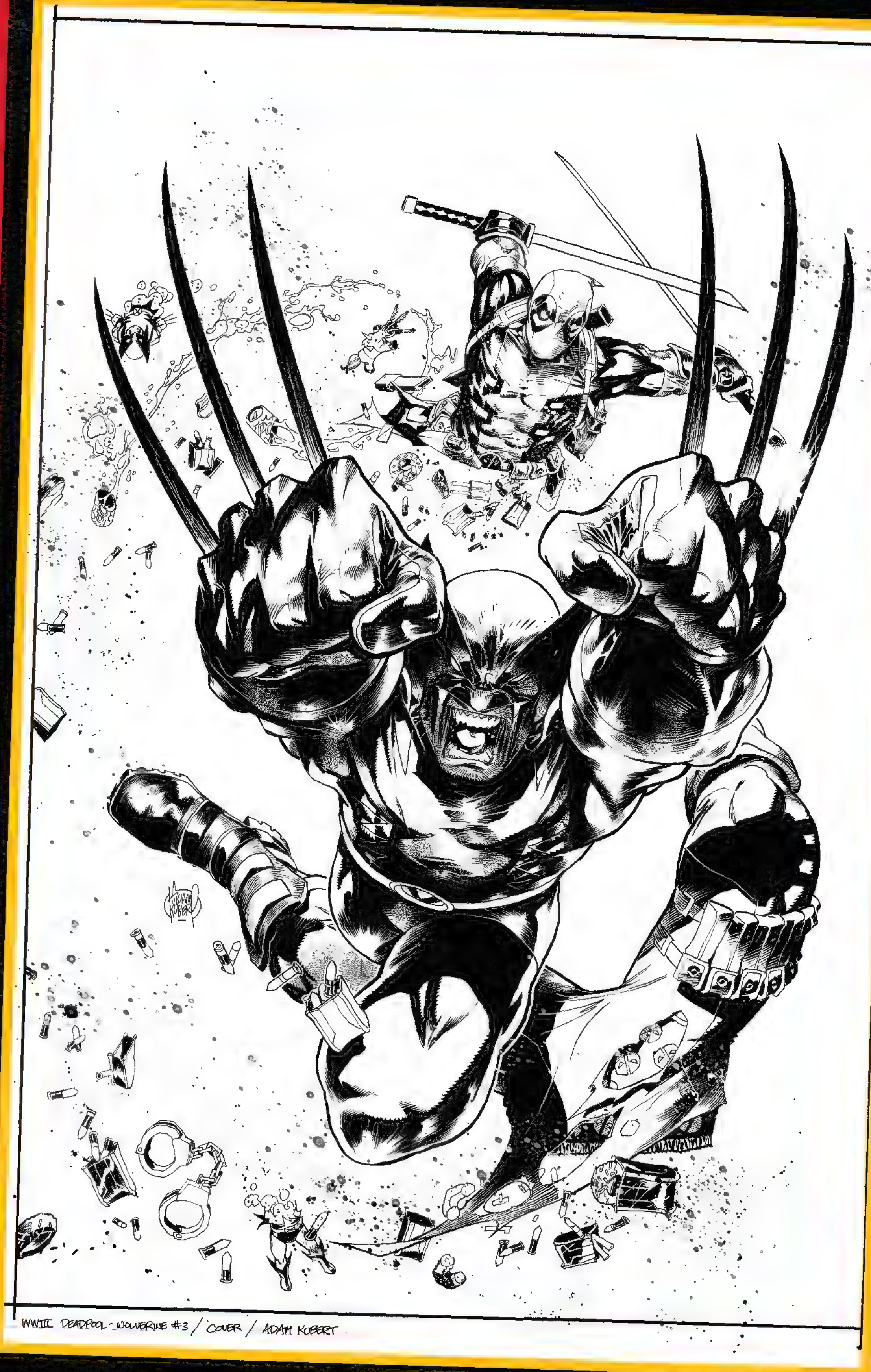
ADAM KUBERT

#1 COVER ART


WWIII WOLVERINE-DEADPOOL #2 COVER / ADAM KUBERT

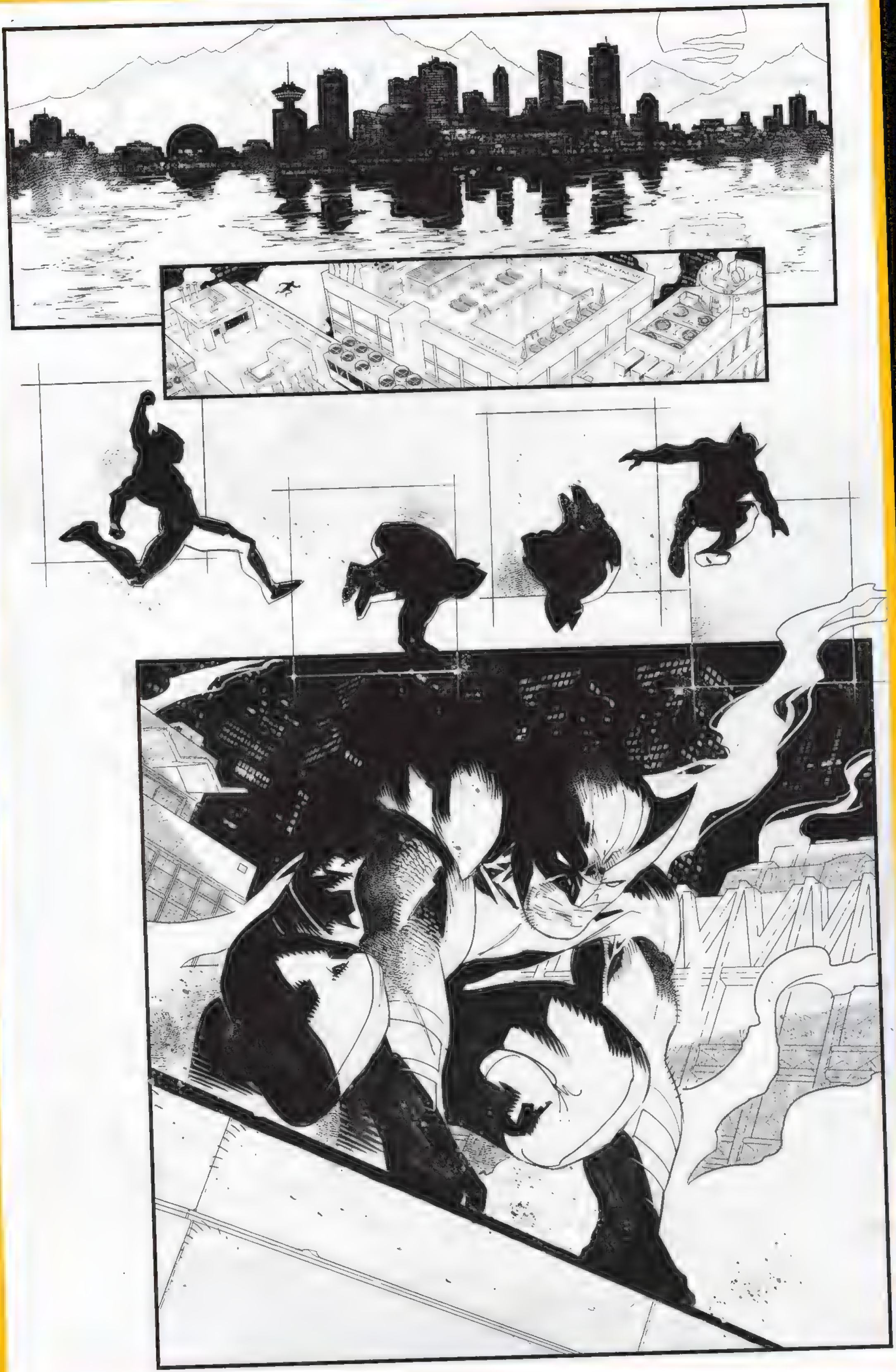
ADAM KUBERT

#2 COVER ART


WWIII DEADPOOL-WOLVERINE #3 / COVER / ADAM KUBERT

ADAM KUBERT

#3 COVER ART



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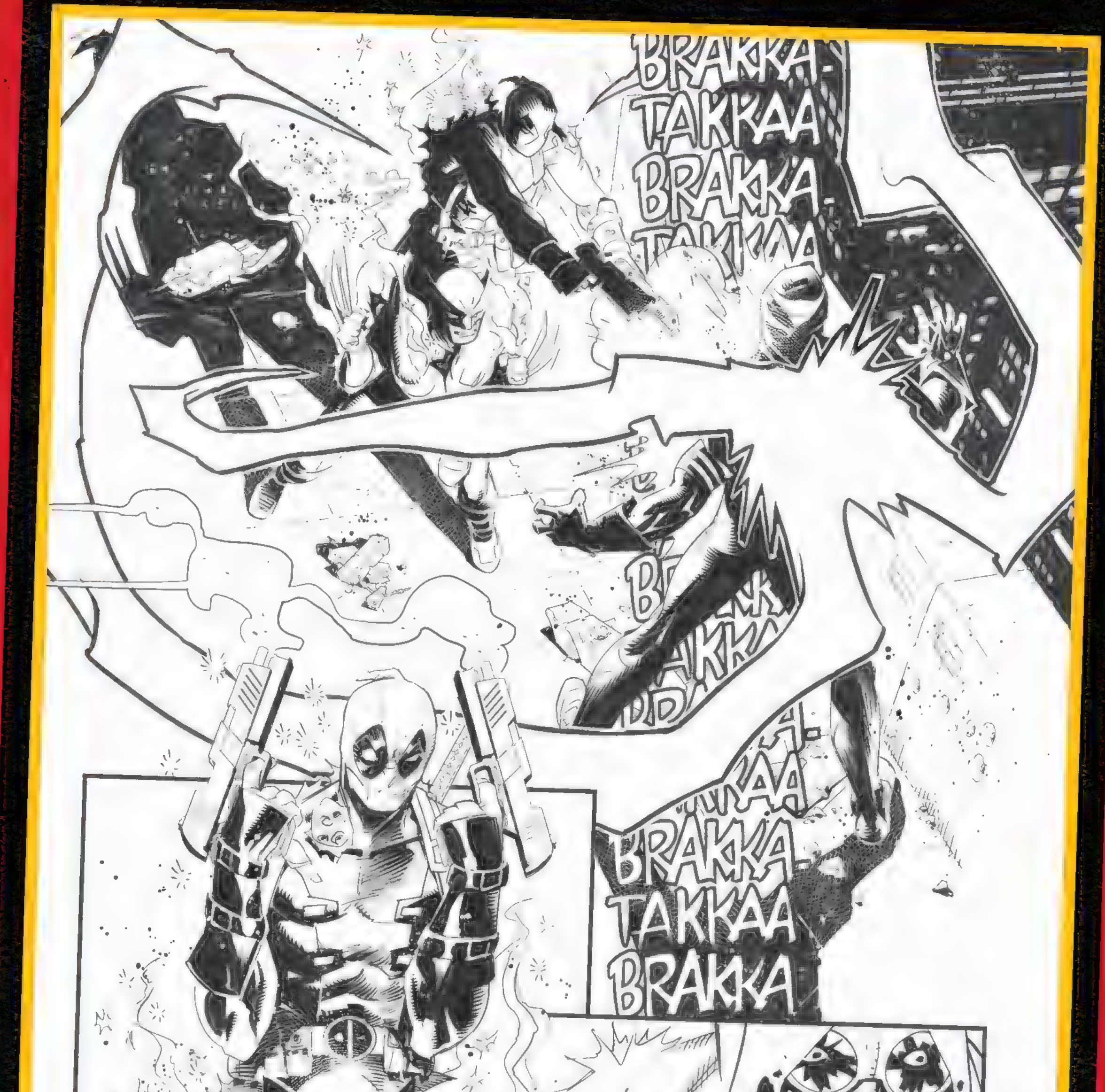
#1, PAGE 4 ART


BRAKKA-
TAKKAA
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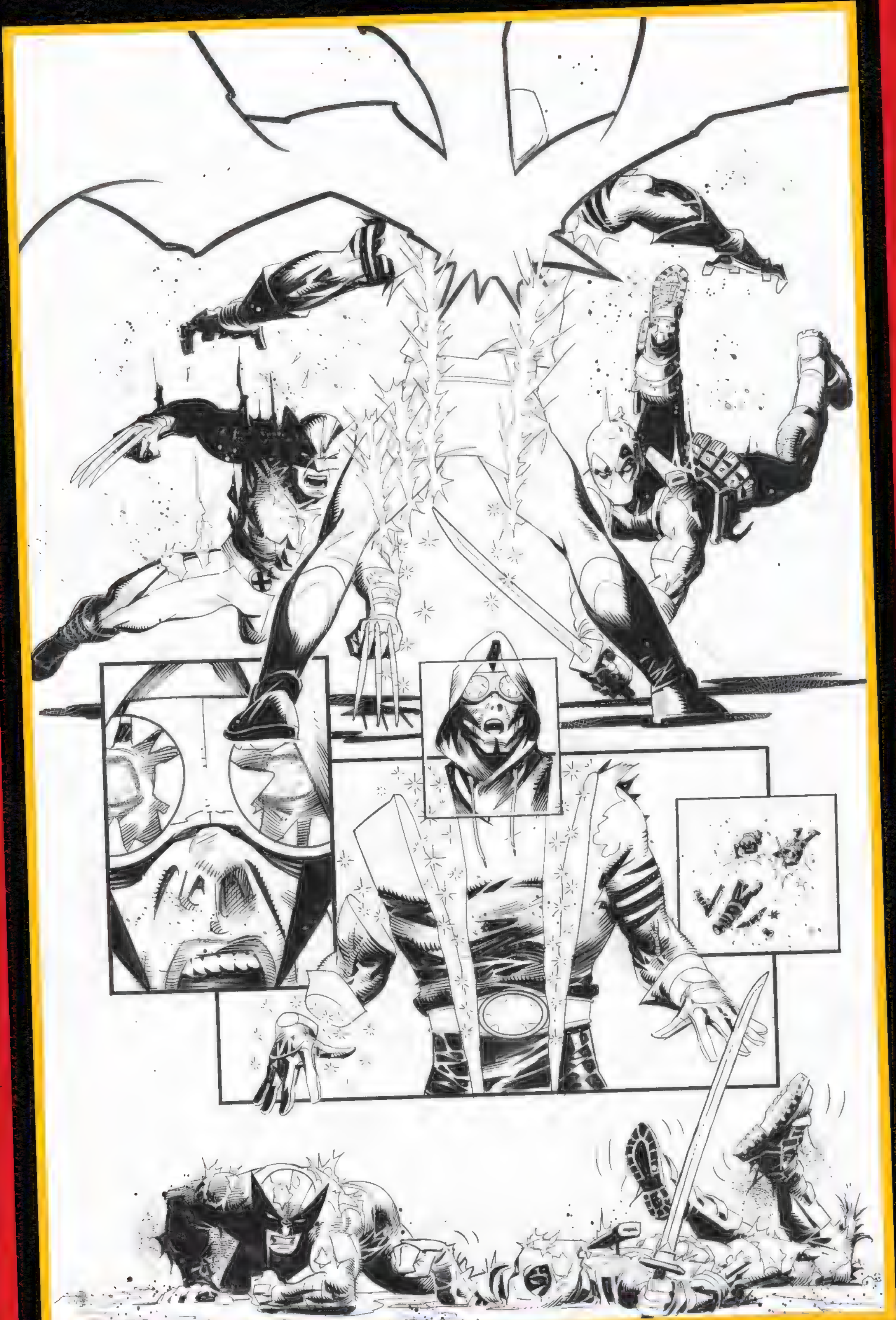
BRAKKA

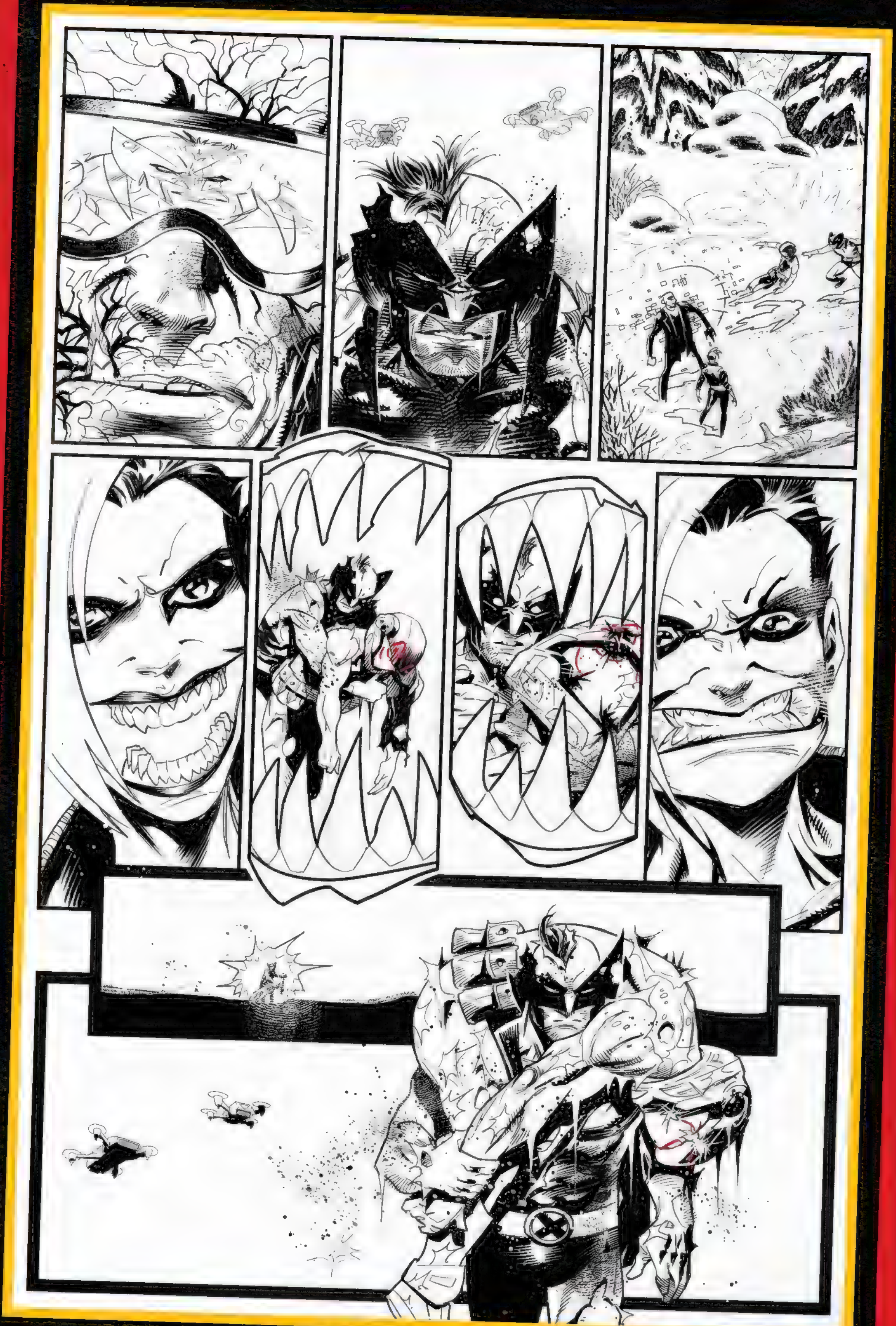
ADAM KUBERT

#1, PAGE 12 ART



ADAM KUBERT

#1, PAGE 14 ART



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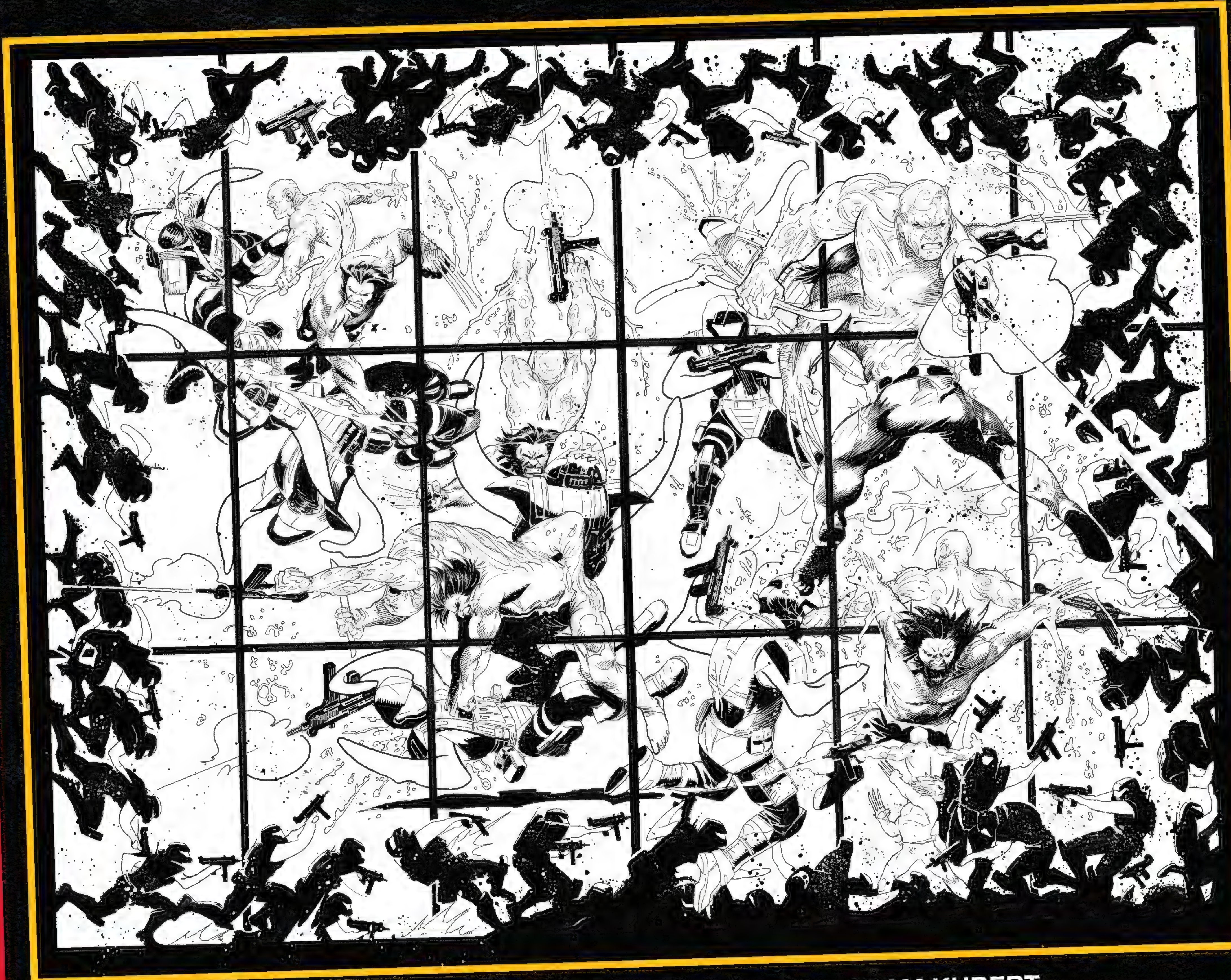
#2, PAGE 13 ART



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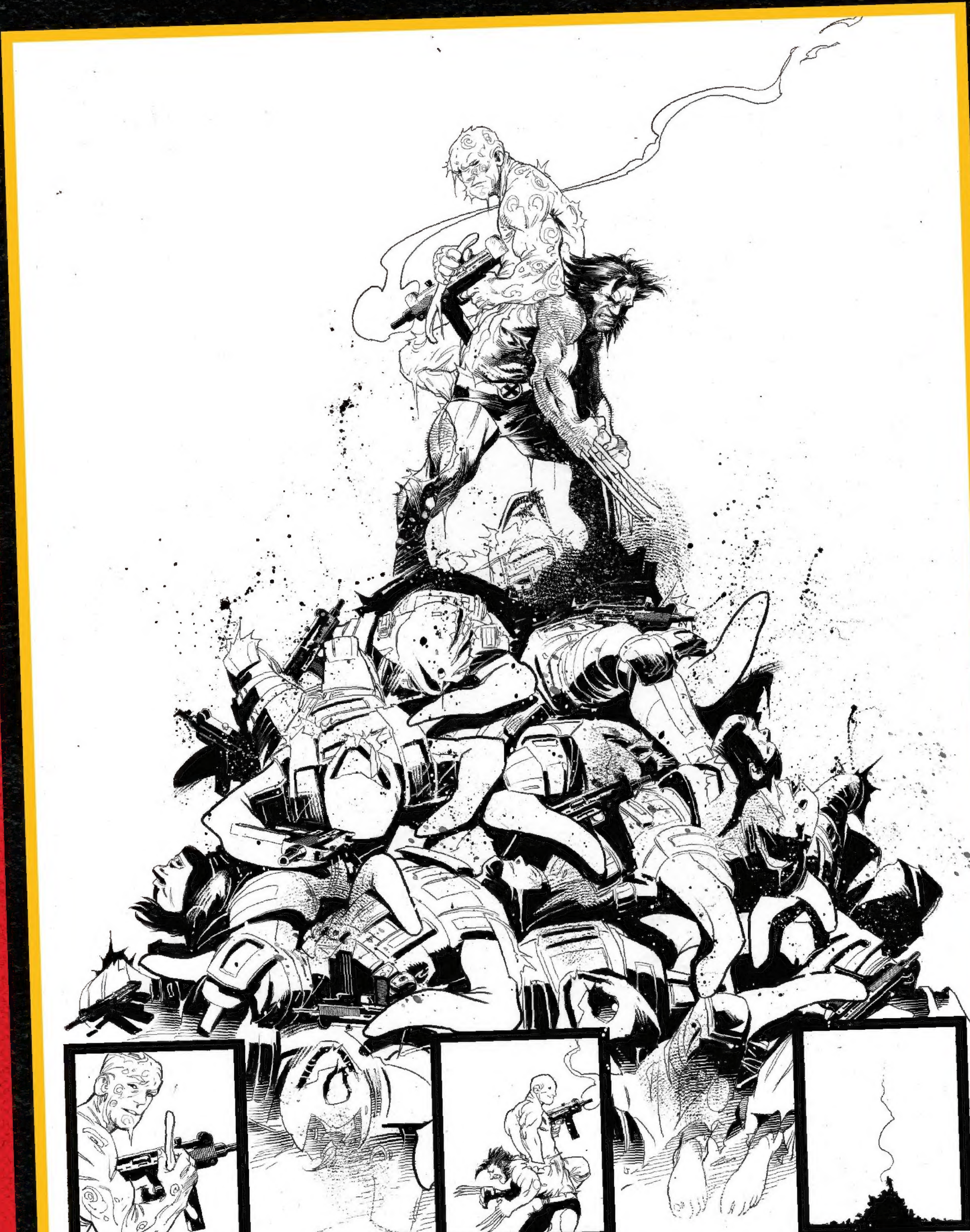
#3, PAGES 22-23 ART



ADAM KUBERT

#3, PAGES 24-25 ART

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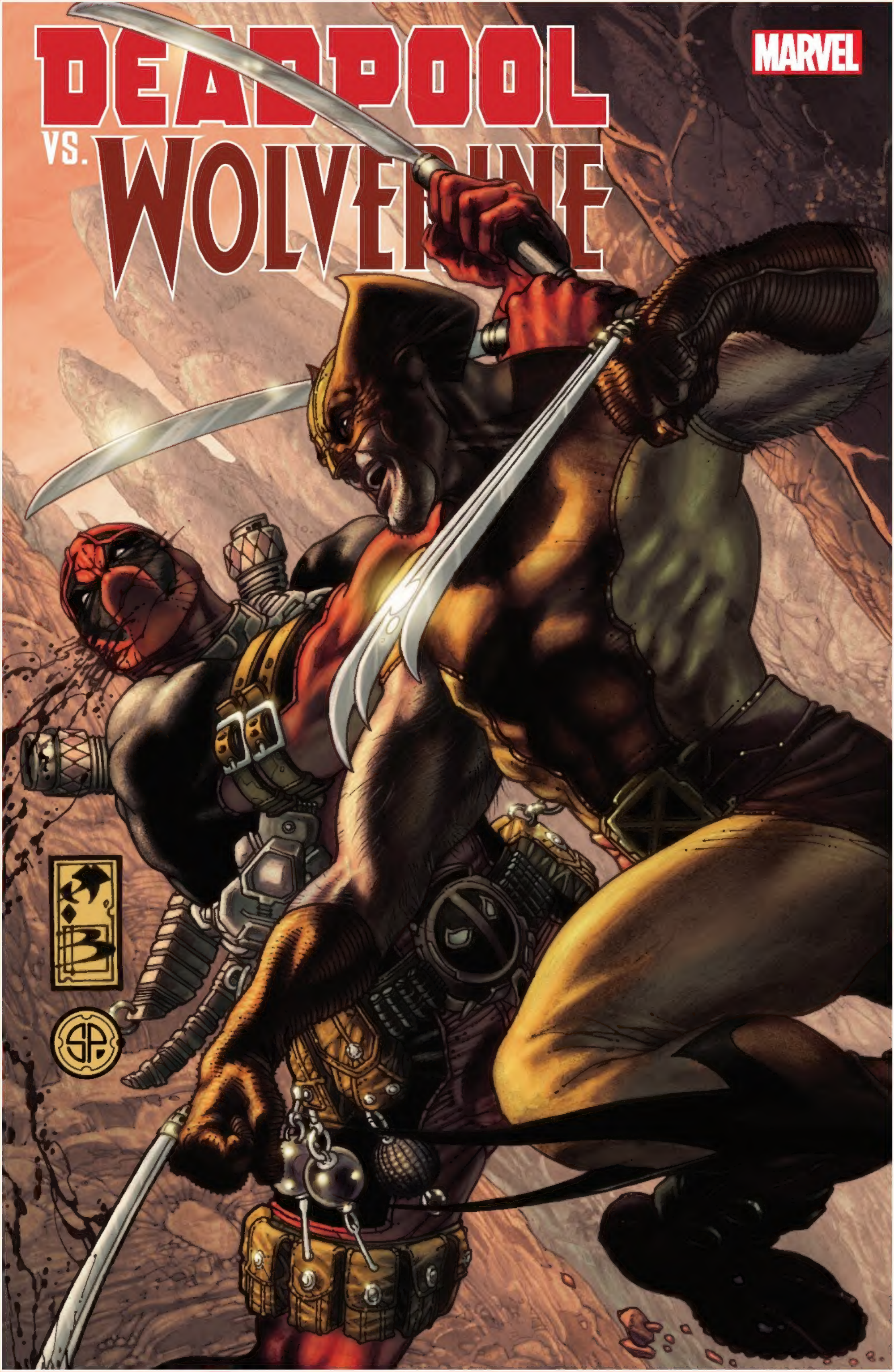
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